


WATER-DAY SAINT  
HYMNS





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# LATTER-DAY SAINT HYMNS

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A Collection of Hymns and Spiritual  
Songs, containing words and music,  
for use of Choirs and Congregations  
of the Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints



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Independence, Jackson County, Mo.

## PREFACE

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THIS volume of Latter-Day Saint Hymns is the result of several years labor on the part of the Church Music Committee, by appointment of the First Presidency.

It is intended to take the place of the "L. D. S. Psalmody," the "Songs of Zion" and the small Hymn Book, being a combination of the best to be found in these three books. Some hymns and tunes in the Psalmody, becoming obsolete or unsuitable, have been discarded; others are given new setting; but all hymns that have been proved of real value and benefit in our worship are retained; while many new songs, with inspirational words and music, are added.

The music is printed on two staves, making it more convenient for organists. Each hymn is complete, no verses being omitted. Metronome markings are provided, to indicate the rate of speed, as guides to choristers. To encourage and facilitate the singing of all hymns, a five-fold index is provided, as follows: of poets, composers, first lines, metre and content. Presiding authorities and choristers are urged to study the topical index particularly for hymns appropriate to every occasion.

This new volume is expected to serve the needs of the Church in the congregations of the Saints and for all adult organizations in their religious worship; and it is earnestly hoped that it may be instrumental in stimulating and improving both choir and congregational singing.

Your brethren and sisters of the Church Music Committee,

Melvin J. Ballard	B. Cecil Gates	Lizzie Thomas Edward
George D. Pyper	Tracy Y. Cannon	Evangeline Thomas Beesley
Edward P. Kimball	Evan Stephens	Jane Romney Crawford
Anthony C. Lund	George Careless	



# Latter-Day Saint Hymns.

## No. 1. The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

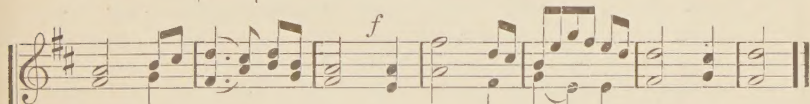
*Moderato.* (♩ = 80.)



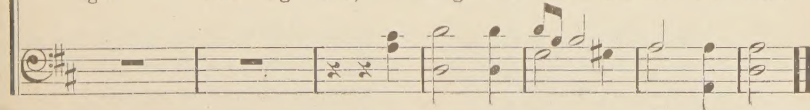
- |                               |                  |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The morn - ing breaks, the | shad - ows flee; | Lo! Zi - on's stand - ard    |
| 2. The clouds of er - ror     | dis - ap - pear  | Be - fore the rays of        |
| 3. The Gen - tile ful - ness  | now comes in,    | And Is - rael's bless - ings |
| 4. Je - ho - vah speaks! let  | earth give ear,  | And Gen - tile na - tions    |
| 5. An - gels from heav'n and  | truth from earth | Have met, and both have      |



is un - furled. The dawn - ing of a bright - er day, The dawn - ing  
truth di - vine; The glo - ry burst - ing from a - far, The glo - ry  
are at hand; Lo! Ju - dah's rem - nant, cleansed from sin, Lo! Ju - dah's  
turn and live; His might - y arm is mak - ing bare, His might - y  
rec - ord borne; Thus Zi - on's light is burst - ing forth, Thus Zi - on's



of a bright - er day Ma - jes - tic ris - es on the world.  
burst - ing from a - far, Wide o'er the na - tions soon will shine.  
rem - nant, cleansed from sin, Shall in their prom - ised Ca - naan stand.  
arm is mak - ing bare, His cov - 'nant peo - ple to re - ceive.  
light is burst - ing forth, To bring her ran - somed chil - dren home.





## No. 2.

## Praise Ye the Lord!

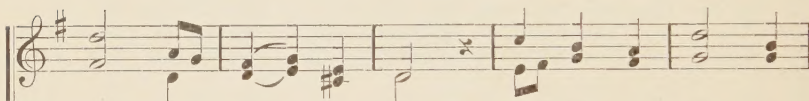
Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

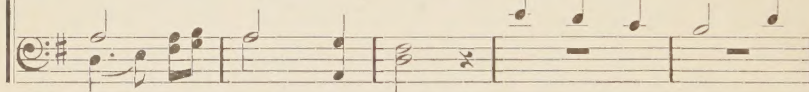
Evan Stephens.

*Animato.* (♩ = 76.)*f*

- |                            |                      |                  |
|----------------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Praise ye the Lord!     | my heart shall join  | In work so       |
| 2. Praise shall employ     | my no - blest pow'rs | While im - mor - |
| 3. Why should I make       | a man my trust?      | Prin - ces must  |
| 4. Hap - py the man whose  | hopes re - ly        | On Is - rael's   |
| 5. His truth for - ev - er | stands se - cure;    | He saves th'op - |



- |                   |               |                                |
|-------------------|---------------|--------------------------------|
| pleas - ant,      | so di - vine, | Now, while the flesh is        |
| tal - i - ty      | en - dures;   | My days of praise shall        |
| die and turn      | to dust,      | Their breath de - parts, their |
| God! He made      | the sky       | And earth and seas, with       |
| pressed, He feeds | the poor;     | He sends the trou - bled       |



- |                    |               |                          |                      |
|--------------------|---------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| my a - bode,       | And when      | my soul as - cends       | to God.              |
| ne'er be past,     | While life    | and thought and be - ing | last.                |
| pomp and pow'r     | And thoughts, | all van - ish in         | an hour.             |
| all their train,   | And none      | shall find               | His prom - ise vain. |
| con-science peace, | And grants    | the cap - tive sweet     | re - lease.          |



6 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves the Saint's, He knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns—  
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

## No. 3.

## Author of Faith, Eternal Word.

Wesley's Collection.

( L. M. )

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 66.)

1. Au - thor of faith, E - ter - nal Word, Whose Spir - it breathes the  
 2. To Thee our hum - ble hearts a - spire, And ask the gift un -  
 3. By faith we know Thee strong to save; Save us, a pres - ent  
 4. To him that in Thy name be - lieves, E - ter - nal life with



act - ive flame,—Faith, like its Fin - ish - er and Lord, To - day as  
 speak - a - ble; In - crease in us the kin - dled fire, In us the  
 Sav - iour Thou! What - e'er we hope, by faith we have, Fu - ture and  
 Thee is giv'n! Un - to him - self he all re - ceives, Par - don and



yes - ter - day the same, To - day as yes - ter - day the same.  
 work of faith ful - fil, In us the work of faith ful - fil.  
 past sub - sist - ing now, Fu - ture and past sub - sist - ing now.  
 ho - li - ness and heav'n, Par - don and ho - li - ness and heav'n.



5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,  
 With strong, commanding evidence,  
 Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,  
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
 Th' invisible appears in sight.  
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

# No. 4. Awake, Ye Saints of God, Awake!

Eliza R. Snow.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

(♩ = 66.)



1. A - wake, ye Saints of God, a - wake! Call on the Lord in
2. He will re - gard His peo - ple's cry, The wid - ow's tear, the
3. Tho' Zi - on's foes have coun - seled deep, Al - though they bind with
4. Then let your souls be stayed on God, A glorious scene is
5. With con - stant faith and fer - vent pray'r, With deep hu - mil - i -



might - y pray'r, That He will Zi - on's bond - age break, And bring to  
or - phan's moan: The blood of those that slaughtered lie, Pleads not in  
fet - ters strong, The God of Ja - cob does not sleep; His ven - geance  
draw - ing nigh; Tho' tem - pests gath - er like a flood, The storm, tho'  
ty of soul, With stead - fast mind and heart pre - pare, To see th'e -



nought the fowl - er's snare, And bring to nought the fowl - er's snare.  
vain be - fore His throne, Pleads not in vain be - fore His throne,  
will not slum - ber long, His ven - geance will not slum - ber long.  
fierce, will soon pass by, The storm, tho' fierce, will soon pass by.  
ter - nal pur - pose roll, To see th'e - ter - nal pur - pose roll.



6 Our God in judgment will come near,  
His mighty arm He will make bare,  
For Zion's sake He will appear;  
Then, O ye Saints, awake, prepare.

7 Awake to righteousness, be one.  
Or saith the Lord, you are not mine!  
Yea, like the Father and the Son,  
Let all the Saints in union join.

# No. 5. Another Day Has Fled and Gone.

Parley P. Pratt.

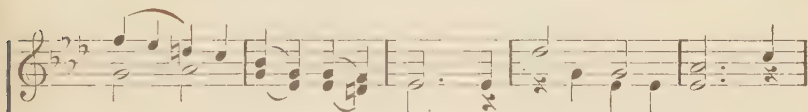
(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

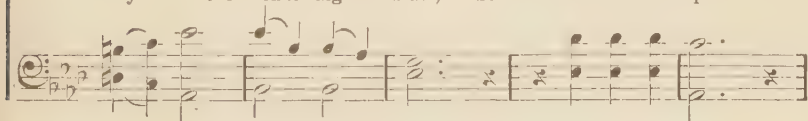
*Moderato.* (♩ = 84.)



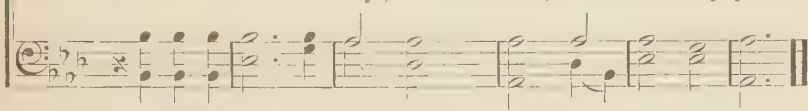
1. An - oth - er day has fled and gone, The sun de -
2. The moon her beau - teous course re - sumes, And sheds her
3. While here in med - i - ta - tion sweet, Those hap - py
4. Those friends a - far I call to mind—When shall we
5. As flow - 'rets in their bright - est bloom Are with - ered



clines in west - ern skies, The birds, re - tired, have  
light o'er land and sea; The gen - tle dew in  
hours I call to mind When with the Saints I  
meet a - gain be - low? Their hearts af - fec - tion -  
by the chill - ing blast, So man's fond hopes are



ceased their song, Let ours in pure de - vo - tion rise.  
soft per - fumes Fall sweet - ly o - ver herb and tree.  
oft did meet, Our hearts in pure de - vo - tion joined,  
ate and kind—How did they soothe my grief and woe!  
like a dream—His days, how fleet, how swift they pass!



6 But why this melancholy moan,  
Or sigh for those who will not come?  
For Israel surely will return  
To Zion and Jerusalem,

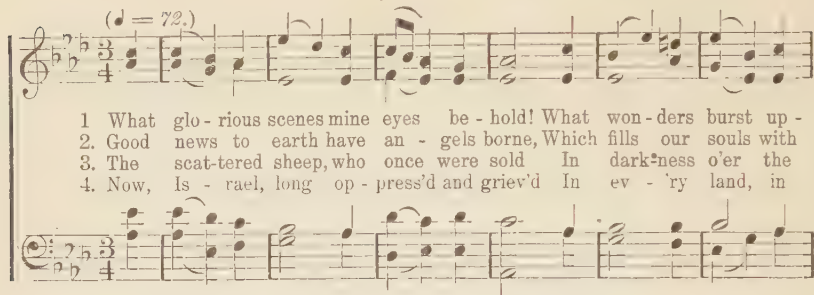
7 There is a source of pure delight,  
Which ever shall support my heart,  
In Zion's land revealed to sight,  
Where Saints will meet, no more to part.

## No. 6. What Glorious Scenes Mine Eyes Behold.

(L. M.)

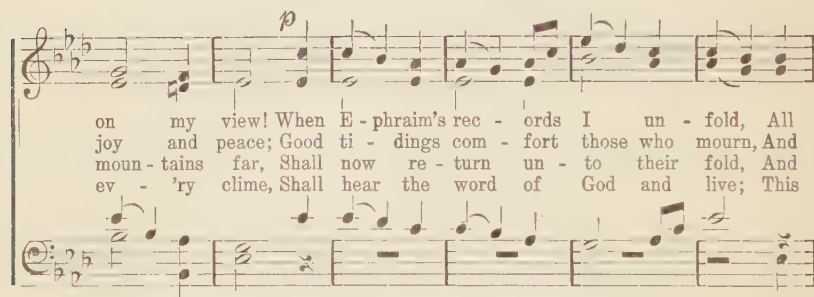
Ebenezer Beesley.

(♩ = 72.)



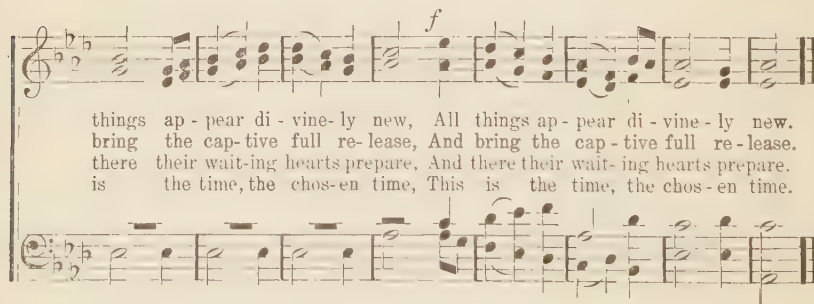
1. What glo-rious scenes mine eyes be-hold! What won-ders burst up-  
 2. Good news to earth have an-gels borne, Which fills our souls with  
 3. The scat-tered sheep, who once were sold In dark-ness o'er the  
 4. Now, Is-ra-el, long op-press'd and griev'd In ev-ry land, in

*p*



on my view! When E-phraim's rec-ords I un-fold, All  
 joy and peace; Good ti-dings com-fort those who mourn, And  
 moun-tains far, Shall now re-turn un-to their fold, And  
 ev-ry clime, Shall hear the word of God and live; This

*f*



things ap-pear di-vine-ly new, All things ap-pear di-vine-ly new.  
 bring the cap-tive full re-lease, And bring the cap-tive full re-lease.  
 there their wait-ing hearts pre-pare, And there their wait-ing hearts pre-pare.  
 is the time, the chos-en time, This is the time, the chos-en time.

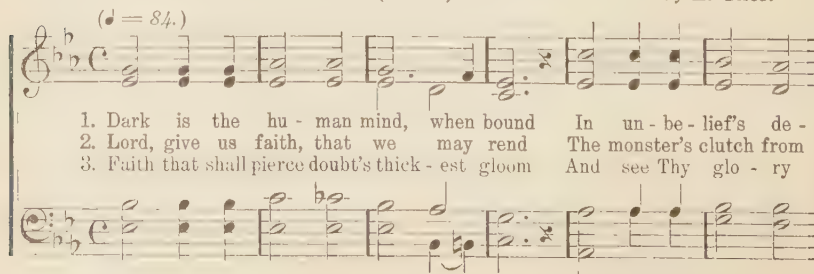
## No. 7. Dark is the Human Mind, When Bound.

Edward L. Sloan.

(L. M.)

Henry E. Giles.

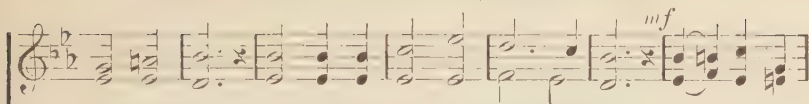
(♩ = 84.)



1. Dark is the hu-man mind, when bound In un-be-lief's de-  
 2. Lord, give us faith, that we may rend The mon-ster's clutch from  
 3. Faith that shall pierce doubt's thick-est gloom And see Thy glo-ry



# Dark is the Human Mind, When Bound.



grad-ing thrall; De-based the soul that scorns the sound Of truth's en-  
ev - 'ry breast— A faith by which we may as - cend From truth to  
shin-ing clear; Faith that thro' life, and 'yond the tomb, Shall find Thy



no - bling, sav - ing call, Of truth's en - no - bling, sav - ing call.  
truth, to reach Thy rest; From truth to truth to reach Thy rest;  
prom-ised bless - ings near, Shall find Thy prom - ised bless - ings near.



## No. 8. Think Gently of the Erring One.

Miss Fletcher.

(C. M.)

Henry A. Tuckett.

(♩ = 63.)

*dim.*

*f*

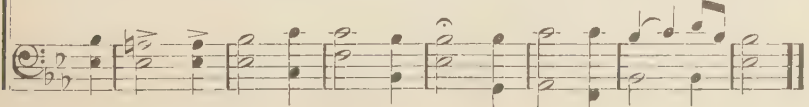
*dim.*



1. Think gen - tly of the err - ing one; O let us not for - get,
2. Heir of the same in - her - it - ance, Child of the self-same God,
3. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing ones; We yet may lead them back,
4. For - get not, broth - er, thou hast sinned, And sin - ful yet mayst be;



How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is our broth - er yet.  
He hath but stum-bled in the path We have in weak-ness trod.  
With ho - ly words, and tones of love, From mis - 'ry's thorn - y track.  
Deal gen - tly with the err - ing heart, As God has dealt with thee.



# No. 9. Again We Meet Around the Board.

Eliza R. Snow.

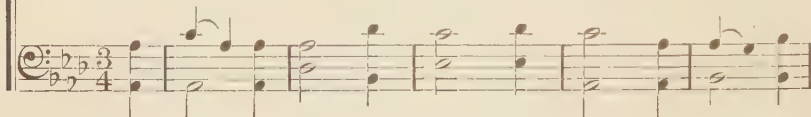
(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 60.)



1. A - gain we meet a - round the board Of Je - sus,
2. He left His Fa - ther's courts on high, With man to
3. Help us, O God! to re - al - ize The great a -
4. We're His, who has the pur - chase made; His life, His



- our re - deem - ing Lord, With faith in His a -  
live, for man to die, A world to pur - chase  
ton - ing sac - ri - fice, The gift of Thy Be -  
blood, the price He paid; We're His, to do His



- ton - ing blood, Our on - ly ac - cess un - to God.  
and to save, And seal a tri - umph o'er the grave.  
lov - ed Son, The Prince of Life, the Ho - ly One.  
sa - cred will, And His re - quire - ments all ful - fil.



5 Jesus, the great fac-simile  
Of the Eternal Deity,  
Has stooped to conquer, died to save  
From sin and sorrow and the grave.

6 Bless us, O Lord, for Jesus' sake;  
O may we worthily partake  
These emblems of the flesh and blood  
Of our Redeemer, Saviour, God.

## No. 10.

## Come, Dearest Lord.

Isaac Watts.


( L. M. )

Evan Stephens.

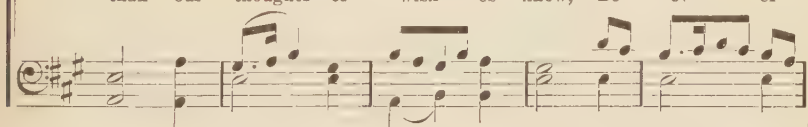

*p* ( $\text{♩} = 76.$ )





1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By  
 2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make  
 3. Now to the God, whose power can do More

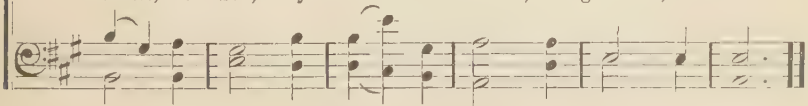
faith and love, in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we  
 our en - larg - ing souls pos - sess And learn the  
 than our thoughts or wish - es know, Be ev - er -

know and taste, and feel The joys that can - not  
 height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un -  
 last - ing hon - or done, By all the Church, through

be ex - pressed, The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.  
 meas - ured grace, And depths of Thine un - meas - ured grace.  
 Christ, His Son, By all the Church, through Christ, His Son.



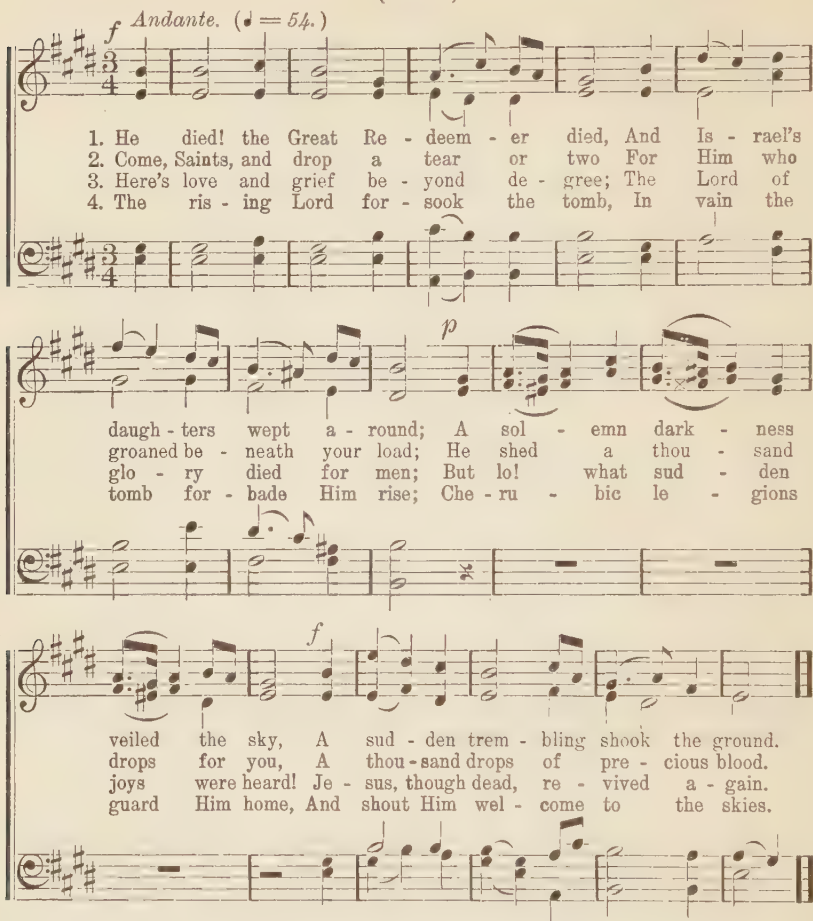
# No. 11. He Died! the Great Redeemer Died.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*f Andante. (♩ = 54.)*



1. He died! the Great Re - deem - er died, And Is - rael's  
 2. Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who  
 3. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree; The Lord of  
 4. The ris - ing Lord for - sook the tomb, In vain of the

daugh - ters wept a - round; A sol - emn dark - ness  
 groaned be - neath your load; He shed a thou - sand  
 glo - ry died for men; But lo! what sud - den  
 tomb for - bade Him rise; Che - ru - bic le - gions

veiled the sky, A sud - den trem - bling shook the ground.  
 drops for you, A thou - sand drops of pre - cious blood.  
 joys were heard! Je - sus, though dead, re - vived a - gain.  
 guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.

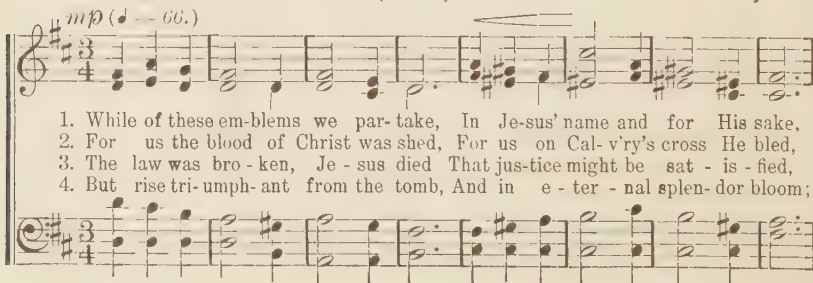
# No. 12. While of These Emblems We Partake.

John Nicholson.

(L. M.)

S. McBurney.

*mp (♩ = 66.)*



1. While of these em - blems we par - take, In Je - sus' name and for His sake,  
 2. For us the blood of Christ was shed, For us on Cal - v'ry's cross He bled,  
 3. The law was bro - ken, Je - sus died That jus - tice might be sat - is - fied,  
 4. But rise tri - umph - ant from the tomb, And in e - ter - nal splen - dor bloom;

## While of These Emblems We Partake.

*mp* *cres.* *mf* *dim.*

Let us re-mem-ber and be sure Our hearts and hands are clear and pure.  
 And thus dis-pelled the aw - ful gloom, That else were this cre - a - tion's doom.  
 That man might not re - main the slave, Of death, of hell, or of the grave;  
 Freed from the pow'r of death and pain, With Christ, the Lord, to rule and reign.

## No.13. The Happy Day Has Rolled On.

Philo Dibble.

(L. M.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

*mf* ( $\text{♩} = 52$ .)

1. The hap - py day has roll - ed on, The truth re -  
 2. The gos - pel trump a - gain is heard, The truth from  
 3. The day by Proph - ets long fore - told, The day which  
 4. The day when Saints a - gain shall hear The voice of

stored is now made known, The prom - ised an - gel's  
 dark - ness has ap - peared; The lands, which long be -  
 A - bram did be - hold, The day that Saints de -  
 Je - sus in their ear, And an - gels who a -

*p*

*f*

come a - gain To in - tro - duce Mes - si - ah's reign.  
 night - ed lay, Have now be - held a glo - rious day:  
 sired so long, When God His strange work would per - form.  
 bove do reign, Come down to con - verse hold with men.



# No. 14. How Dark and Gloomy Was the Night.

R. Alldridge.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

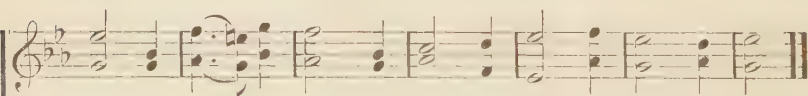
(♩ = 58.)



1. How dark and gloom - y was the night When Sa - tan did his
2. O how each heart did throb with fear When He pro-claimed the
3. The hour ar-rived; He took the cup, Like - wise the bread, and
4. "When you shall meet, do this," He cried, "U - ni - ted in my



pow'rs ar - ray A - gainst the Prince of life and light, And Ju - das  
sol - emn word, "There's one of you as - sem - bled here Who will this  
brake and blest; "If I," said He, "be lift - ed up, The pen - i -  
doc - trine be, In un - ion, love and peace a - bide, And then, al -



did his Lord be - tray, And Ju - das did his Lord be - tray.  
night be - tray His Lord, Who will this night be - tray His Lord!"  
tent shall share my rest, The pen - i - tent shall share my rest."  
ways re - mem - ber Me, And then, al - ways re - mem - ber me."



5 "Though I'm betrayed, I will return,  
For all the dead shall hear my word,  
And all my Saints shall cease to mourn  
When heaven reveals their living Lord."

6 May we be of the chosen few  
Who ever faithful will remain;  
And eat and drink with Christ anew,  
And with Him in His kingdom reign.

# No. 15. Behold the Great Redeemer Die.

Eliza R. Snow.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

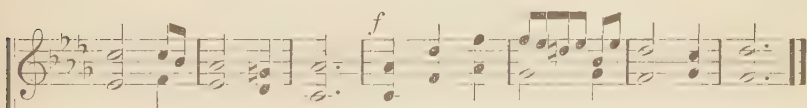
*Adagio.* (♩ = 54.)



1. Be - hold the great Re - deem - er die, A bro - ken law to
2. While guilt - y men His pains de - ride, They pierce His hands and
3. Al - though in ag - o - ny He hung, No murm'ring word es -
4. "Fa - ther, from me re - move this cup; Yet, if Thou wilt, I'll



- sat - is - fy; He dies a sac - ri - fice for sin, He dies a  
feet and side; And with in - sult - ing scoffs and scorns, And with in -  
caped His tongue: His high com - mis - sion to ful - fill, His high com -  
drink it up; I've done the work Thou gav - est me, I've done the



- sac - ri - fice for sin, That man may live and glo - ry win.  
suit - ing scoffs and scorns They crown His head with plat - ted thorns.  
mis - sion to ful - fill, He mag - ni - fied His Fa - ther's will.  
work Thou gav - est me— Re - ceive my Spir - it un - to Thee."



5 He died, and at the awful sight  
The sun in shame withdrew its light!  
Earth trembled, and all nature sighed  
In dread response, "a God has died!"

6 He lives—He lives, we humbly now  
Around these sacred symbols bow,  
And seek, as Saints of latter days,  
To do His will and live His praise.

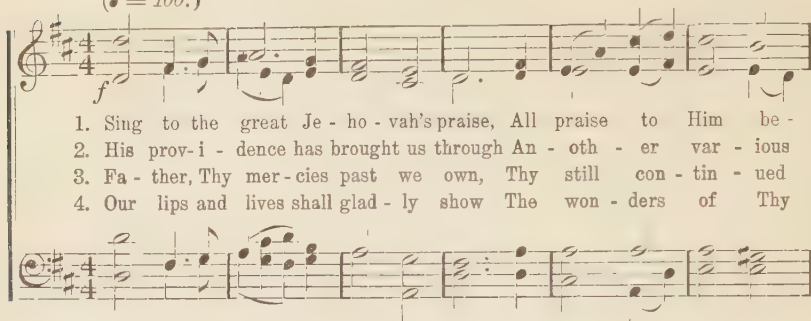
# No. 16. Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise.

C. Wesley.

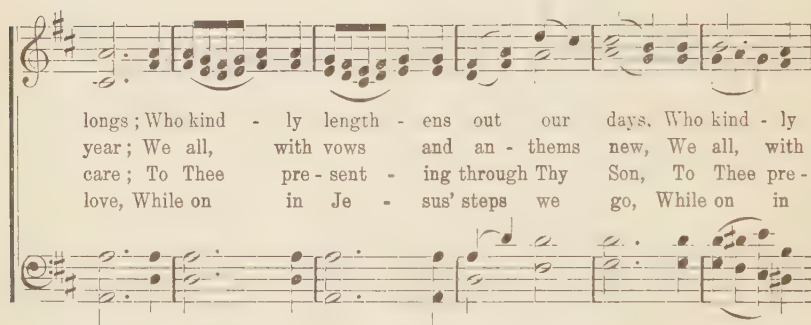
(C. M.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

(♩ = 100.)



1. Sing to the great Je - ho - vah's praise, All praise to Him be -  
 2. His prov-i - dence has brought us through An - oth - er var - ious  
 3. Fa - ther, Thy mer - cies past we own, Thy still con - tin - ued  
 4. Our lips and lives shall glad - ly show The won - ders of Thy



longs ; Who kind - ly length - ens out our days, Who kind - ly  
 year ; We all, with vows and an - thems new, We all, with  
 care ; To Thee pre - sent - ing through Thy Son, To Thee pre -  
 love, While on in Je - sus' steps we go, While on in



lengthens out our days, De - mands our choic - est songs.  
 vows and an - thems new, Be - fore our God ap - pear.  
 sent - ing through Thy Son, What - e'er we have or are.  
 Je - sus' steps we go To seek Thy face a - bove.

5 Our residue of days or hours,  
 Thine, wholly Thine shall be :  
 ||: And all our consecrated powers : ||  
 A sacrifice to Thee.

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appears  
 To Saints on earth, forgiven,  
 ||: And brings the grand Sabbatic years : ||  
 The Jubilee of heaven.

# No. 17. Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Scattered Saints.

Parley P. Pratt.

(C. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

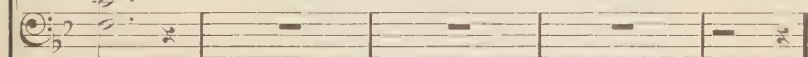
(♩ = 66.)



1. Lift up your heads, ye scattered Saints, Re - demp - tion draw - eth
2. The blood of those who have been slain For ven - geance cries a -
3. The signs in heaven and earth ap - pear, And blood, and smoke and
4. Earthquakes are rumbling 'neath the ground, And tem - pests through the



- nigh ; Our Sav - iour hears the or - phan's plaints,  
 loud ; Nor shall its cries as - cend in vain,  
 fire ; Men's hearts are fail - ing them for fear,  
 air, The trum - pet's blast, with fear - ful sound,



- Our Sav-iour hears the or-phan's plaints, The wid - ow's mournful cry.  
 Nor shall its cries as - cend in vain For ven-geance on the proud.  
 Men's hearts are fail - ing them for fear Of the Al-migh - ty's ire.  
 The trum-pet's blast, with fear-ful sound Pro - claims the com - ing war.



- 5 The Saints are traveling to and fro  
 Through all the earth abroad,  
 :: The Gospel trump again to blow, ::  
 And then behold their God.

- 6 Rejoice, ye servants of our Lord,  
 Who to the end endure,  
 :: Rejoice, for great is your reward, ::  
 And your defense is sure.

- 7 Although this body should be slain,  
 By cruel, wicked hand  
 :: I'll praise my God in higher strain, ::  
 And on Mount Zion stand.

- 8 To God be glory, Saints rejoice,  
 And sigh and groan no more ;  
 :: But listen to the Spirit's voice, ::  
 Redemption's at the door.

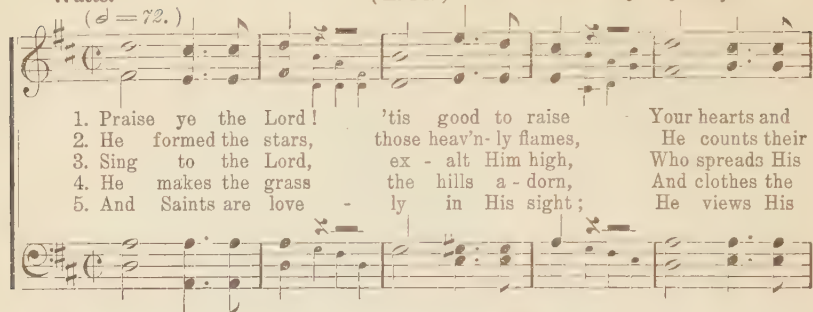
# No. 18. Praise Ye the Lord! 'Tis Good to Raise.

Watts.

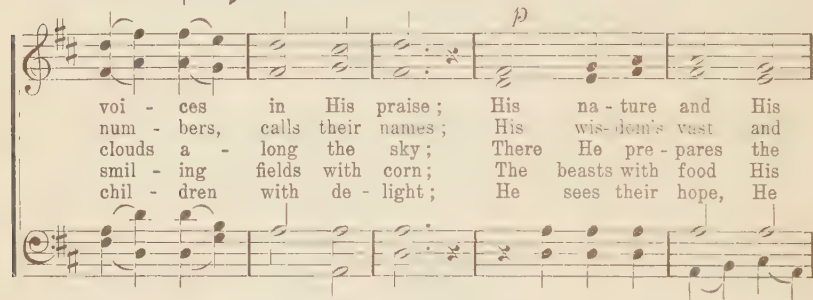
(L. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 72.)



1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and  
 2. He formed the stars, those heav'n-ly flames, He counts their  
 3. Sing to the Lord, ex - alt Him high, Who spreads His  
 4. He makes the grass the hills a - dorn, And clothes the  
 5. And Saints are love - ly in His sight; He views His



vo - ces in His praise; His na - ture and His  
 num - bers, calls their names; His wis - dom's vast and  
 clouds a - long the sky; There He pre - pares the  
 smil - ing fields with corn; The beasts with food His  
 chil - dren with de - light; He sees their hope, He



works in - vite To make..... this du - - ty our de - light.  
 knows no bound—A deep..... where all..... our thoughts are drowned.  
 fruit - ful rain, Nor lets..... the drops..... de - scend in vain.  
 hands sup - ply, And the..... young ra - vens when they cry.  
 knows their fear, And looks..... and loves..... His im - age there.

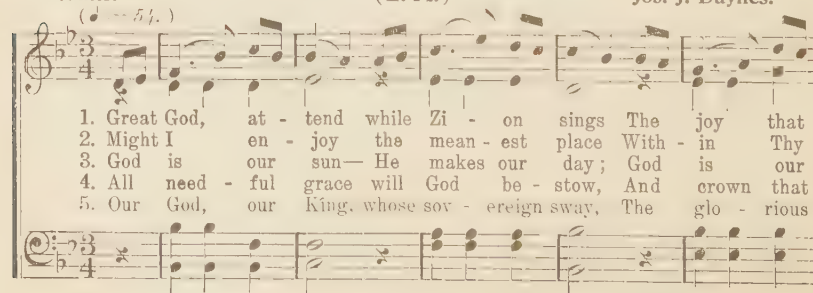
# No. 19. Great God, Attend While Zion Sings.

Watts.

(L. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

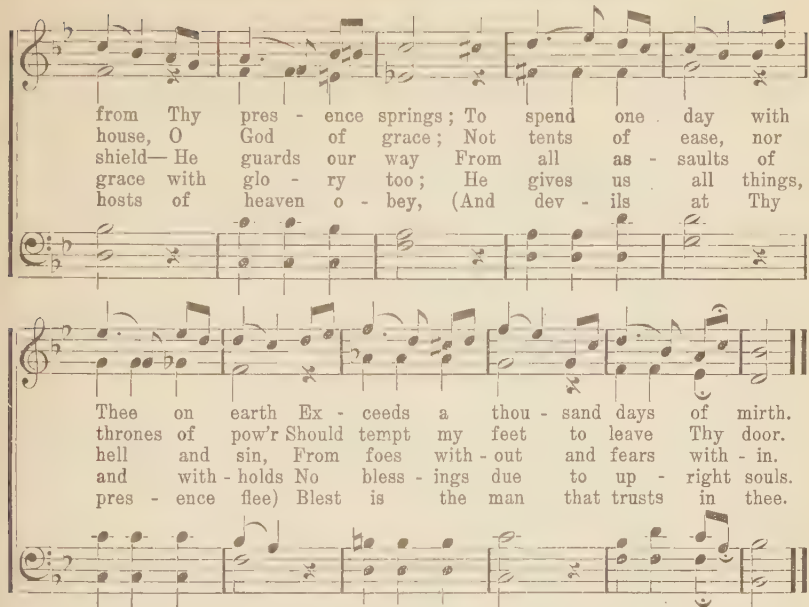
(♩ = 54.)



1. Great God, at - tend while Zi - on sings The joy that  
 2. Might I en - joy the mean - est place With - in Thy  
 3. God is our sun—He makes our day; God is our  
 4. All need - ful grace will God be - stow, And crown that  
 5. Our God, our King, whose sov - ereign sway, The glo - rious



# Great God, Attend While Zion Sings.



from Thy pres - ence springs ; To spend one day with  
house, O God of grace ; Not tents of ease, nor  
shield—He guards our way From all as - saults of  
grace with glo - ry too ; He gives us all things,  
hosts of heaven o - bey, (And dev - ils at Thy

Thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.  
thrones of pow'r Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.  
hell and sin, From foes with - out and fears with - in.  
and with - holds No bless - ings due to up - right souls.  
pres - ence flee) Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

## No. 20.

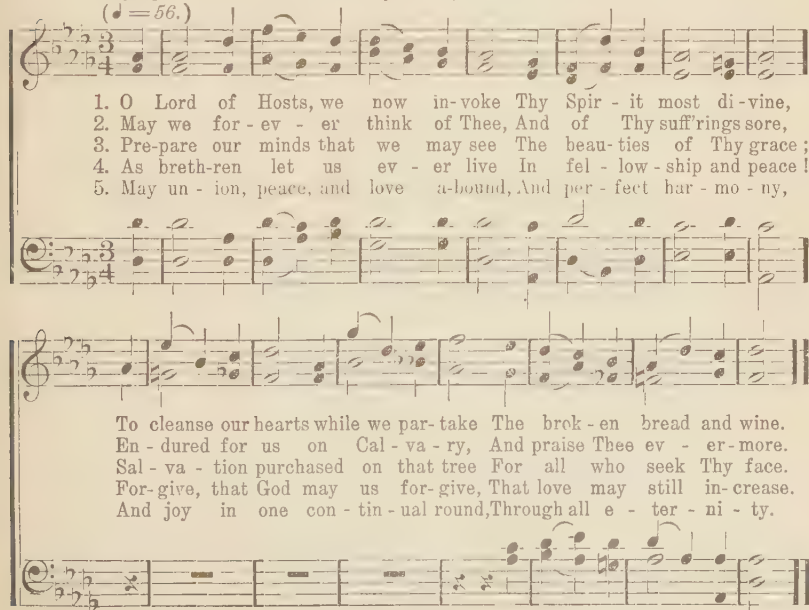
## O Lord of Hosts.

A. Dalrymple.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 56.)



1. O Lord of Hosts, we now in-voke Thy Spir - it most di-vine,
2. May we for - ev - er think of Thee, And of Thy sufferings sore,
3. Pre-pare our minds that we may see The beau-ties of Thy grace ;
4. As breth-ren let us ev - er live In fel - low - ship and peace !
5. May un - ion, peace, and love a-bound, And per - fect har - mo - ny,

To cleanse our hearts while we par-take The brok-en bread and wine.  
En - dured for us on Cal - va - ry, And praise Thee ev - er more.  
Sal - va - tion purchased on that tree For all who seek Thy face.  
For-give, that God may us for-give, That love may still in-crease.  
And joy in one con - tin - ual round, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

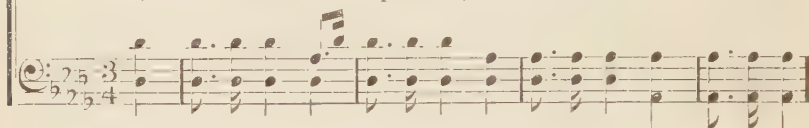
# No. 21. Down By the River's Verdant Side.

(♩ = 54.)

(6, 8's.)



1. Down by the riv - er's verdant side, Low by the sol - i - ta - ry tide,
2. For they who wast-ed Zi-on's bowers, And laid in dust her ruined towers
3. How shall we tune those loft-y strains On Ba - by-lon's pol - luted plains,
4. O, nev - er shall our harps awake, Laid in the dust for Zi-on's sake,



There, while the peaceful wa-ters slept, We pen - sive - ly sat down and wept,  
In scorn their wea-ry slaves de-sire To strike the chords of Is-rael's lyre,  
When low in ru - in on the earth Re - mains the place that gave us birth,  
For - ev - er on the willows hung, Their music hushed, their chords unstrung ;



And on the bend-ing willows hung Our sil - ent harps through grief un-strung.  
And in their im-pious ears to sing The sa - cred songs to Zi - on's King.  
And stern destruction's i - ron hand Still sways our des - o - la - ted land !  
Lost Zi - on ! ci - ty of our God, While groaning 'neath the ty - rant's rod.



5 Still mould'ring lie thy levelled walls  
And ruin stalks along thy halls.  
And brooding o'er thy ruined towers,  
Such d solation sternly lowers,  
That when we muse upon thy woe,  
The gushing tears of sorrow flow !

6 And while we toil through wretched life,  
And drink the bitter cup of strife,  
Until we yield our weary breath.  
And sleep released from woe in death,  
Will Zion in our memory stand—  
Our lost, our ruined native land.

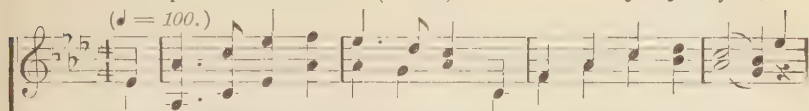
# No. 22. We're Not Ashamed to Own Our Lord.

W. W. Phelps.

(C. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 100.)

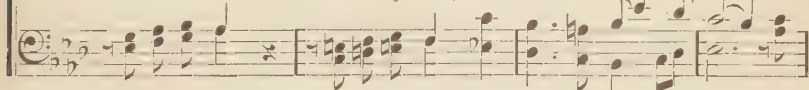


1. We're not ashamed to own our Lord, And wor-ship Him on earth; We
2. When Je - sus comes in burn-ing flame, To rec - om-pense the just, The
3. When He comes down from heav'n to earth, With all His ho - ly band, Be -
4. He then will give us our "new name," With robes of right-eous-ness, And



love to learn His ho - ly word, And know what souls are worth. We  
world will know the on - ly name In which the Saints can trust. The  
fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, We hope with Him to stand. Be -  
in the new Je - ru - sa - lem E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness. And

We love to learn His ho - ly word,



love to learn His ho - ly word, We love to learn His ho - ly word,  
world will know the on - ly name, The world will know the on - ly name,  
fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, Be - fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth,  
in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem,



We love to learn His ho - ly word, And know what souls are worth.  
The world will know the on - ly name In which the Saints can trust.  
Be - fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, We hope with Him to stand.  
And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness.



# No. 23. A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.

Montgomery.

(L. M.)

(♩ = 96.)



1. A poor way-far-ing man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way,
2. Once, when my scant-y meal was spread, He en-tered, not a word He spake;
3. I spied Him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; His strength was gone,



Who sued so humbly for re-lief That I could nev-er answer, Nay.  
Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave Him all, He blessed it, brake,  
The heedless wa-ter mocked His thirst, He heard it, saw it hurrying on.



I had not pow'r to ask His name, Where-to He went, or whence He came;  
And ate, but gave me part a-gain; Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then;  
I ran and raised the suf-frer up; Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,



Yet there was something in His eye That won my love, I knew not why.  
For while I fed with en-ger haste, The crust was man-na to my taste.  
Dipped, and returned it run-ning o'er; I drank and nev-er thirsted more.



## A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.

4 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
 A winter hurricane aloof;  
 I heard His voice abroad and flew  
 To bid Him welcome to my roof.  
 I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest,  
 And laid Him on my couch to rest,  
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
 I found Him by the highway side;  
 I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,  
 Revived His Spirit, and supplied  
 Wine, oil, refreshment—He was healed;  
 I had myself a wound concealed,  
 But from that hour forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw Him next, condemned  
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
 And honored Him 'mid shame and scorn.  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He asked if I for Him would die;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

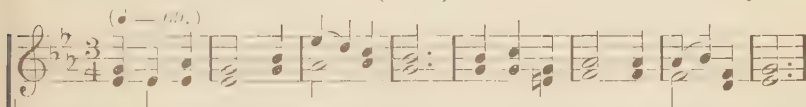
7 Then in a moment to my view  
 The stranger started from disguise;  
 The tokens in His hands I knew,  
 The Savior stood before mine eyes.  
 He spake, and my poor name He named,  
 "Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be,  
 Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

No. 24.                   “Come, Follow Me.”

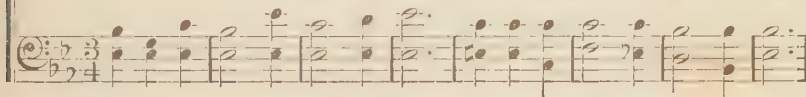
John Nicholson.

(L. M.)

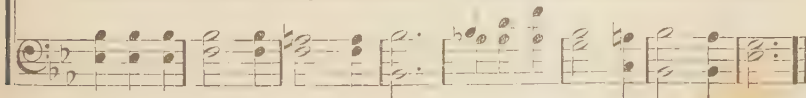
S. McBurney.



1. "Come, fol-low Me," the Sav-ior said; Then let us in His foot-steps tread,  
2. Come, fol-low Me,— a sim-ple phrase, Yet truth's sublime, ef-ful-gent rays  
3. Is it e-nough a-lone to know That we must fol-low Him be-low,  
4. Not on-ly shall we em-u-late His course while in this earth-ly state,



For thus a-lone can we be one With God's own lov'd, be-got-ten Son.  
Are in these sim-ple words com-bined To urge, in-spire the hu-man mind.  
While trav'ling thro' this vale of tears? No, this ex-tends to ho-li-er spheres.  
But when we're freed from present cares, If, with our Lord we would be heirs.



<p>5 We must the onward path pursue          As wider fields expand to view,          And follow Him unceasingly          What'e'r our lot or sphere may be.</p>	<p>6 For thrones, dominions, kingdoms, powers,          And glory great and bliss are ours          If we, throughout eternity,          Obey His word, "Come follow Me."</p>
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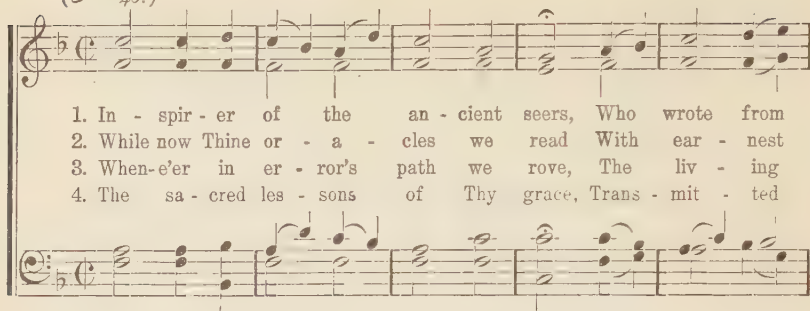


# No. 25. Inspirer of the Ancient Seers.

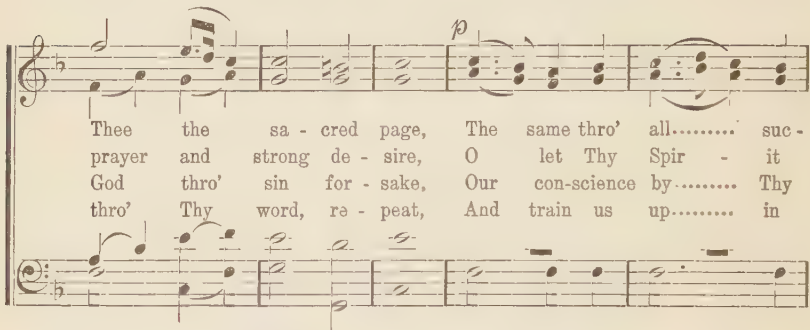
Wesley's Collection.

(6, 8's.)

(♩ = 46.)



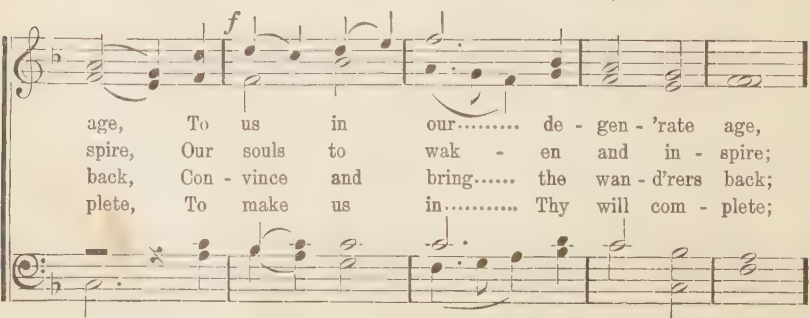
1. In - spir - er of the an - cient seers, Who wrote from  
 2. While now Thine or - a - cles we read With ear - nest  
 3. When-e'er in er - ror's path we rove, The liv - ing  
 4. The sa - cred les - sons of Thy grace, Trans - mit - ted



Thee the sa - cred page, The same thro' all..... suc -  
 prayer and strong de - sire, O let Thy Spir - it  
 God thro' sin for - sake, Our con-science by..... Thy  
 thro' Thy word, re - peat, And train us up..... in



ceed - ing years, To us in our..... de - gen - 'rate  
 now pro - ceed Our souls to wak - en and in -  
 word re - prove, Con - vince and bring..... the wan - d'ers  
 all Thy ways, To make us in..... Thy will com -



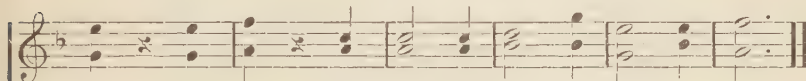
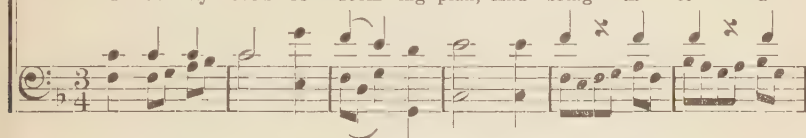
age, To us in our..... de - gen - 'rate age,  
 spire, Our souls to wak - en and in - spire;  
 back, Con - vince and bring..... the wan - d'ers back;  
 plete, To make us in..... Thy will com - plete;

# Inspirer of the Ancient Seers.

*Lively.*



The spir - it of Thy word im - part, And breathe the life in -  
Our weakness help, our dark-ness chase, And guide us by the  
Deep wounded by the Spir - it's sword, And then by Gil - ead's  
Ful - fil Thy love's re - deem - ing plan, And bring us to a



to each heart, And breathe the life in - to each heart.  
light of grace, And guide us by the light of grace!  
balm re - stored, And then by Gil - ead's balm re - stored.  
per - fect man, And bring us to a per - fect man.



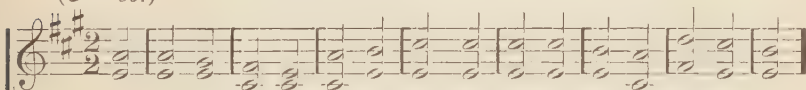
## No. 26. Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Ken.

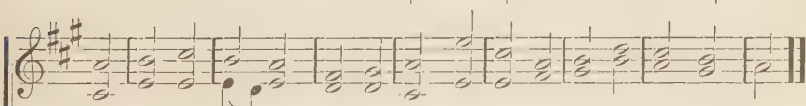
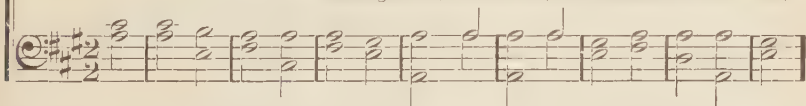
(L. M.)

Wm. Franc.

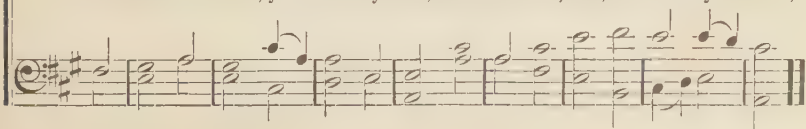
(♩ = 50.)



Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,



# No. 27. Great is the Lord; 'Tis Good to Praise.

Eliza R. Snow.

(C. M.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

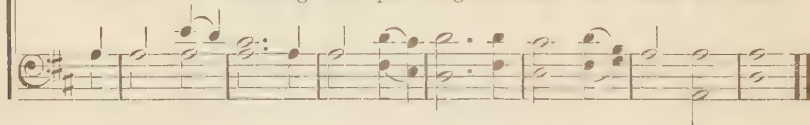
(♩ = 116.)



1. Great is the Lord; 'tis good to praise His high and ho - ly name:
2. To praise Him let us all en - gage, That un - to us is giv'n
3. We'll praise Him for our hap - py lot On this much - fa - vored land,
4. We'll praise Him for more glo - rious things Than lan - guage can ex - press:



Well may the Saints in lat - ter days His won - drous love pro - claim.  
To live in this mo - men - tous age, And share the light of heav'n.  
Where truth and right - eous - ness are taught By His di - vine com - mand.  
The "Ev - er - last - ing Gos - pel" brings The soul to bless - ed - ness.



5 The Comforter is sent again:  
His power the Church attends,  
And with the faithful will remain  
Till Jesus Christ descends.

7 Praise Him! the time, the chosen time  
To favor Zion's come;  
And all the saints from every clime  
Will soon be gathered home.

6 We'll praise Him for a Prophet's voice,  
His people's steps to guide;  
In this we do and will rejoice,  
Though all the world deride.

8 The opening seals announce the day,  
Of light and truth restored,  
When all, in one triumphant lay,  
Will join to praise the Lord.

# No. 28. We'll Sing All Hail to Jesus' Name.

R. Allridge.

(C. M.)

Jos. Coslett.

(♩ = 58.)



1. We'll sing all hail to Je - sus' name, And praise and hon - or give
2. He passed the por - tals of the grave, Sal - va - tion was His song,
3. He seized the keys of death and hell, And bruised the ser - pent's head;
4. The bread and wine now rep - re - sent His sac - ri - fice for sin;



## We'll Sing All Hail to Jesus' Name.



To Him who bled on Cal - v'ry's hill, And died that we might live.  
He called up - on the sin - bound soul To join the heav'n-ly throng.  
He bid the pris - on doors un - fold, The grave yield up her dead!  
Ye Saints, par - take and tes - ti - fy Ye do re - mem - ber Him.



5 The sacrament the soul inspires,  
And calms the human breast;  
Points to the time when faithful Saints  
Shall enter into rest.

6 Then hail, all hail, to such a Prince  
Who saves us by His blood!  
He's marked the way, and bids us tread  
The path that leads to God.

## No. 29. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

Montgomery.

(C. M.)

George Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 63.)



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed;  
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,  
3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;  
4. Prayer is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;



The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.  
The up - ward glanc - ing of an eye, When none but God is near.  
Prayer, the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.  
His watch - word at the gates of death; He en - ters heav'n with prayer.



5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays!

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus on the Father's throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

6 The Saints in prayer appear as one  
In word and deed and mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
Their fellowship they find.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Watts.

(C. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩. = 50.)



1. Lord, Thou..... wilt hear..... me when..... I pray;..... I  
 2. And while..... I rest..... my wea - ry head;..... From  
 3. I pay..... this eve - ning sac - ri - fice;..... And  
 4. Thus, with..... my thoughts com - posed..... to peace;..... I'll



am..... for - ev - er Thine! I fear..... be -  
 cares..... and busi - ness free, 'Tis sweet..... con -  
 when..... my work..... is done, Great God;..... my  
 give..... mine eyes..... to sleep; Thy hand..... in



fore..... Thee all..... the day; O may..... I nev - er  
 vers - ing on..... my bed With my..... own heart..... and  
 faith, .. my hope..... re - lies Up - on..... Thy grace..... a -  
 safe - ty keeps .. my days, And will..... my slum - bers



*cres.*  
 sin;..... O may..... I nev - er sin;.....  
 Thee;..... With my .. own heart and Thee.....  
 lone;..... Up - on..... Thy grace a - lone.....  
 keep, .. And will..... my slum - bers keep.....



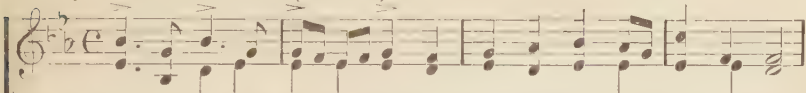
No. 34. O My Father, Thou that Dwellest.

Eliza R. Snow.

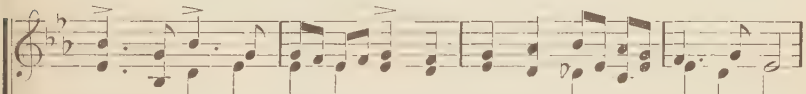
(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

*mf Andante con moto.* (♩ = 63.)



1. O my Fa-ther, Thou that dwellest In the high and glo-rious place!  
2. For a wise and glo-rious pur-pose Thou hast placed me here on earth,  
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa-ther, Thro' Thy Spir-it from on high;  
4. When I leave this frail ex-ist-ence, When I lay this mor-tal by,



When shall I re-gain Thy presence, And a-gain be-hold Thy face?  
And with-held the rec-ol-lec-tion Of my for-mer friends and birth,  
But un-til the Key of Knowledge Was re-stored, I knew not why,  
Fa-ther, Moth-er, may I meet you In your roy-al courts on high?



In Thy ho-ly hab-i-ta-tion, Did my spir-it once re-side;  
Yet oft-times a se-cret something Whispered, "You're a stranger here;"  
In the heav'n's are parents sin-gle? No; the tho't makes rea-son stare!  
Then, at length, when I've com-plet-ed All you sent me forth to do.



In my first prim-e-val child-hood, Was I nur-tured near Thy side?  
And I felt that I had wandered From a more ex-alt-ed sphere.  
Truth is rea-son, truth e-ter-nal Tells me I've a moth-er there.  
With your mu-tual ap-pro-ba-tion Let me come and dwell with you.



# No. 35. Behold the Mount of Olives Rend!

Parley P. Pratt.

( L. M. )

Evan Stephens.

*p* *Moderato con espress.* (♩ = 63.) *cres.* *f*

1. Be - hold the Mount of Ol - ives rend! And on its top Mes-  
 2. The moun-tains sink, the val - leys rise, And all the land be -  
 3. But lo! what pen can paint the scene? His wounded hands and  
 4. Whence, then, these wounds? Ah! who has pierc'd Our great De - liv - 'er's

si - ah stand, His chos - en Is - rael to de - fend, And save them  
 comes a plain; He brings de - liv - 'rance to the Jews, While all their  
 side they see, Where once the nails and spear have been: - This our Mes-  
 heart and hands? "These are the wounds I once re - ceived A - mid my

with a might - y hand, And save them with a might - y hand.  
 en - e - mies are slain, While all their en - e - mies are slain.  
 si - ah! Can it be? This our Mis - si - ah! Can it be?  
 kin - dred and my friends, A - mid my kin - dred and my friends."

5 And thus Messiah stands revealed,  
 And they their blest Deliverer own;  
 They're humbled when at last they find  
 Jesus, Messiah, both are one.

6 Like Joseph's brethren, now they mourn,  
 And humbly own a Saviour slain;  
 They crown Him King on David's throne,  
 That o'er the nation He may reign,

# No. 36. My God, the Spring of All My Joys.

Watts.

(C. M.)

J. G. Fones.

(♩ = 84.)



1. My God, the spring of all..... my joys, The life of my de- lights, The
2. In dark-est shades, if Thou.... ap-pear, My dawning is be-gun ; My
3. The open-ing heav'n's a - round... me shine With beams of sacred bliss, With
4. My soul would leave this heav - y clay At that transporting word ; At
5. Fear-less of hell and ghast - ly death, I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ; I'd



1. The life of my de -



life of my de- lights,  
dawn - ing is be - gun :  
beams of sa - cred bliss,  
that trans - port - ing word ;  
break thro' ev - 'ry foe ;

The glo-ry  
Thou art my  
If Je- sus  
Run up with  
The wings of



lights, The life of my de - lights The glo - ry of my bright - est days,.....



of..... my bright - est days, And com- fort of my nights ! And  
soul's... bright morn - ing star, And Thou my ris - ing sun, And  
shows... His mer - cy mine, And whispers, I am His ! And  
joy..... the shin - ing way, To see and praise my Lord, To  
love..... and arms of faith Would bear me con - q'ror thro', Would



And com- fort of my



com- fort of my nights ! And com - fort of my nights !  
Thou my ris - ing sun, And Thou my ris - ing sun.  
whispers, I am His ! And whis - pers, I am His !  
see and praise my Lord, To see and praise my Lord.  
bear me con - q'ror thro', Would bear me con - q'ror thro'.



nights ! And com- fort of my nights ! And com- fort of my nights !

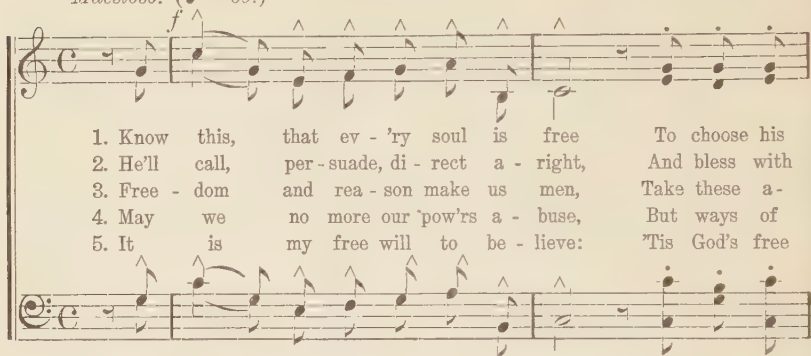
# No. 37. Know This, That Every Soul is Free.

Wm. C. Gregg.

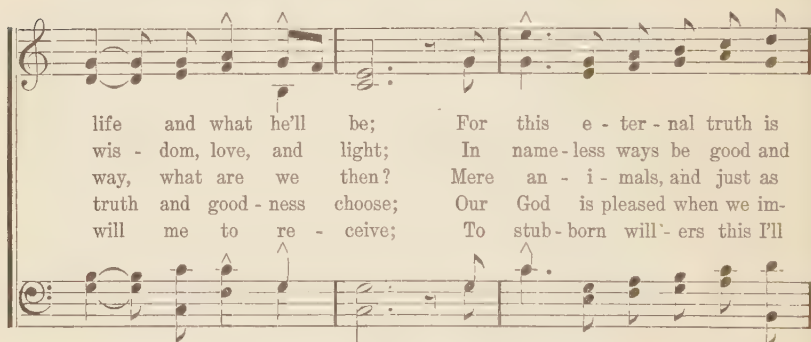
(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

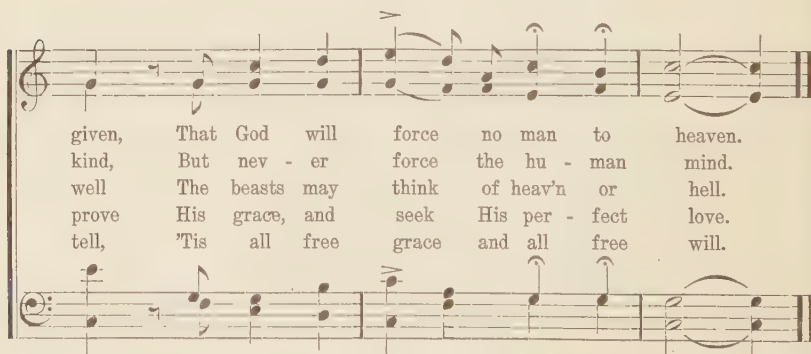
*Maestoso.* (♩ = 60.)



1. Know this, that ev - 'ry soul is free To choose his  
 2. He'll call, per - suade, di - rect a - right, And bless with  
 3. Free - dom and rea - son make us men, Take these a -  
 4. May we no more our 'pow'rs a - buse, But ways of  
 5. It is my free will to be - lieve: 'Tis God's free



life and what he'll be; For this e - ter - nal truth is  
 wis - dom, love, and light; In name - less ways be good and  
 way, what are we then? Mere an - i - mals, and just as  
 truth and good - ness choose; Our God is pleased when we im -  
 will me to re - ceive; To stub - born will - ers this I'll



given, That God will force no man to heaven.  
 kind, But nev - er force the hu - man mind.  
 well The beasts may think of heav'n or hell.  
 prove His grace, and seek His per - fect love.  
 tell, 'Tis all free grace and all free will.

6 Those who despise grow harder still:  
 If they adhere He turns their will;  
 And thus despisers sink to hell,  
 While those who heed in glory dwell.

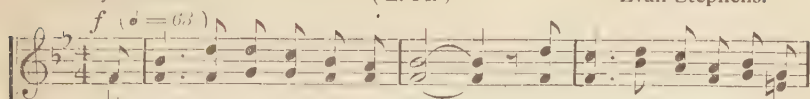
7 But if we take the downward road,  
 And make in hell our last abode,  
 Our God is clear, and we shall know  
 We plunged ourselves in endless woe.

# No. 38. Behold the Great Redeemer Comes.

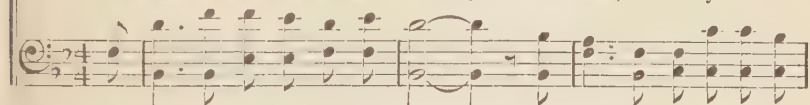
Parley P. Pratt.

( L. M. )

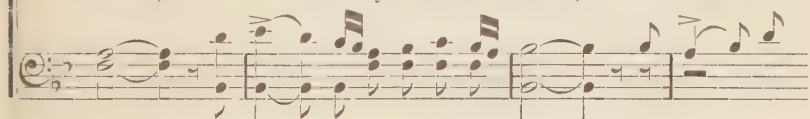
Evan Stephens.



- |  |        |                                  |
|--|--------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Be - hold the great Redeem - er     | comes  | To bring His ransomed people     |
| 2. He comes all blessings to im - part |        | Un - to the meek and contrite    |
| 3. He comes to bless the humble        | poor ; | He comes, cre - a - tion to re - |
| 4. He comes, He comes, un - to His     | own ;  | He comes to reign on Da - vid's  |
| 5. He comes to tread the wicked        | down ; | He comes, the martyrs all to     |



home:	He comes to save His scattered sheep;	He comes to
heart;	He comes, He comes, His Saints ad - mire,	He comes to
store:	He comes, the earth to pur - i - fy;	He comes, but
throne;	He comes to stand on Zi - on's hill;	He comes the
crown;	He comes to dry the mourners' tears;	He comes to



comfort those who weep, He comes to com - fort	those	who	weep.
burn the proud by fire, He comes to burn the	proud	by	fire.
not a - gain to die, He comes, but not a -	gain	to	die.
scriptures to ful - fil, He comes the scriptures	to	ful -	fil.
reign a thousand years, He comes to reign a	thou -	sand	years.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 6 He comes, on Olive's Mount to stand; | 7 He comes to show His hands and side; |
| He comes, all Israel to defend;        | He comes to wed His ready bride;       |
| He comes to lay the sinner low;        | He comes to reign as King of kings;    |
| He comes that Judah may Him know.      | He comes, and all creation sings.      |



# No. 39. Farewell, My Kind and Faithful Friend.

Parley P. Pratt.

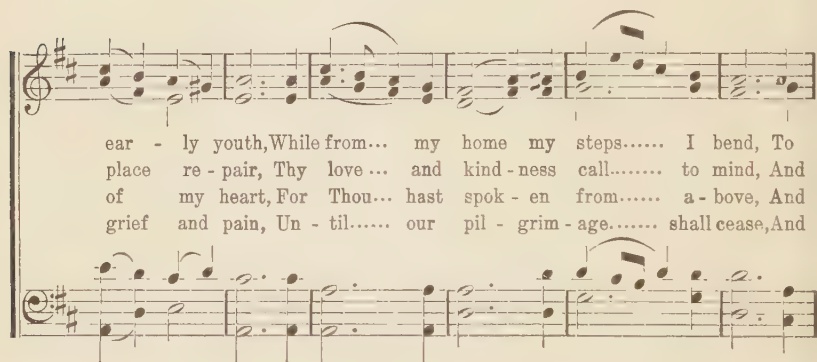
(L. M.)

Wm. C. Clive.

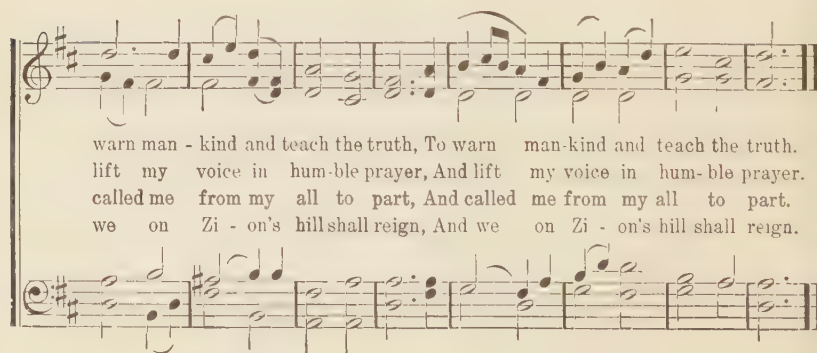
(♩ = 72.)



1. Fare - well, my kind and faith - ful friend, The part - ner of my  
 2. How oft, in si - lent even - ing mild, I to some lone - ly  
 3. O Lord, ex - tend Thine arms of love A - round the part - ner  
 4. Pre - serve her soul in per - fect peace, From sick - ness, sor - row,



ear - ly youth, While from... my home my steps..... I bend, To  
 place re - pair, Thy love... and kind - ness call..... to mind, And  
 of my heart, For Thou... hast spok - en from..... a - bove, And  
 grief and pain, Un - til..... our pil - grim - age..... shall cease, And



warn man - kind and teach the truth, To warn man - kind and teach the truth.  
 lift my voice in hum - ble prayer, And lift my voice in hum - ble prayer.  
 called me from my all to part, And called me from my all to part.  
 we on Zi - on's hill shall reign, And we on Zi - on's hill shall reign.

5 How gladly would my soul retire  
 With thee to spend a peaceful life  
 In some sequestered, humble vale,  
 Far from the scenes of noise and strife!

6 Where sin should grieve our souls no more  
 Nor rage of men disturb our peace;  
 Our troubles, toils and sorrows o'er—  
 There lies and persecution cease.

# No. 40. Behold! the Harvest Wide Extends.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 72.)



- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| 1. Be - hold! the har - vest wide ex - tends, | The fields are |
| 2. Shall we re - pine when Je - sus calls,    | Or count it    |
| 3. When He, our Sav - iour, did the same,     | With - out a   |
| 4. Shall we be - hold the na - tions doomed   | To sword and   |



white o'er all the plain,	The tares in bun - dles must be bound, While
sac - ri - fice we make	To spend our lives as pil - grims here, Or
place to lay His head?	A pil - grim on the earth He came, Un -
fam - ine, blood and fire,	Yet not the least ex - er - tion make, But



we with care se - cure the grain,	While we with care se - cure the grain.
lose them for the Gos - pel's sake,	Or lose them for the Gos - pel's sake,
til for us His blood was shed,	Un - til for us His blood was shed,
from the scene in peace re - tire?	But from the scene in peace re - tire?



5 No; while His love for me extends,  
The pattern makes my duty plain;  
I'll sound to earth's remotest ends,  
His Gospel to the souls of men.

6 Farewell, my kind and faithful friend,  
Until we meet on earth again,  
For soon our pilgrimage shall end,  
And the Messiah come to reign.

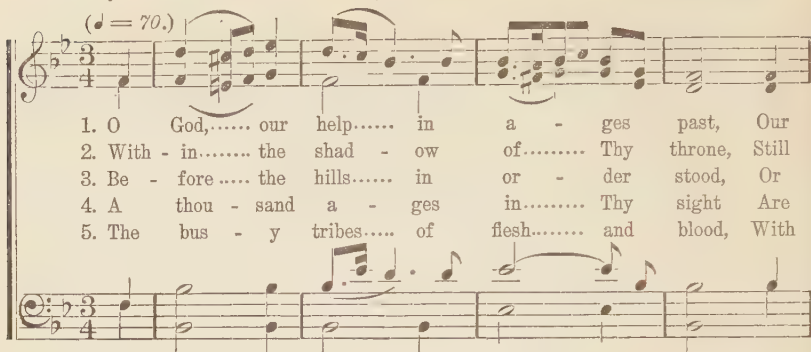
# No. 41. O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

Wesley's Collection.

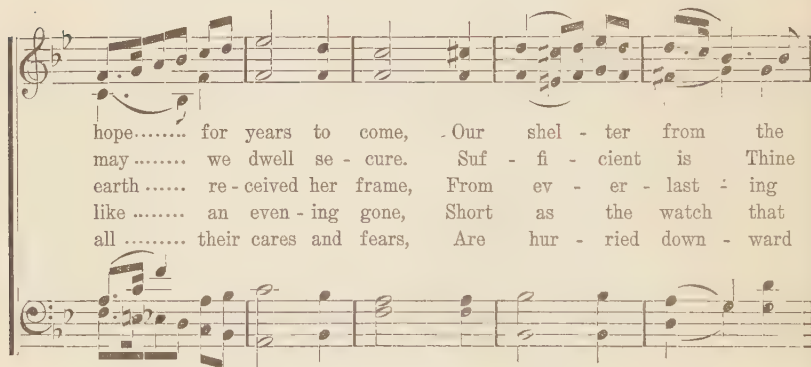
(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.


(♩ = 70.)



1. O God,..... our help..... in a - ges past, Our  
 2. With - in..... the shad - ow of..... Thy throne, Still  
 3. Be - fore..... the hills..... in or - der stood, Or  
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in..... Thy sight Are  
 5. The bus - y tribes..... of flesh..... and blood, With



hope..... for years to come, - Our shel - ter from the  
 may..... we dwell se - cure. Suf - fi - cient is Thine  
 earth..... re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing  
 like..... an even - ing gone, Short as the watch that  
 all..... their cares and fears, Are hur - ried down - ward



storm - y blast, And our..... e - ter - nal home.  
 arm..... a - lone, And our..... de - fense is sure.  
 Thou..... art God, To end - less years, the same.  
 ends..... the night Be - fore..... the ris - ing sun.  
 by..... the flood, And lost..... in follow - ing years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all his sons away;  
 They fly forgotten as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
 And our perpetual home.

# No. 42. I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath.

Watts.

(6, 8's.)

J. G. Fones.

*Allegro moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ )



1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; And when my voice is
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God; He
3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports the
4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is

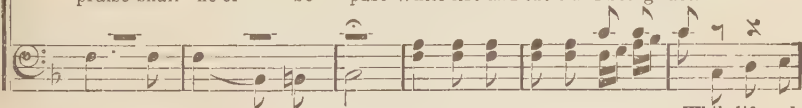


lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - blest pow'rs, My days of  
made the sky, And earth, and sea, with all their train. His truth for-  
faint-ing mind; He sends the la-b'ring con - science peace, He helps the  
lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler pow'rs; My days of

1. Praiseshall employ my noblest pow'rs.



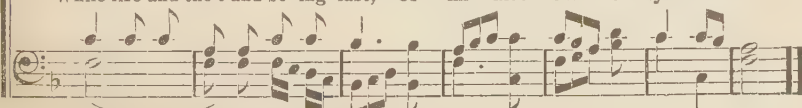
praise shall ne'er..... be past While life and tho't and being last,  
ev - er stands.... se - cure; He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor,  
stran - ger in..... dis - tress, The wid-ow and the fath-er - less,  
praise shall ne'er..... be past While life and tho't and being last.



While life and



While life and tho't and be-ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en-dures.  
He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, And none shall find His prom - ise vain.  
The wid - ow and the father - less, And grants the pris - ner sweet re - lease.  
While life and tho't and be-ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en-dures.



thought..... and be - ing last,

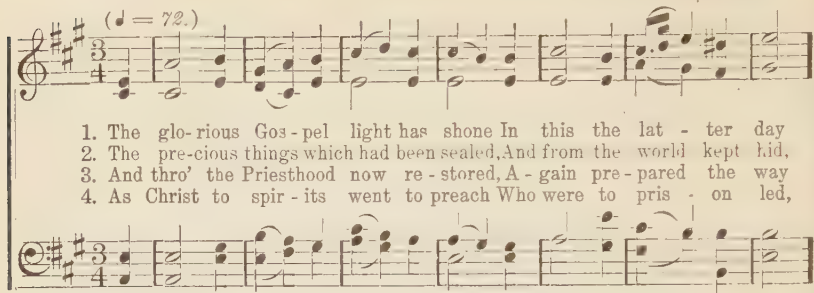
# No. 43. The Glorious Gospel Light has Shone.

Joel H. Johnson.

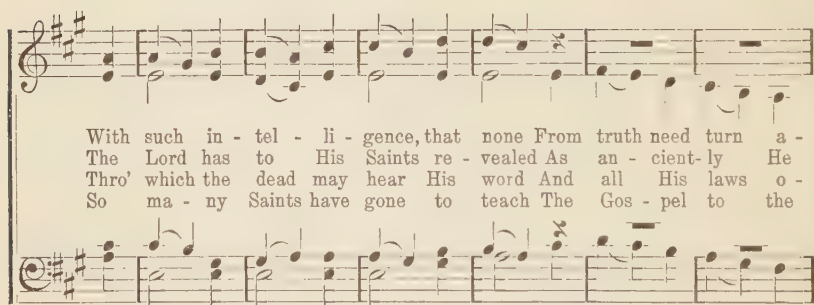
(C. M.)

Thos. Jarman.  
From "The Messiah."

(♩ = 72.)



1. The glo-rious Gos-pel light has shone In this the lat-ter day  
 2. The pre-cious things which had been sealed, And from the world kept hid,  
 3. And thro' the Priesthood now re-stored, A-gain pre-pared the way  
 4. As Christ to spir-its went to preach Who were to pris-on led,



With such in-tel-li-gence, that none From truth need turn a-  
 The Lord has to His Saints re-vealed As an-cient-ly He  
 Thro' which the dead may hear His word And all His laws o-  
 So ma-ny Saints have gone to teach The Gos-pel to the

1. From truth need turn a-way,



way, ..... From truth need turn a-way.  
 did, ..... As an-cient-ly He did;  
 bey, ..... And all His laws o-bey.  
 dead, ..... The Gos-pel to the dead.

1. From truth need turn a-way,

5 And we for them can be baptized,  
 Yes for our friends most dear,  
 That they can with the just be raised,  
 When Gabriel's trump they hear;

7 Now, O ye Saints, rejoice to-day  
 That you can saviors be  
 Of all your dead who will obey  
 The Gospel and be free.

6 That they must come with Christ again  
 When He to earth descends,  
 A thousand years with Him to reign,  
 And with their earthly friends.

8 Then let us rise without restraint  
 And act for those we love,  
 For they are giving their consent;  
 And wait for us to move.



# No. 44. Judges, Who Rule the World by Laws.

Isaac Watts.

(L. P. M.)

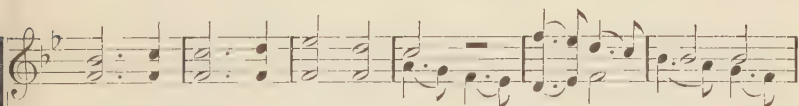
(♩ = 60.)



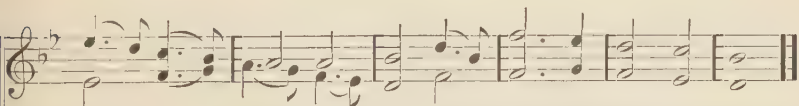
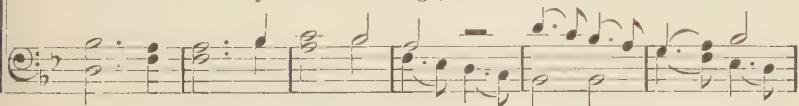
1. Judg - es, who rule the world by laws, Will ye de - spise the  
2. Have ye for - got, or nev - er knew, That God will judge the  
3. The Lord God thun - ders from the sky, Their gran - deur melts, their  
4. Thus shall the ven - geance of the Lord Safe - ty and joy to



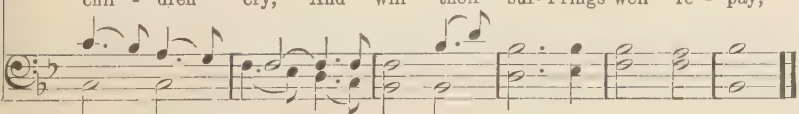
right - eous cause When the op - pressed be - fore you stand? Dare  
judg - es, too? High in the heav'ns His jus - tice reigns, Yet  
ti - tles die, They per - ish like dis - solv - ing frost; As  
Saints af - ford; And all that hear shall join and say, "A



ye con - demn the right - eous poor, And let rich sin - ners  
you in - vade the rights of God, And send your bold de -  
emp - ty chaff, when whirlwinds rise, Be - fore the sweep - ing  
God doth sure - ly rule on high, "A God that hears His



go se - cure, While gold and great - ness bribe your hand?  
crees a - broad, To bind the con - science in your chains.  
tem - pest flies, So shall their hopes and names be lost.  
chil - dren cry, And will their suf - frings well re - pay,"



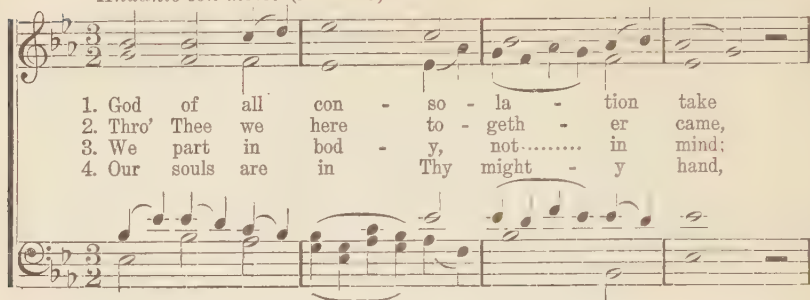
# No. 45. God of All Consolation Take.

Wesley's Collection.

(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Andante con moto.* (♩ = 60.)



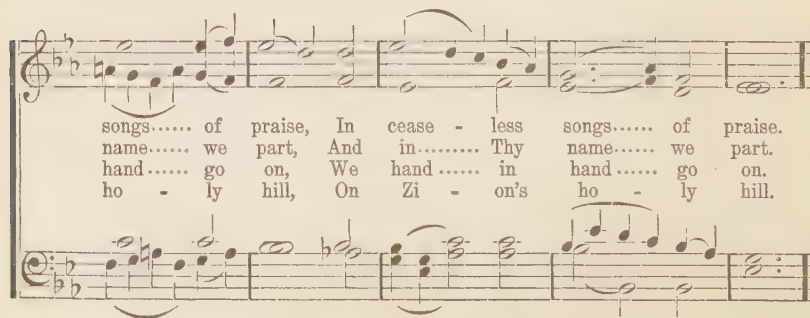
1. God of all con - so - la - tion take  
 2. Thro' Thee we here to - geth - er came,  
 3. We part in bod - y, not..... in mind;  
 4. Our souls are in Thy might - y hand,



The glo - ry of..... Thy grace; Thy gifts to  
 In sin - gle - ness..... of heart; We meet, O  
 Our minds con - tin - ue one, And each to  
 Lord, keep us faith - ful still— That we with



Thee we ren - der back In cease - less  
 Je - sus, in..... Thy name, And in Thy  
 each in Je - sus joined, We hand in  
 all Thy saints..... may stand On Zi - on's



songs..... of praise, In cease - less songs..... of praise.  
 name..... we part, And in..... Thy name..... we part.  
 hand..... go on, We hand..... in hand..... go on.  
 ho - ly hill, On Zi - on's ho - ly hill.

# No. 46. 'Twas On That Dark, That Solemn Night.

Isaac Watts.

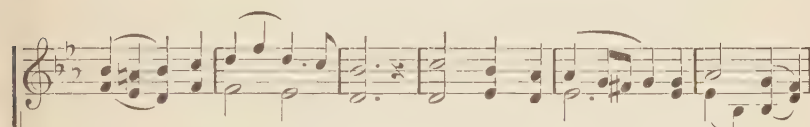
(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 76.)



1. 'Twas on that dark, that sol - emn night, When powers of
2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, He took the
3. "This is My bod - y slain for sin; Re - ceive and
4. For us His pre - cious blood was spilt, To pur - chase



earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son, e'en God's de -  
 bread and bless'd and broke; What love thro' all His ac - tions  
 eat the liv - ing food;" Then took the cup and bless'd the  
 par - don for our guilt; When for our sins He suf - f'ring



light, And friends be - trayed Him to His foes.  
 ran! What won - drous words of grace He spoke:  
 wine: "'Tis the new cov - 'nant of my blood."  
 dies, And gives His life a sac - ri - fice.



- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 5 "Do this," He cries, "till time shall end, | 6 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,    |
| Remembering your dying Friend;               | We show Thy death we sing Thy name, |
| Meet at My table and record                  | Ti'l Thou return and we shall eat   |
| The love of your departed Lord."             | The marriage supper of the Lamb.    |

# No. 47. Ere Long the Veil Will Rend in Twain.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 69.)



1. Ere long the veil will rend in twain, The King de - scend with
2. The an - gel's trum - pet long shall sound, And wake the na - tions
3. Lift up your heads, ye Saints in peace, The Sav - iour comes for
4. Be - hold the Church! it soars on high To meet the Saints a -



all His train; The earth shall shake with aw - ful fright, And all cre -  
un - der ground; Throughout the vast do - main of space 'Twill ech - o  
your re - lease; The day of the re-deemed has come, When Saints shall  
mid the sky, To hail the King in clouds of fire, And praise the



a - tion feel His might, And all cre - a - tion feel His might.  
back from place to place, 'Twill ech - o back from place to place.  
all be gath - ered home, When Saints shall all be gathered home.  
heaven - ly Son and Sire, And praise the heaven - ly Son and Sire.



5 Hosanna! now the trump shall sound,  
Proclaim the joys of heaven around,  
When all the Saints together join  
In songs of love, and all divine.

6 With Enoch's city we shall meet,  
And worship at Messiah's feet,  
Unite our hands and hearts in love,  
And reign on thrones with Christ above.

## No. 48.

## Go, Ye Messengers of Glory.

John Taylor.

(8's, 7's &amp; 4.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

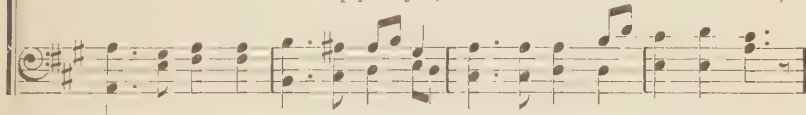
(♩ = 84.)



1. Go, ye mes-sen-gers of glo-ry, Run, ye leg-ates of the skies;
2. Go to ev-'ry tribe and na-tion; Vis-it ev-'ry land and clime;
3. Go! to all the Gos-pel car-ry, Let the joy-ful news a-bound;
4. Bear-ing seed of heav'nly vir-tue, Scat-ter it o'er all the earth;



Go and tell the pleas-ing sto-ry, That a glo-rious an-gel flies,  
 Sound to all the proc-la-ma-tion, Tell to all the truth sub-lime:  
 Go till ev-'ry na-tion hear you, Jew and Gen-tile greet the sound,  
 Go! Je-ho-vah will sup-port you, Gath-er all the sheaves of worth,



Great and might-y, Great and might-y, With a mes-sage from the skies.  
 That the Gos-pel, That the Gos-pel Does in an-cient glo-ry shine.  
 Let the Gos-pel, Let the Gos-pel, Ech-o all the earth a-round.  
 Then, with Je-sus, Then, with Je-sus, Reign in glo-ry on the earth.



Great and might-y, Great and mighty, With a mes-sage from the skies.  
 That the Gos-pel, That the Gos-pel Does in an-cient glo-ry shine.  
 Let the Gos-pel, Let the Gos-pel, Ech-o all the earth a-round.  
 Then, with Je-sus, Then, with Je-sus, Reign in glo-ry on the earth.





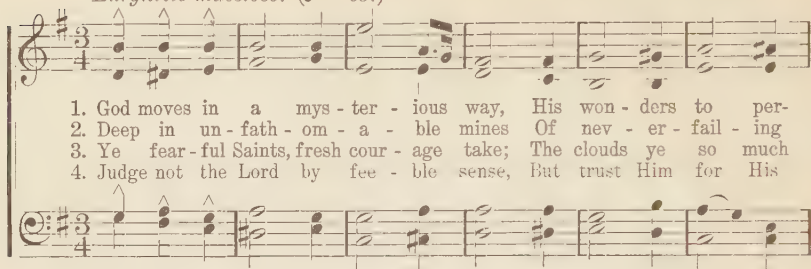
# No. 49. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper.

(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

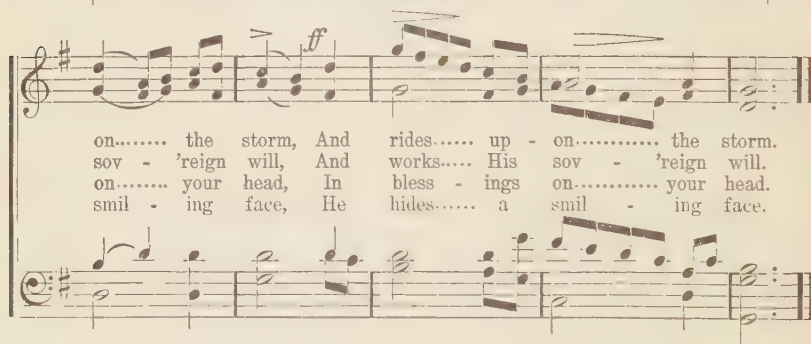
*Larghetto maestoso.* (♩ = 63.)



1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His won - ders to per -  
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing  
 3. Ye fear - ful Saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much  
 4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His



form; He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up -  
 skill, He treas - ures up His bright de - signs, And works His  
 dread Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings  
 grace; Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a



on..... the storm, And rides..... up - on..... the storm.  
 sov - 'reign will, And works..... His sov - 'reign will.  
 on..... your head, In bless - ings on..... your head.  
 smil - ing face, He hides..... a smil - ing face.

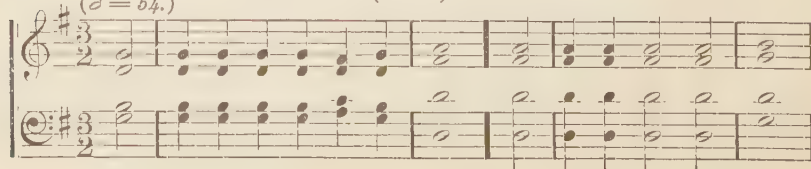
5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour,  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His works in vain;  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

# No. 50. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

(♩ = 54.)

(C. M.)



# God Moves in a Mysterious Way.



## No. 51. Lo! On the Water's Brink We Stand.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 42.)

A musical score for the hymn 'No. 51. Lo! On the Water's Brink We Stand.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final double bar line at the end of the first system.

1. Lo! on the wa - ter's brink we stand, To do the  
 2. Lord, we have sinned, but we re - pent, And put our  
 3. Thou wilt ac - cept our hum - ble prayer, And all our  
 4. Our sin - ful bod - ies sink from view Be - neath the  
 5. So when the trump of God shall blow, The Saints shall

A musical score for the hymn 'No. 51. Lo! On the Water's Brink We Stand.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final double bar line at the end of the first system.

Fa - ther's will, To be bap - tized by His com - mand,  
 sins a - way; With joy re - ceive the mes - sage sent  
 sins for - give; For Je - sus' sake, the sin - ner spare,  
 open - ing wave, Then rise to life di - vine - ly new,  
 burst the tomb, Im - mor - tal beau - ty crown each brow,

A musical score for the hymn 'No. 51. Lo! On the Water's Brink We Stand.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final double bar line at the end of the first system.

And thus the word ful - fil, And thus the word ful - fil.  
 In this, the lat - ter day, In this, the lat - ter day.  
 He died that we might live, He died that we might live.  
 As from the burst - ing grave, As from the burst - ing grave.  
 With an e - ter - nal bloom, With an e - ter - nal bloom.

# No. 52. What was Witnessed in the Heavens?

John S. Davis.

( 8's & 7's. )

Evan Stephens.

( ♩ = 66. )



1. What was witnessed in the heavens? Why, an an - gel earthward bound.
2. Had we not be - fore the Gos - pel? Yes—it came of old to men.
3. Where so long has been the Gos - pel? Did it pass from earth a - way?



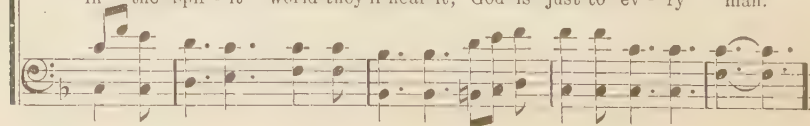
Had he something with him bringing? Yes—the Gos - pel—joy - ful sound!  
Then what is this lat - er Gos - pel? 'Tis the first one come a - gain.  
Yes; 'twas tak - en back to heav - en, Till should dawn a bright - er day.



It was to be preached in pow - er On the earth, the an - gel said,  
This was preached by Paul and Pe - ter, And by Je - sus Christ, the Head;  
What be - came of those de - part - ed, Knowing not the Gos - pel plan?



To all men, all tongues and na - tions That up - on its face are spread.  
This we lat - ter Saints are preaching— We their footsteps wish to tread.  
In the spir - it world they'll hear it; God is just to ev - 'ry man.



# No. 53. The Glorious Plan which God has Given.

John Taylor.

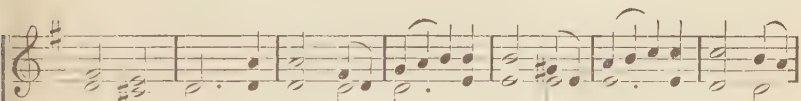
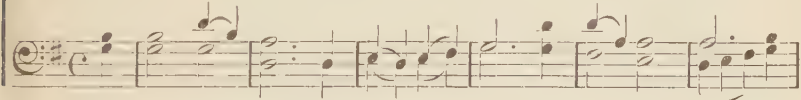
(L. M.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

(100.)



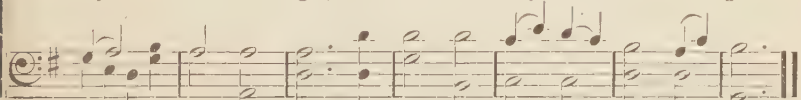
1. The glo - rious plan which God has given To bring a ru - ined
2. As in the heavens they all a - gree, The rec - ords giv - en
3. Our God, the Fa - ther, is the one, An - oth - er, His e -
4. Nor are we in the sec - ond birth Left with - out wit - ness -



- world to heaven, Was framed in Christ ere time had birth, Was sealed in there by three, On earth three wit - ness - es are given, To lead the ter - nal Son, The Spir - it does with them a - gree, The wit - ness - es on earth, To grope, as in e - ter - nal night, A - bout the



- heaven ere known on earth, Was sealed in heaven ere known on earth. sons of men to heaven, To lead the sons of men to heaven. es in heaven are three, The wit - ness - es in heaven are three. way to end - less light, A - bout the way to end - less light.



- 5 But buried 'neath the liquid wave,  
To know the Spirit's power to save,  
To feel the virtue of His blood,  
Are witnesses ordained of God.

- 6 In heaven they all agree in one,  
The Father, Spirit and the Son,  
On earth these witnesses agree;  
The water, blood and Spirit, three.

- 7 One great connecting link is given,  
Between the sons of earth and heaven:  
The Spirit seals us here on earth,  
In heaven records our second birth.

- 8 If we on earth possess these three,  
Mysterious, saving unity,  
The book of life will record bear,  
Our names are surely written there.

# No. 54. We Here Approach Thy Table, Lord.

Henry W. Naisbitt

(L. M. D.)

Evan Stephens.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 66.)

1. We here ap - proach Thy ta - ble, Lord, At Thy command through  
2. Here, as we eat and drink, we show His death un - til He  
3. As earth - ly Sab - baths roll a - long, O Fa - ther, give us

cho - sen men; O may each heart, with one ac - cord, Thy  
comes a - gain, And feel with - in that sa - cred glow Re -  
grace in store, That, like a glad - per - en - nial song, Our

spir - it feel in - spir - ing them. This peace - ful Sab - bath day we  
vi - vi - fy love's sa - cred flame, We here re - new, with earn - est  
lips, our lives for - ev - er - more May hon - or all that Thou hast

*mp*  
come To drink this cup, and eat this bread, In mem - 'ry of the  
heart, The cov'nants of the lat - ter day, To choose for life, that  
given, Thyself, Thy Son, Thy Priesthood's power; Thy Gos - pel Spir - it



## We Here Approach Thy Table, Lord.



days to come, When we shall sit with our Great Head. In mem - 'ry  
 "bet - ter part," Which none can give, nor take a - way. To choose for  
 which hath striven, And heaven for our e - ter - nal dower. Thy Gos - pel



of the days to come, When we shall sit with our Great Head.  
 life that "bet - ter part," Which none can give, nor take a - way.  
 Spir - it which hath striven, And heaven for our e - ter - nal dower.



## No. 55. The Rising Sun Has Chased the Night.

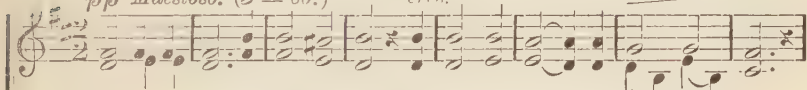
Leonard Bacon.

(L. M.)

Evian Stephens.

*pp Maestoso.* (♩ = 60.)

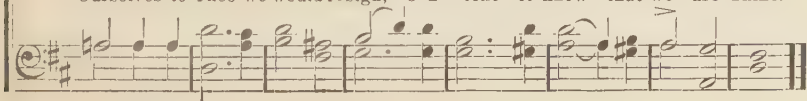
*cres.*



1. The ris - ing sun has chased the night And brought again the cheer - ing light;
2. We laid us down and sweetly slept; The Lord our souls in safe - ty kept;
3. We know not what His will ordains, But 'tis our joy that Je - sus reigns;
4. Teach us to walk with Thee to - day, And ev - er keep Thy ho - ly way;



This mer - cy mul - ti - plies our days And calls us to re - new our praise.  
 We wake, His goodness to proclaim And sing new hon - ors to His name.  
 Tho' dangers, snares and foes abound, E - ter - nal arms will us sur - round.  
 Ourselves to Thee we would resign, Con - tent to know that we are Thine.



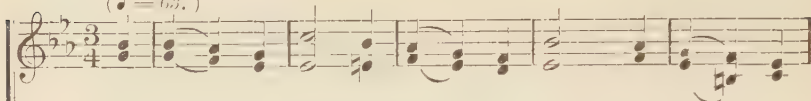
# No. 56. Afflicted Saints, to Christ Draw Near.

John Fawcett.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 66.)



1. Af - flict - ed Saints, to Christ draw near, Thy Sav - iour's
2. Let not thy heart de - spond and say, "How shall I
3. Should per - se - cu - tion rage and flame, Still trust in
4. If faith be weak and foes be strong, And if the



gra - cious prom - ise hear; His faith - ful word de -  
stand the try - ing day?" He has en - gaged by  
thy Re - deem - er's name; In fie - ry tri - als  
con - flict should be long, Thy Lord will make the



clares to thee That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."  
firm de - crees That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."  
thou shalt see, That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."  
tempt - er flee. For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."



- 5 When called to bear the weighty cross  
Of sore affliction, pain or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
He comes thy spirit to set free.  
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

# No. 57. Except the Lord Conduct the Plan.

Wesley's Collection.

(2, 8's & 6's.)

Evan Stephens.

(♩ = 84.)



1. Ex - cept the Lord con-duct the plan, The best con-cert-ed schemes are vain
2. Lord, if Thou didst, Thy-self, in-spire Our souls with this in-tense de-sire
3. In Je-sus' name, be-hold we meet Far from an e-vil world re-treat,
4. Not in the tombs we pine to dwell, Nor in the dark mon-as-tic cell,



And nev - er can suc-ceed; We spend our wretched strength for naught,  
Thy good - ness to pro-claim: Thy glo - ry—if we now in-tend,  
And all its fran-tic ways: One thing a-lone re-solved to know,  
By vows and grates con-fined; To all ourselves we free-ly give,



But if our works in Thee are wrought, They shall be blest in - deed.  
O let our deeds be - gin and end, Com-plete in Je - sus' name.  
To square our use - ful lives be - low, By rea - son and by grace.  
Constrained by Je - sus' love to live The serv-ants of man-kind.



5 Now, Jesus, now Thy love impart,  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for Thy will;  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up the rising Church, and place  
The city on the hill.

6 O may our love and faith abound,  
And may our lives to all around  
With purest lustre shine,  
That all the world our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,  
The heavenly light divine.

# No. 58. Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

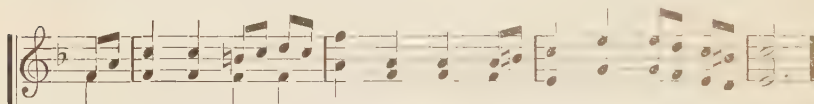
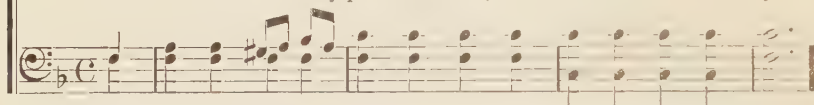
(C. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

*Allegro marcato.* (♩ = 92.)



1. Come, lis - ten to a Proph-et's voice, And hear the word of God,
2. The gloom of sul - len dark-ness spread Thro' earth's ex - tend - ed space,
3. 'Tis not in man they put their trust, Or on his arm re - ly,



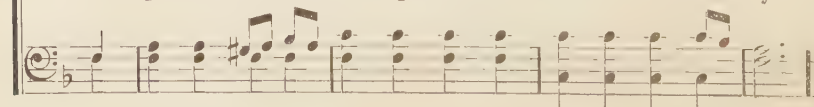
And in the way of truth re - joice, And sing for joy a - loud.  
Is ban - ished by our liv - ing Head, And God has shown His face.  
Full well as - sured, all are ac - cursed, Who Je - sus Christ de - ny.



We've found the way the Proph - ets went, Who lived in days of yore;  
Thro' err - ingschemes in days now past, The world has gone a - stray;  
The Sav - iour to His peo - ple saith, Let all My words o - bey,



An - oth - er Proph-et now is sent This knowl - edge to re - store.  
Yet Saints of God have found at last The straight and nar - row way.  
And signs shall fol - low liv - ing faith, Down to the lat - est day.



## Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

4 The sick on whom the oil is poured,  
And hands in meekness laid,  
Are by the power of God restored,  
Through faith, as Jesus said.  
No more in slavish fear we mourn,  
No yoke of bondage wear;  
No more beneath delusion groan,  
Nor superstition fear.

5 Of every dispensation past,  
Of every promise made,  
The first be last, the last be first,  
The living and the dead.  
To Zion's mount shall saviors come,  
Their thousands bring to rest,  
Who through the great Millennium,  
Shall be among the blest.

## No. 59. This House We Dedicate to Thee.

Henry W. Naisbitt.

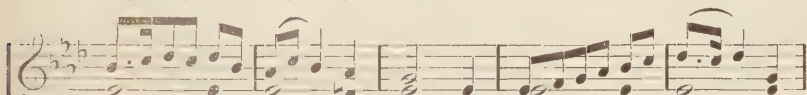
(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

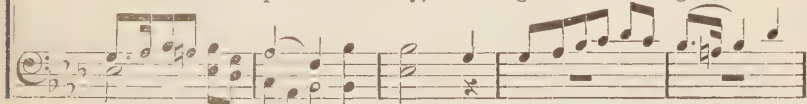
(♩ = 72.)



1. This house we ded - i - cate..... to Thee, "Our  
2. Wilt Thou Thy serv - ants here..... in - spire, When  
3. Here may our sons and daugh - ters come, And  
4. And may pol - lu - tion ne'er..... have place With -  
5. Live to Thy King - dom - live..... to Thee, While

God,..... our fa - thers' God," Wilt Thou..... ac - cept, and  
in..... Thy name they speak? And wilt..... Thou bless each  
find..... that peace which swells From grate - ful hearts, when  
in..... this shrine we give; And in..... it, thro' the  
life..... shall pass a - way; Then greet..... a - gain, with




deign..... to bless The path..... our feet have trod?  
con - trite soul, Who here..... Thy face doth seek?  
touched... by Thee, Where - in..... Thy Spir - it dwells.  
years..... to come, A - wake, the dead to live;  
praise..... and song, In heav'n's e - ter - nal day.





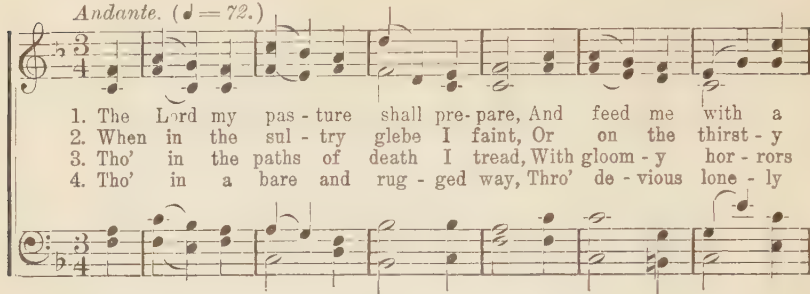
# No. 60. The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare.

Joseph Addison.

(6, 8's.)

Geo. Careless.

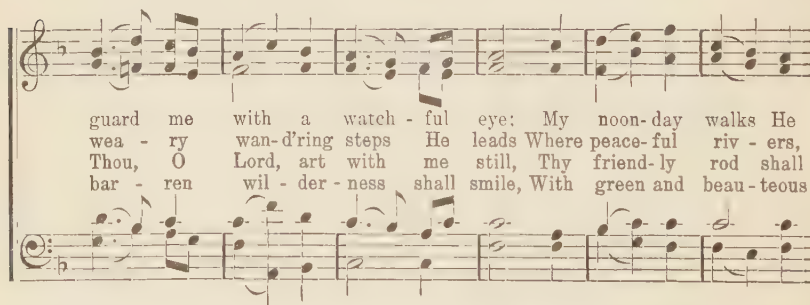
*Andante.* (♩ = 72.)



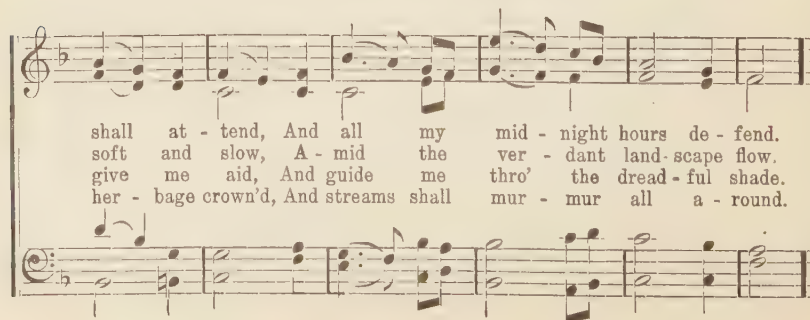
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a  
 2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirst - y  
 3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - rors  
 4. Tho' in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious lone - ly



shepherd's care; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, And  
 moun - tain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads My  
 o - verspread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill, For  
 wilds I stray, Thy pre - sence shall my pains be - guile; The  
 1. His presence shall my



guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon - day walks He  
 wea - ry wan - d'ring steps He leads Where peace - ful riv - ers,  
 Thou, O Lord, art with me still, Thy friend - ly rod shall  
 bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With green and beau - teous



shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.  
 soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.  
 give me aid, And guide me thro' the dread - ful shade.  
 her - bage crown'd, And streams shall mur - mur all a - round.

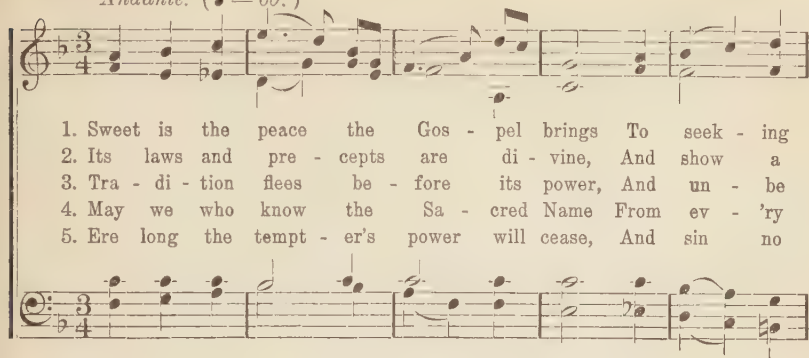
# No. 61. Sweet is the Peace the Gospel Brings.

Mary Ann Morton.

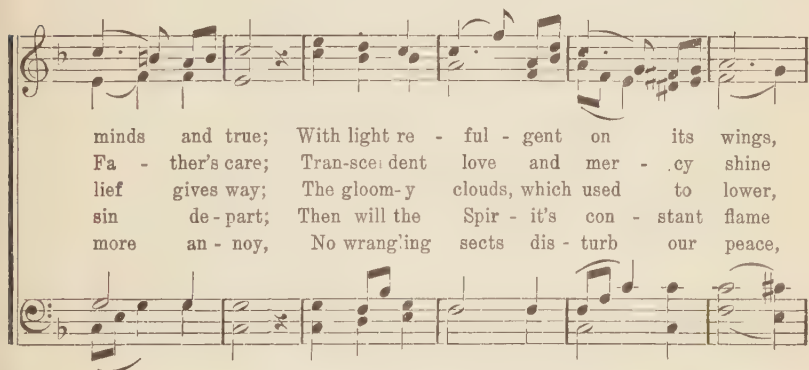
(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

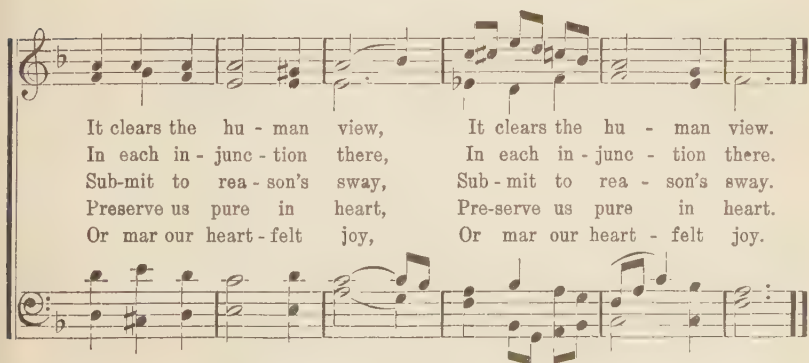
*Andante.* (♩ = 60.)



1. Sweet is the peace the Gos - pel brings To seek - ing  
 2. Its laws and pre - cepts are di - vine, And show a  
 3. Tra - di - tion flees be - fore its power, And un - be  
 4. May we who know the Sa - cred Name From ev - 'ry  
 5. Ere long the tempt - er's power will cease, And sin no



minds and true; With light re - ful - gent on its wings,  
 Fa - ther's care; Tran-scei - dent love and mer - cy shine  
 lief gives way; The gloom-y clouds, which used to lower,  
 sin de - part; Then will the Spir - it's con - stant flame  
 more an - noy, No wrang'ing sects dis - turb our peace,



It clears the hu - man view, It clears the hu - man view.  
 In each in - junc - tion there, In each in - junc - tion there.  
 Sub-mit to rea - son's sway, Sub-mit to rea - son's sway.  
 Preserve us pure in heart, Pre-serve us pure in heart.  
 Or mar our heart - felt joy, Or mar our heart - felt joy.

6 That which we have in part received  
 Will be in part no more;  
 For He, in whom we all believed,  
 To us will all restore.

7 In patience, then, let us possess  
 Our souls till He appear.  
 On to our mark of calling press;  
 Redemption draweth near.


# No. 62. Lo! the Mighty God Appearing.

William Goode.



(8's, 7's & 4.)

Evan Stephens.



*Animato assai.* (♩ = 96.)



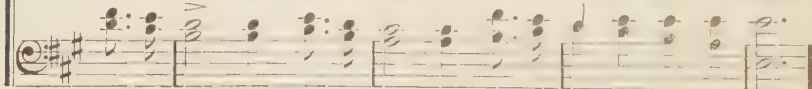

1. Lo! the might-y God ap - pear - ing, From on high Je - ho - vah speaks!  
 2. Zi - on, all its light un - fold - ing, God in glo - ry shall dis - play;  
 3. To the heav'ns His voice as - cend - ing, To the earth be - neath He cries;

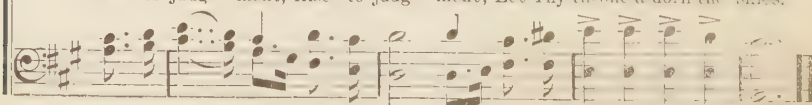
East-ern lands the sum mons hear - ing, O'er the west His thun - der breaks.  
 Lo! He comes! nor si - lence hold - ing, Fire and clouds pre - pare His way;  
 Souls im - mor - tal, now de - scend - ing, Let their sleep - ing dust a - rise!

Earth be - hold Him! Earth be - hold Him! U - ni - ver - sal na - ture shakes;  
 Tempests round Him, Tempests round Him Hast - en on the dread - ful day;  
 Rise to judg - ment, Rise to judg - ment; Let Thy throne a - dorn the skies;

Earth be - hold Him! Earth be - hold Him! U - ni - ver - sal na - ture shakes.  
 Tempests round Him! Tempests round Him Hast - en on the dreadful day.  
 Rise to judg - ment, Rise to judg - ment; Let Thy throne a dorn the skies.



## Lo! the Mighty God Appearing.

4 Gather first my Saints around me,  
Those who to my covenants stood—  
Those who humbly sought and found me  
Through the dying Saviour's blood.  
Blest Redeemer,  
Dearest sacrifice to God.

5 Now the heavens on high adore Him,  
And His righteousness declare;  
Sinners perish from before Him,  
But His Saints His mercies share.  
Just His judgments:  
God, Himself the Judge, is there.

## No. 63. The Sun that Declines in the Far Western Sky.

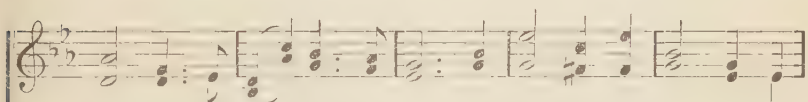
T. B. Marsh and Parley P. Pratt (11's.)

Harry Aldous.

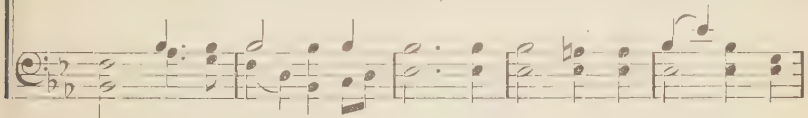
(♩ = 84.)



1. The sun that de-clines in the far wes-tern sky Has rolled o'er our  
2. The chang-es for au-tumn al-read-y ap-pear, A har-vest of  
3. The sum-mer of youth pass es swiftly a-way, The locks of our  
4. O, when the sweet sum-mer of life shall have fled, Her joys and her  
5. De-scend with the Sav-iour, with glo-ry be crowned, And reign in per-



heads till the sum-mer's gone by, And hushed are the notes of the  
plen-ty has crowned the glad year, While soft smil-ing zeph-yrs from  
tem-ples are sil-vered with gray; And so the fair land-scape and  
sor-rows en-tombed with the dead, Then may we, by faith, like good  
fect-ion when Sa-tan is bound, While love and sweet un-ion to-



warb-lers of spring, That in the green bow'r did ex-ult-ing-ly sing.  
or-chards and bow'rs Bring o-dors of joy from the fruit and the flow'rs.  
flow-er-y lawn, Tho' los-ing their beau-ty, their glo-ry put on.  
E-noch, a-rise, Be one with the just, in the midst of the skies.  
geth-er shall blend, And peace, gen-tle peace, like a riv-er ex-tend.



William W. Phelps.

(7's &amp; 6's.)

(♩. = 50.)

1. O stop and tell me, Red Man, Who are you, why you roam,  
 2. "I once was pleas-ant Eph-ram, When Ja-cob for me prayed;  
 3. "And long they've lived by hunt-ing In-stead of works and arts,  
 4. "And all your cap-tive broth-ers From ev-'ry clime shall come,

And how you get your liv-ing; Have you no God, no home?  
 But oh, how bless-ings van-ish, When man from God has strayed!  
 And so our race has dwined To i-dle In-dian hearts.  
 And quit their sav-age cus-toms, To live with God at home.

With stat-ure straight and port-ly, And decked in na-tive pride,  
 Be-fore your na-tion knew us, Some thou-sand moons a-go,  
 Yet hope with-in us lin-gers, As if the Spir-it spoke,  
 Then joy will fill your bos-oms, And bless-ings crown our days,

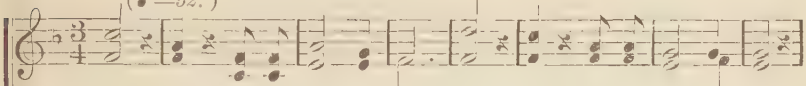
With feathers, paints and brooch-es, He will-ing-ly re-plied:  
 Our fa-thers fell in dark-ness, And wandered to and fro.  
 He'll come for your re-demp-tion, And break the Gen-tile yoke.  
 To live in pure re-lig-ion, And sing our Mak-er's praise."



No. 65.      Rest, Rest for the Weary Soul.

Henry W. Naisbitt.      ( 6's & 7's.)      Geo. Careless.

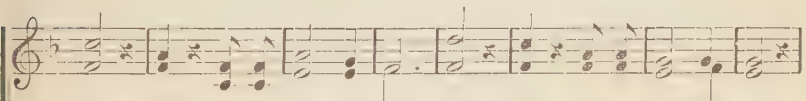
(♩ = 52.)



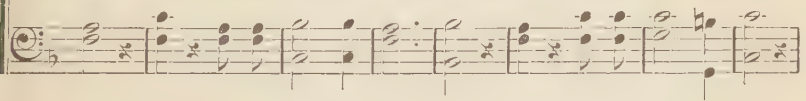
1. Rest, rest for the wea - ry soul, Rest, rest for the ach - ing head,  
2. Rest, rest for the bat - tle's o'er, Rest, rest for the race is run,  
3. Peace, peace where no strife in - trudes, Peace, peace where no quar - rels come,



Rest, rest, on the hill - side, rest, With the great un - count - ed dead.  
Rest, rest, where the gates are closed With each evening's set - ting sun.  
Peace, peace, for the end is there Of our wild life's bu - sy hum.



4. Peace, peace, the oppressed are free, Rest, rest, oh, ye wea - ry, rest;  
5. Peace, peace, there is mu - sic's sound, Peace, peace, till the ris - ing sun



For the an - gels guard those well Who sleep on their moth - er's breast.  
Of the res - ur - rec - tion morn Pro - claims life's vic - t'ry won.



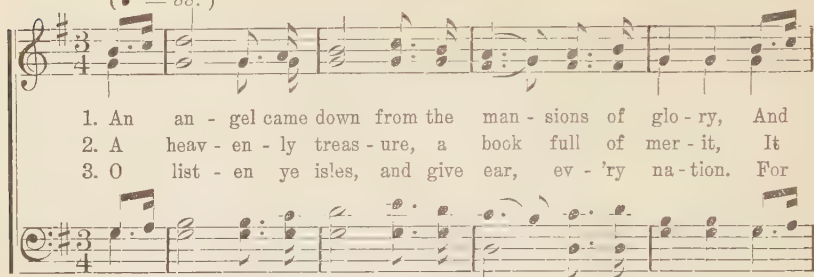
# No. 66. An Angel Came Down from the Mansions of Glory.

William W. Phelps.

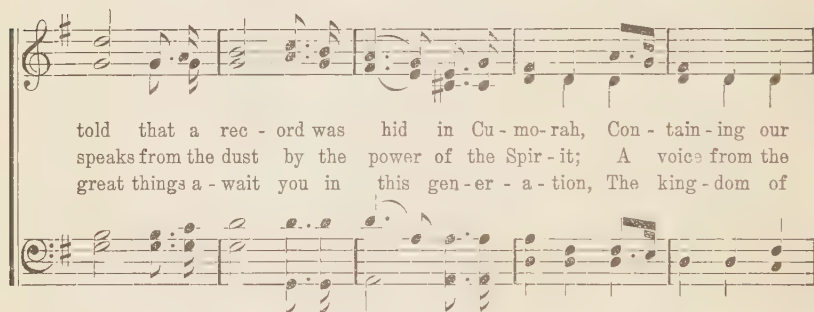
( P. M. )

Selected.

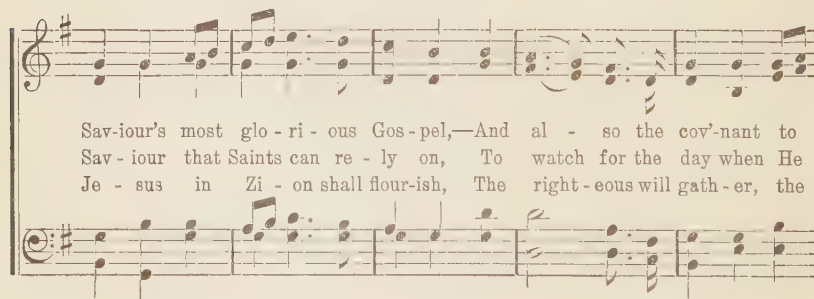
( ♩ = 88. )



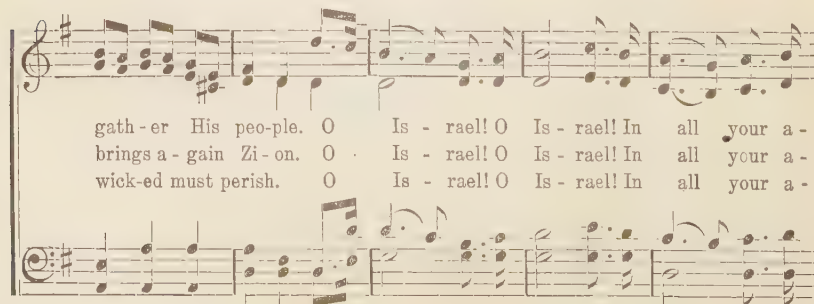
1. An an - gel came down from the man - sions of glo - ry, And  
 2. A heav - en - ly treas - ure, a book full of mer - it, It  
 3. O list - en ye isles, and give ear, ev - 'ry na - tion. For



told that a rec - ord was hid in Cu - mo - rah, Con - tain - ing our  
 speaks from the dust by the power of the Spir - it; A voice from the  
 great things a - wait you in this gen - er - a - tion, The king - dom of



Sav - iour's most glo - ri - ous Gos - pel, — And al - so the cov' - nant to  
 Sav - iour that Saints can re - ly on, To watch for the day when He  
 Je - sus in Zi - on shall flour - ish, The right - eous will gath - er, the



gath - er His peo - ple. O Is - rael! O Is - rael! In all your a -  
 brings a - gain Zi - on. O Is - rael! O Is - rael! In all your a -  
 wick - ed must perish. O Is - rael! O Is - rael! In all your a -

# An Angel Came Down from the Mansions of Glory.—Concluded.

bid - ings, Pre - pare for your Lord, when you hear these glad ti - dings.

*rit.*

## No. 67. Lo! The Gentile Chain is Broken.

Parley P. Pratt.

( 8's & 7's. )

(  $\text{♩} = 108.$  )

1. Lo! The Gen - tile chain is bro - ken; Free - dom's ban - ner waves on high;
2. See on yon - der dis - tant mountain, Zi - on's stand - ard wide un - furled;
3. Free - dom, peace and full sal - va - tion Are the bless - ings guar - an - teed—
4. Come, ye Chris - tian sects, and pa - gan, Pope and Pro - test - ant and priest;
5. Come, ye sons of doubt and won - der, In - dian, Mos - lem, Greek, or Jew;

List, ye na - tions, by this to - ken Know that your re - demp - tion's nigh.  
 Far 'a - bove Mis - sour - i's fountain. Lo, it waves for all the world.  
 Lib - er - ty to ev ' ry na - tion, Ev - ' ry tongue, and ev - ' ry creed.  
 Wor - ship - ers of God or Da - gon, Come ye to fair free - dom's feast.  
 All your shackles burst a - sun - der; Freedom's ban - ner waves for you.

6 Cease to persecute each other,  
 Join the covenant of peace;  
 Be to all a friend, a brother,  
 This will bring the world release.

7 Lo! The King, the great Messiah,  
 Prince of Peace shall come to reign;  
 Sound again, ye heavenly choir,  
 Peace on earth, good will to men.

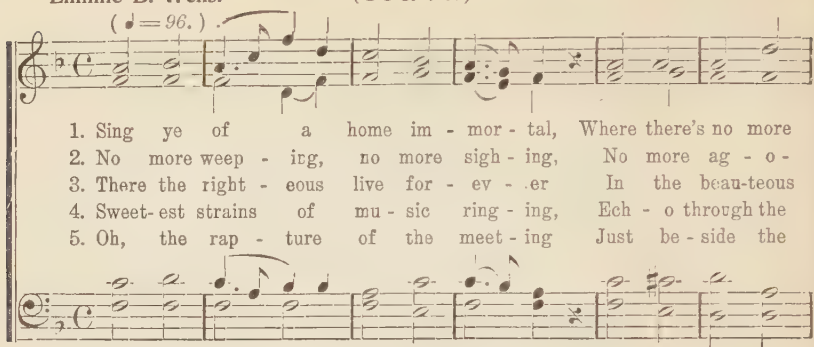
# No. 68. Sing Ye of a Home Immortal.

Emiline B. Wells.

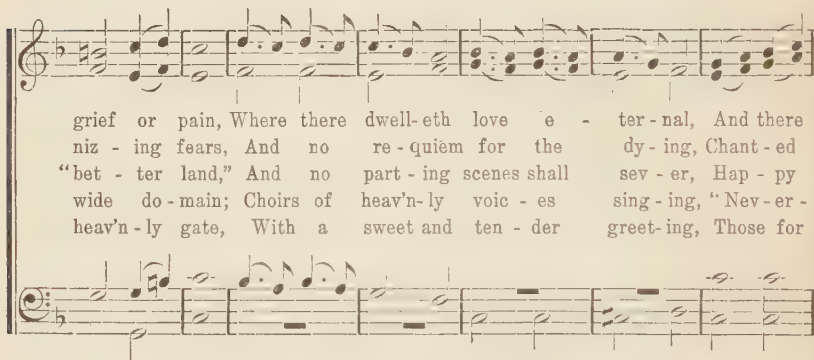
(8's & 7's.)

Geo. Careless.

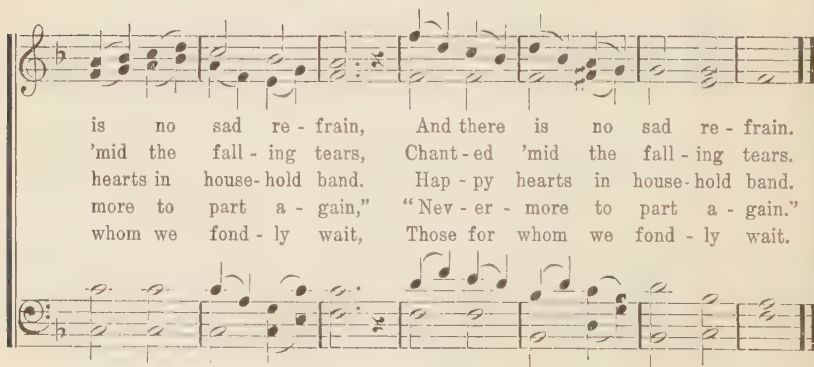
(♩ = 96.)



1. Sing ye of a home im - mor - tal, Where there's no more  
 2. No more weep - ing, no more sigh - ing, No more ag - o -  
 3. There the right - eous live for - ev - er In the beau-teous  
 4. Sweet-est strains of mu - sic ring - ing, Ech - o through the  
 5. Oh, the rap - ture of the meet - ing Just be - side the



grief or pain, Where there dwell-eth love e - ter - nal, And there  
 niz - ing fears, And no re - quiem for the dy - ing, Chant - ed  
 "bet - ter land," And no part - ing scenes shall sev - er, Hap - py  
 wide do - main; Choirs of heav'n - ly voic - es sing - ing, "Nev - er -  
 heav'n - ly gate, With a sweet and ten - der greet - ing, Those for



is no sad re - frain, And there is no sad re - frain.  
 'mid the fall - ing tears, Chant - ed 'mid the fall - ing tears.  
 hearts in house - hold band. Hap - py hearts in house - hold band.  
 more to part a - gain," "Nev - er - more to part a - gain."  
 whom we fond - ly wait, Those for whom we fond - ly wait.

6 Angel escorts, bearing banners,  
 Every entrance watch to see,  
 One, who cometh with hosannas,  
 Marching on to victory.

7 Coming up through tribulation,  
 Where the Saviour's feet have trod;  
 Christ, the guide to exaltation,  
 Upward to the throne of God.

Eliza R. Snow.

(12's &amp; 11's.)

(♩ = 60.)



1. The time is far spent, there is lit - tle re - main - ing To pub - lish glad
2. Shrink not from your du - ty, how - ev - er un - pleas - ant, But fol - low the
3. What tho', if the fa - vor of Ah - man pos - sess - ing, This world's bit - ter
4. All, all things are known to the mind of Je - ho - vah, There's nothing con -
5. Be fixed in your pur - pose, for Sa - tan will try you, The weight of your



ti - dings by sea and by land. Then has - ten ye her - alds, go  
 Sav - iour, your pat - tern and friend, Our lit - tle af - flic - tions, tho'  
 hate you are called to en - dure, The an - gels are wait - ing to  
 cealed from His all - search - ing eye; Then fear not, the hairs of your  
 call - ing He per - fect - ly knows, Your path may be thorn - y, but



for - ward pro - claim - ing: Re - pent, for the king - dom of heav - en's at hand.  
 pain - ful at pres - ent, Ere long, with the righteous, in glo - ry will end.  
 crown you with blessings! Go, breth - ren! be faith - ful, the prom - ise is sure.  
 head are all num - bered, And e - ven the ra - vens are heard when they cry.  
 Je - sus is nigh you, His arm is suf - fi - cient, tho' de - mons op - pose.



- 6 Press on to the mark of eternal perfection,  
 Determined to reap the celestial reward,  
 That you may come forth 'in the first resurrection,  
 And feast at the supper of Jesus, the Lord.



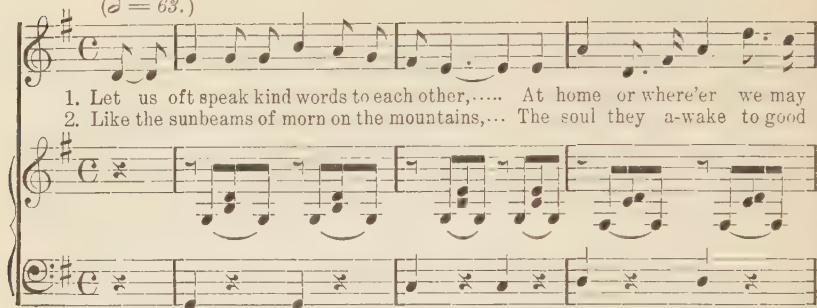
# No. 70. Kind Words are Sweet Tones of the Heart.

Jos. L. Townshend.

(P. M.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

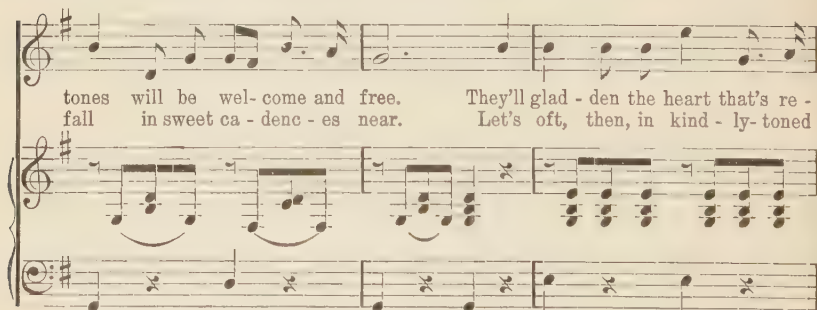
(♩ = 68.)



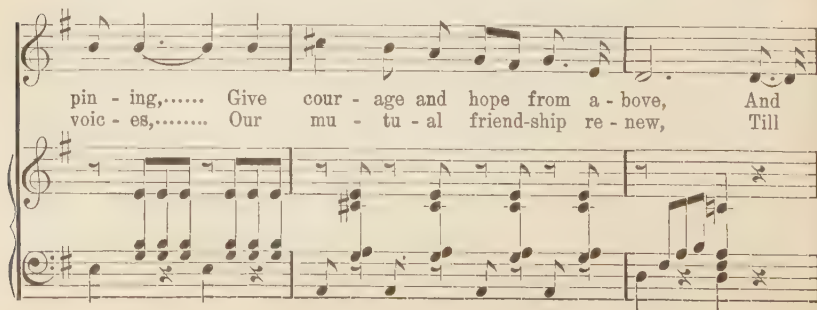
1. Let us oft speak kind words to each other,..... At home or where'er we may  
2. Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains,... The soul they a-wake to good



be; Like the war - bling of birds on the heath - er,..... The  
cheer; Like the mur - mur of cool, pleas - ant foun - tains,... They

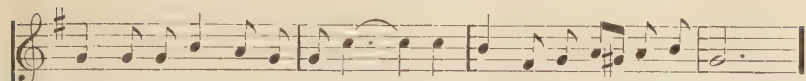


tones will be wel - come and free. They'll glad - den the heart that's re -  
fall in sweet ca - denc - es near. Let's oft, then, in kind - ly - toned



pin - ing,..... Give cour - age and hope from a - bove, And  
voic - es,..... Our mu - tu - al friend - ship re - new, Till

## Kind Words are Sweet Tones of the Heart.



where the dark clouds hide the shining,... Let in the bright sunlight of love.  
heart meets with heart and rejoic-es..... In friendship that ev - er is true.



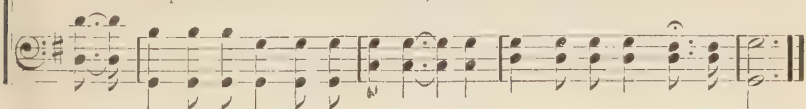
### CHORUS.



O the kind words we give shall in memory live, And sunshine for-ev - er im-part;



Let us oft speak kind words to each other, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.



## No. 71. Your Sweet Little Rosebud Has Left You.

Eliza R. Snow.

Music No. 70.

Your sweet little rosebud has left you  
To bloom in a holier sphere;  
He that gave it, in wisdom bereft you;  
Then why should you sorrow and fear?  
Your child in the grave is not sleeping,  
She joined her dear sisters above;  
The bright beings now have them in  
keeping,  
In mansions of beauty and love.

### CHORUS.

They're treasures you've laid up in heaven;  
Removed for a time from your sight;

To your bosom again they'll be given,  
With fullness of joy and delight.

2 They've gone where life's ills cannot find  
them;

They're safe from each danger and snare;  
They are happy and free, would you bind  
them

To years of affliction and care?

Look up and you'll find consolation  
Which God by His Spirit will give;

And through faith, sure manifestation:

Those gems, your sweet children, yet live,

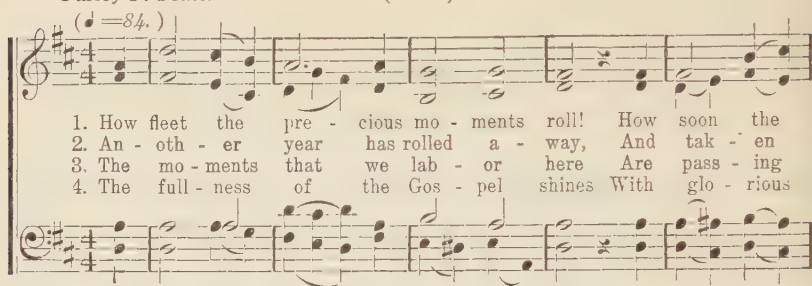
# No. 72. How Fleet the Precious Moments Roll.

Parley P. Pratt.

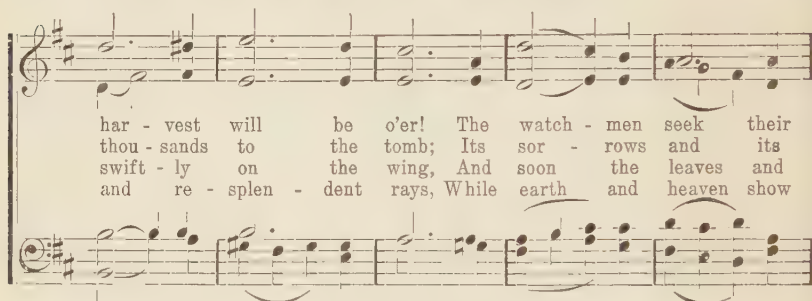
(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

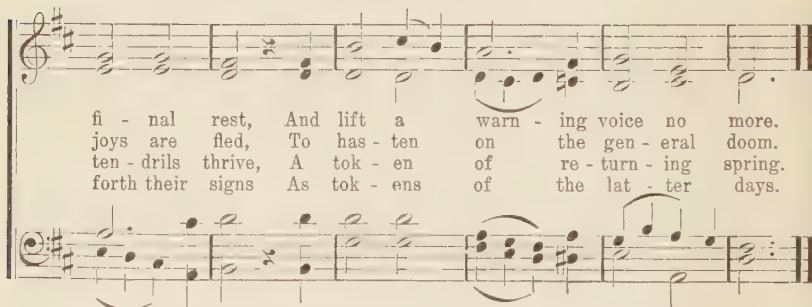
(♩ = 84.)



1. How fleet the pre - cious mo - ments roll! How soon the  
 2. An - oth - er year has rolled a - way, And tak - en  
 3. The mo - ments that we lab - or here Are pass - ing  
 4. The full - ness of the Gos - pel shines With glo - rious



har - vest will be o'er! The watch - men seek their  
 thou - sands to the tomb; Its sor - rows and its  
 swift - ly on the wing, And soon the leaves and  
 and re - splen - dent rays, While earth and heaven show



fi - nal rest, And lift a warn - ing voice no more.  
 joys are fled, To has - ten on the gen - eral doom.  
 ten - drils thrive, A tok - en of re - turn - ing spring.  
 forth their signs As tok - ens of the lat - ter days.

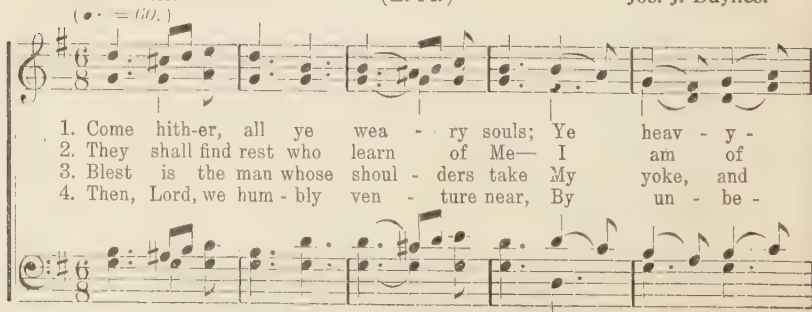
# No. 73. Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

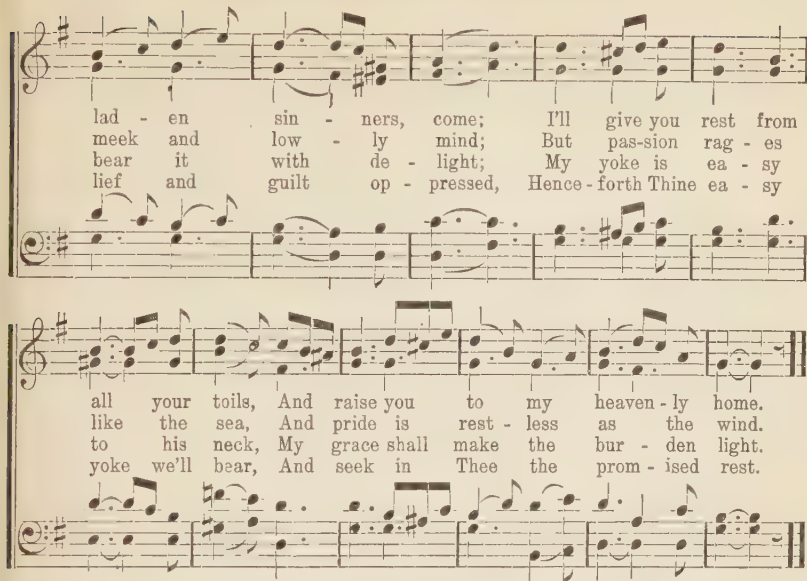
Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 66.)



1. Come hith-er, all ye wea - ry souls; Ye heav - y -  
 2. They shall find rest who learn of Me - I am of  
 3. Blest is the man whose shoul - ders take My yoke, and  
 4. Then, Lord, we hum - bly ven - ture near, By un - be -

# Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls.



lad - en sin - ners, come; I'll give you rest from  
 meek and low - ly mind; But pas-sion rag - es  
 bear it with de - light; My yoke is ea - sy  
 lief and guilt op - pressed, Hence - forth Thine ea - sy

all your toils, And raise you to my heaven - ly home.  
 like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.  
 to his neck, My grace shall make the bur - den light.  
 yoke we'll bear, And seek in Thee the prom - ised rest.

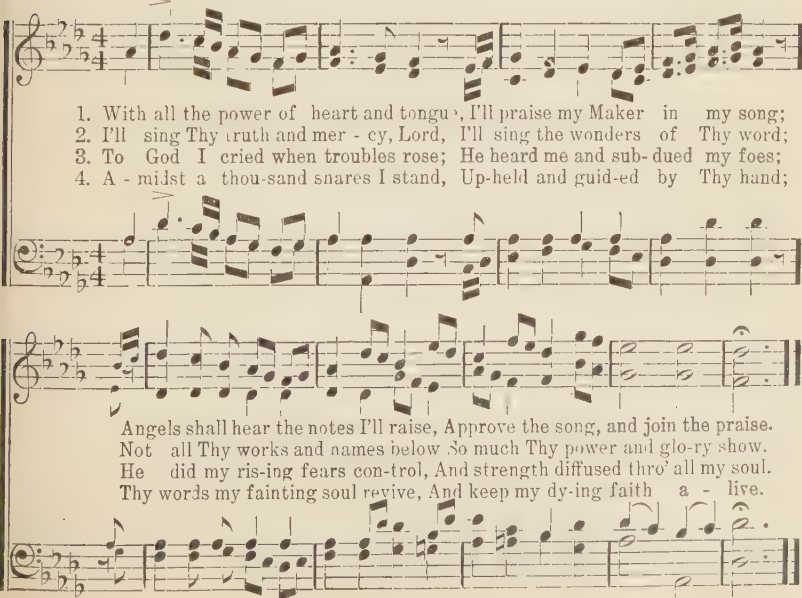
## No. 74. With All the Power of Heart and Tongue.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

With vigor, ( $\text{♩} = 66.$ )



1. With all the power of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song;
2. I'll sing Thy truth and mer - cy, Lord, I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
3. To God I cried when troubles rose; He heard me and sub - dued my foes;
4. A - midst a thou-sand snares I stand, Up-held and guid-ed by Thy hand;

Angels shall hear the notes I'll raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.  
 Not all Thy works and names below So much Thy power and glo-ry show.  
 He did my ris-ing fears con-trol, And strength diffused thro' all my soul.  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive, And keep my dy-ing faith a - live.

# No. 75. Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Tempo di marcia.* (♩ = 80.)



1. Hark! lis - ten to the trump-et - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers,
2. It sets my heart all in a flame A sol - dier brave to be;
3. To see our ar - mies on pa - rade, How mar - tial they ap - pear!
4. The trumpets sound, the ar - mies shout They drive the hosts of hell,



On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers.  
I will en - list, gird on my arms And fight for lib - er - ty.  
All armed and dressed in u - ni - form, They look like men of war.  
How dread - ful is our God, our King, The great E - man - u - el.



Their hors - es white, their ar - mor bright, With courage bold they stand,  
We want no cow - ards in our bands, Who will our col - ors fly,  
They fol - low their great Gen - er - al, The great E - ter - nal Lamb;  
Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ, Th'e - ter - nal Son of God,

1. Their horses white, their arm-or bright,



En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march to Zi - on's land.  
We call for val - iant - heart - ed men, Who're not a - fraid to die.  
His garments stained in His own blood, King Je - sus is His name.  
And march with us to Zi - on's land, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.





# Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

5 There on a green and flowery mount,  
Where fruits immortal grow,  
With angels all arrayed in white,  
We'll our Redeemer know.  
We'll shout and sing for evermore,  
In that eternal world;  
While Satan and his army too  
Shall down to hell be hurled.

6 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
Redemption now draws nigh;  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,  
That shakes the earth and sky.  
In fiery chariots we shall rise,  
And leave the world on fire,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
And join the heavenly choir.

## No. 76.

## Captain of Israel's Host.

Wesley's Collection.

(6, 8's.)

Rossini.

(♩. = 48.)

1. Cap - tain of Is - rael's host, and Guide Of all who seek the  
2. By Thy un - err - ing Spir - it led, We shall not in the

land a - bove, Be - neath the shad - ow we a - bide— The  
des - ert stray; We shall no oth - er guid - ance need, Nor

cloud of Thy pro - tect - ing love..... Our strength, Thy grace, our  
miss our prov - i - den - tial way;..... As far from dan - ger

rule, Thy word, Our end, the glo - ry of the Lord.  
as from fear, While love, al - migh - ty love, is near.

# No. 77. Great Spirit, Listen to the Red Man's Wail!

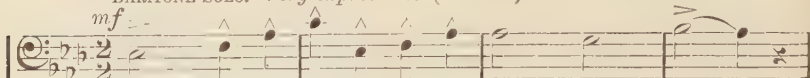
Charles W. Penrose.

(10's)

Evan Stephens.

BARITONE SOLO. *Very expressive.* ( $\text{♩} = 66.$ )

*mf*



1. "Great Spir - it, lis - ten to the red man's wail!
2. "His broad, green hunting grounds, where buff -' loes roam,

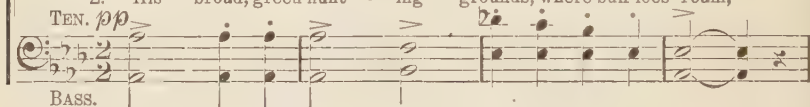
SOP. *pp*



ALTO.

1. "Great Spir - it, lis - ten to the red man's wail!
2. "His broad, green hunt - ing grounds, where buff'loes roam,

TEN. *pp*



BASS.



Thou hast the power to help him in his woe,  
His bubbling streams where fin - ny thousands play,



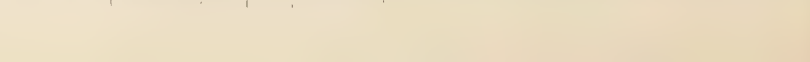
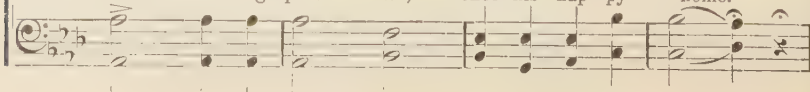
Thou hast the pow'r to help him in his woe,.....  
His bub-ling streams where fin - ny thou-sands play,.....



Thy might-y arm was nev - er known to fail;  
The wav-ing prai-ries, once his hap - py home.



Thy might-y arm was nev - er known to fail,  
The wav - ing prai - ries, once his hap - py home.



# Great Spirit, Listen to the Red Man's Wail!

*Largamente.*

The musical score is written for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) in a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a tempo marking of *Largamente*. The melody features several measures with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple lines to align with the notes.

Great Chieftain, save him from the pale - faced foe!  
 Are fast de - part - ing to the Chris - tian's sway.

Great Chieftain, save him from the pale - faced foe!  
 Are fast de - part - ing to the Chris - tian's sway.

- 3 "With curs'd firewater's stupefying flame,  
 (Which lulled the senses of our chiefs to rest)  
 And soft-mouthed words, the cheating paleface came  
 And stol'd our lands and drove us to the west.
- 4 "Our gray-haired med'cine men, so wise and good,  
 Are all confounded with the dread disease,  
 Which ne'er was known to flow in Indian blood  
 Till white men brought it from beyond the seas.
- 5 "And shall our nation, once so great, decay?  
 Our children perish, and our chieftains die,  
 Great Spirit help! Thy glorious power display,  
 Subdue our foes! O hear the Indians cry."
- 6 The red man ceased, and trembling with delight,  
 For brighter far than the meridian sun,  
 A dazzling vision burst upon his sight—  
 A glorious angel from the Holy One!
- 7 "Your prayers are heard," he said "and I am here  
 To tell you what will shortly come to pass;  
 A day of joy for all your tribes is near,  
 Your foes shall perish like the sun-scorched grass.
- 8 "The Holy Book your fathers hid is found,  
 Your 'Mormon' brothers will the truth reveal;  
 Though troubles press, and all seems black around,  
 Obey their words—your soul's deep wounds will heal.
- 9 "Not many moons shall pass away before  
 The curse of darkness from your skins shall flee,  
 Your ancient beauty will the Lord restore,  
 And all your tribes shall dwell in unity.
- 10 "The arts of peace shall flourish ne'er to die;  
 The warwhoop and the deadly strife shall cease;  
 Disease shall then depart, and every sigh,  
 And health and life shall flow in every breeze.
- 11 "Farewell! remember I was once on earth,  
 And served the Lord of hosts on this fair land,  
 Observed His sacred precepts from my birth,  
 And now I dwell in bliss at His right hand."
- 12 The angel left and darkness came again,  
 But light and joy dwelt in the Indian's soul,  
 Oh, may the day soon dawn for Ephraim's reign,  
 When all the "glorious land" he shall control.

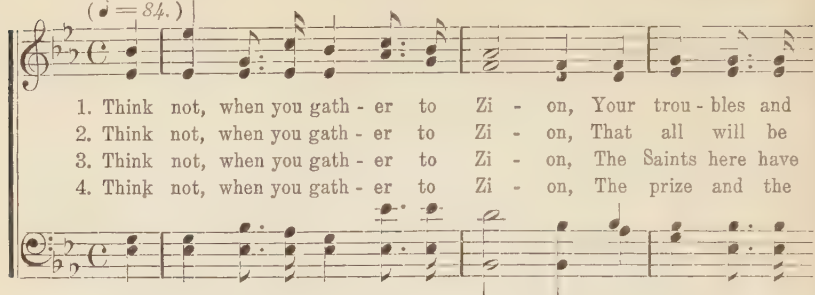
# No. 78. Think Not, When You Gather to Zion.

Eliza R. Snow.

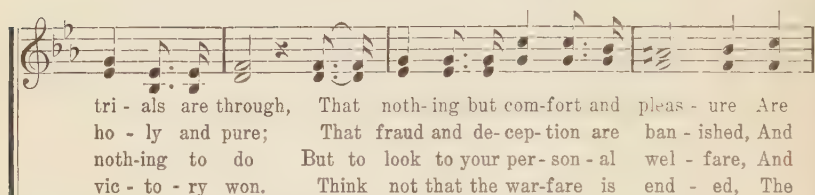
(9's & 8's.)

John Tullidge.

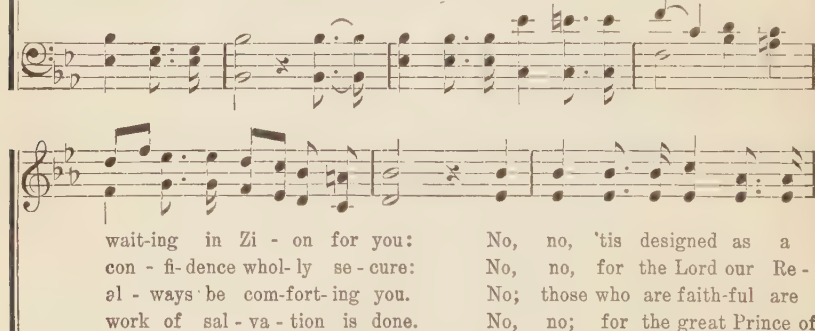
(♩ = 84.)



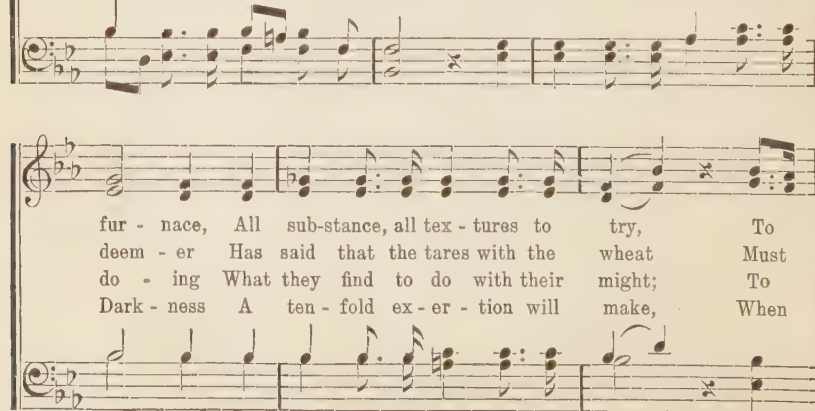
1. Think not, when you gath - er to Zi - on, Your trou - bles and  
 2. Think not, when you gath - er to Zi - on, That all will be  
 3. Think not, when you gath - er to Zi - on, The Saints here have  
 4. Think not, when you gath - er to Zi - on, The prize and the



tri - als are through, That noth - ing but com - fort and pleas - ure Are  
 ho - ly and pure; That fraud and de - cep - tion are ban - ished, And  
 noth - ing to do But to look to your per - son - al wel - fare, And  
 vic - to - ry won. Think not that the war - fare is end - ed, The



wait - ing in Zi - on for you: No, no, 'tis designed as a  
 con - fi - dence whol - ly se - cure: No, no, for the Lord our Re -  
 al - ways be com - fort - ing you. No; those who are faith - ful are  
 work of sal - va - tion is done. No, no; for the great Prince of

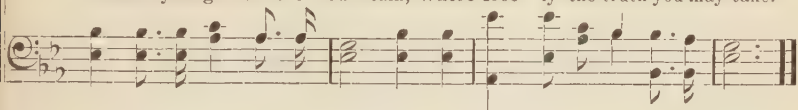


fur - nace, All sub - stance, all tex - tures to try, To  
 deem - er Has said that the tares with the wheat Must  
 do - ing What they find to do with their might; To  
 Dark - ness A ten - fold ex - er - tion will make, When

# Think Not, When You Gather to Zion.



burn all the "wood, hay and stub-ble," The gold from the dross pu-ri - fy.  
grow till the great day of burn - ing Shall ren - der the harvest complete.  
gath - er the scattered of Is - rael They la - bor by day and by night.  
he sees you go to the foun - tain, Where free - ly the truth you may take.



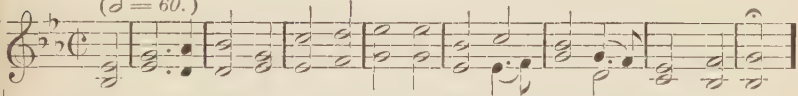
## No. 79. Shall I, for Fear of Feeble Man.

Wesley's Collection.

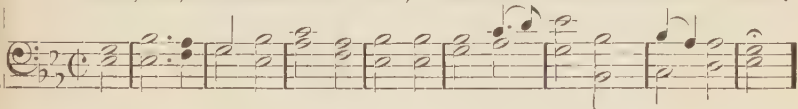
(L. M.)

Handel.

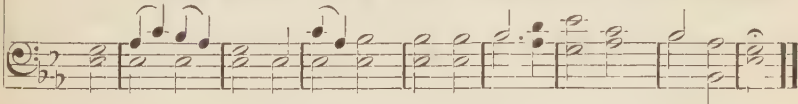
(♩ = 60.)



1. Shall I, for fear of fee - ble man, The Spir - it's course in me re - strain?
2. Awed by a mor - tal's frown, shall I Con - ceal the word of God most high?
3. Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng, Soft - en Thy truths and smoo - th my tongue,
4. What, then, is he whose scorn I dread, Whose wrath or hate makes me a - fraid?



Or un - dis - mayed in deed and word, Be a true wit - ness for the Lord?  
How then be - fore Thee shall I dare To stand, or how Thy an - ger bear?  
To gain earth's gilded toys or flee The cross, my God, en - dured by Thee?  
A man—an heir of death—a slave To sin—a bub - ble on the wave.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Yea, let men rage, since Thou wilt spread<br/>Thy sure protection around my head,<br/>Since in all pain, Thy tender love<br/>Will still my sure refreshment prove.</p> <p>6 Saviour of men, Thy searching eye<br/>Doth all my inmost thoughts decry;<br/>Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,<br/>The world's vain pleasures, or its praise?</p> <p>7 The love of Christ doth me constrain<br/>To seek the wand'ring souls of men;<br/>With cries, entreaties, tears to save,<br/>To snatch them from the gaping grave.</p> | <p>8 For this let men revile my name,<br/>No cross I shun, I fear no shame—<br/>All hail reproach! and welcome pain!<br/>Thy terrors only, Lord, restrain.</p> <p>9 My life, my blood, I here present.<br/>If for Thy truth they may be spent;<br/>Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord;<br/>Thy will be done, Thy name adored.</p> <p>10 Give of Thy strength, O God of power<br/>Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,<br/>Thy faithful witness will I be:<br/>'Tis fixed—I can do all through Thee.</p> |
|--|---|



# No. 80. Hark! Listen to the Gentle Strain.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 96.)



1. Hark! lis - ten to the gen - tle strain, O'er hill and val - ley, grove and plain!
2. The birds their num'rous notes re-sound In songs of praise the earth around;
3. The mountains high, the riv - ers clear, Where heav - en sheds the dew - y tear.



It ech - oes from the heights a - bove The voice of freedom, peace and love.  
 Their voic - es and their tongues em-ploy In songs of free-dom, love and joy.  
 In si - lence or ma - jes tic roar, The God of love and peace a - dore.



The flow'rs that bloom o'er all the land In bar - mo - ny and or - der stand,  
 And then be - hold the crys - tal stream With mul - ti - tudes of fish - es teem;  
 The earth and air, the sea and sky, The Ho - ly Spir - it from on high.



Nor ha - tred pride, nor en - vy know; In freedom, peace and love they grow.  
 In si - lent joy they live and move In free - dom un - ion, peace and love.  
 And an - gels who a - bove do reign, Cry "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."



## Hark! Listen to the Gentle Strain.

4 But most of all, a Saviour's love  
Was manifested from above;  
He died, and rose to life again,  
Our freedom, love and peace to gain.  
But man, vile man, alone seems lost,  
With hatred, pride, and envy tossed;  
His hardened soul does seldom move  
In freedom, union, peace and love.

5 For Him let all creation mourn,  
O'er Him did Enoch's bosom yearn,  
Till He was promised from above,  
A day of freedom, peace and love.  
For Him let all creation mourn,  
O'er Him did Enoch's bosom yearn,  
Till He was promised from above,  
A day of freedom, peace and love.

### No. 81. Waked from My Bed of Slumber Sweet.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

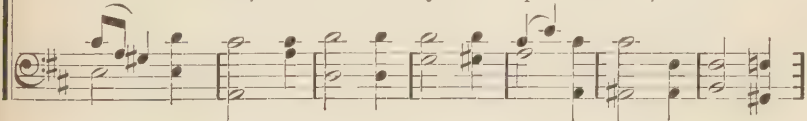
*Moderato.* (♩ = 72.)



1. Waked from my bed of slum - ber sweet, Re-freshed in bod - y  
2. Thy praise, O God, shall be my theme, While day and night their  
3. Thy mer - cy has pre - served my soul, Thro' toils and dan - gers,  
4. O grant me, then, Thy Spir - it's pow'r To guide my feet in  
5. Then, when my mor - tal life is closed, E - ter - nal glo - ry



and in mind, The morn - ing light with joy I greet, And of - fer  
course pur - sue; When time shall end its transient dream, I shall with  
griefs and fears, And still up - on this earth - ly ball It mul - ti -  
ways of peace; Pre - serve me Thine, each day and hour, Till from a  
mine shall be, And, all ar - rayed in spot - less white, I shall the



up a song di - vine, And of - fer up a song di - vine.  
joy the theme re - new, I shall with joy the theme re - new.  
plies my days and years, It mul - ti - plies my days and years.  
world of sin re - leased, Till from a world of sin re - leased.  
King of Glo - ry see, I shall the King of glo - ry see.



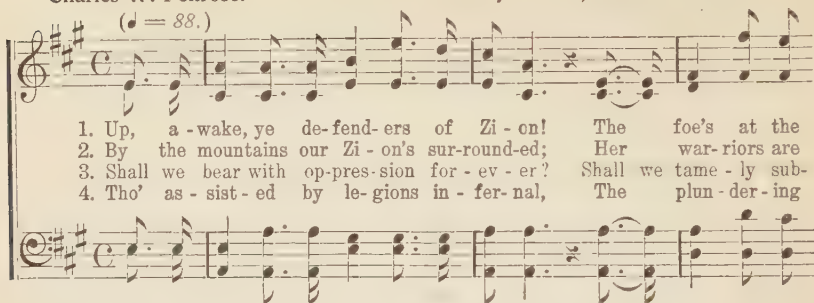
# No. 82. Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion!

(9's & 8's.)

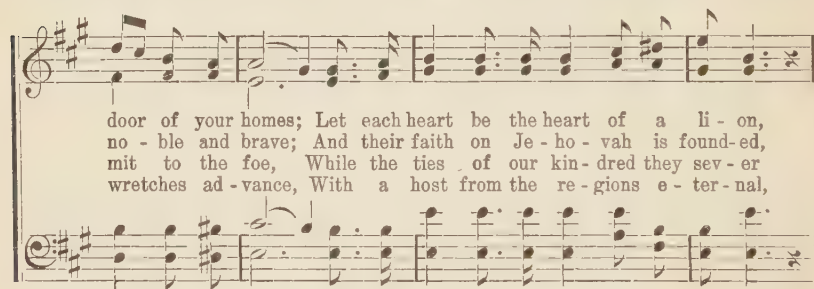
Charles W. Penrose.

Melody—"Red, White and Blue."

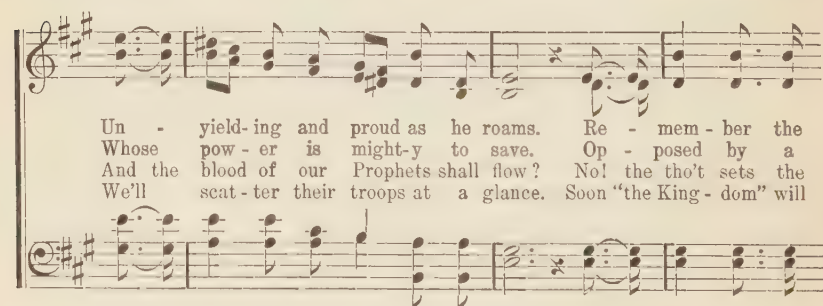
(♩ = 88.)



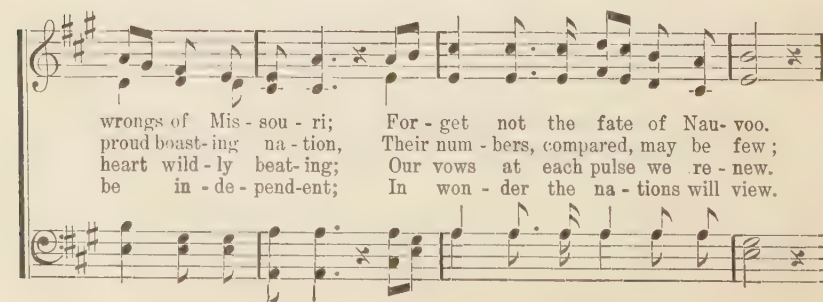
1. Up, a - wake, ye de - fend - ers of Zi - on! The foe's at the  
 2. By the mountains our Zi - on's sur-round-ed; Her war - riors are  
 3. Shall we bear with op-pres-sion for - ev - er? Shall we tame - ly sub-  
 4. Tho' as - sist - ed by le - gions in - fer - nal, The plun - der - ing



door of your homes; Let each heart be the heart of a li - on,  
 no - ble and brave; And their faith on Je - ho - vah is found-ed,  
 mit to the foe, While the ties of our kin - dred they sev - er  
 wretches ad - vance, With a host from the re - gions e - ter - nal,



Un - yield - ing and proud as he roams. Re - mem - ber the  
 Whose pow - er is might-y to save. Op - posed by a  
 And the blood of our Prophets shall flow? No! the tho't sets the  
 We'll scat - ter their troops at a glance. Soon "the King - dom" will

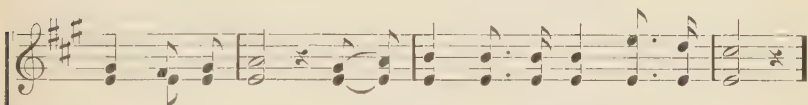


wrongs of Mis - sou - ri; For - get not the fate of Nau - voo.  
 proud boast - ing na - tion, Their num - bers, compared, may be few;  
 heart wild - ly beat - ing; Our vows at each pulse we re - new.  
 be in - de - pend - ent; In won - der the na - tions will view.

# Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion!



When the God - hat - ing foe is be - fore you, Stand firm and be  
But their un - ion is known thro' cre - a - tion, And they've al - ways been  
Ne'er to rest till our foes are re - treat - ing, And to be ev - er  
The de - spised ones in glo - ry re - splendent; Then let us be



faith - ful and true, Stand firm and be faith - ful and true,  
faith - ful and true, And they've al - ways been faith - ful and true,  
faith - ful and true, And to be ev - er faith - ful and true,  
faith - ful and true, Then let us be faith - ful and true,



Stand firm and be faith - ful and true, When the God - hat - ing  
And they've al - ways been faith - ful and true, But their un - ion is  
And to be ev - er faith - ful and true, Ne'er to rest till our  
Then let us be faith - ful and true! The de - spised ones in



foe is be - fore you, Stand firm and be faith - ful and true.  
known thro' cre - a - tion, And they've al - ways been faith - ful and true.  
foes are re - treat - ing, And to be ev - er faith - ful and true.  
glo - ry re - splendent; Then let us be faith - ful and true!



# No. 83. Do We Not Know that Solemn Word?

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Andante.* (♩ = 100.)

1. Do we not know that sol - emn word, That we are  
 2. Our souls re - ceive di - vin - er breath, Raised from cor -  
 3. No more let sin or Sa - tan reign With - in our

bur - ied with..... the Lord, Bap - tized in - to His  
 rup - tion, guilt..... and death, So from the grave did  
 ran - somed souls..... a - gain; The hate - ful lusts we

death and then Put off the bod - y of our sin?  
 Christ a - rise, And lives to God..... a - bove the skies.  
 served be - fore Shall have do - min - ion nev - er - more.

# No. 84. Thou Dost Not Weep Alone.

Eliza R. Snow.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 56.)

1. Thou dost not weep to weep a - lone; The broad bereavement seems to fall  
 2. But lo! what joy sa-lutes our grief! Bright rainbows crown the tearful gloom,  
 3. It soothes our sor - row, says to thee, The Lord in chastening comes to bless;  
 4. 'Tis well with the de - part - ed one; His heaven-lit lamp was shining bright,



## Thou Dost Not Weep Alone.

Un-heed-ed and un - felt by none: He was be-loved, be-loved by all.  
 Hope, hope e-ter - nal, brings re - lief; Faith sounds a triumph o'er the tomb.  
 God is thy God, and He will be A fa-ther to the fa-ther-less.  
 And when his mor-tal day went down, His spir-it fled where reigns no night.

5 'Tis meet to die as he has died,  
 He smiled amid death's conquered gloom.  
 While angels waited by his side,  
 To bear a kindred spirit home.

6 Vain are the trophies wealth can give!  
 His memory needs no sculptor's art;  
 He's left a name—his virtues live,  
 'Graved on the tablets of the heart.

## No. 85. How Sweet Communion is on Earth.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 72)

1. How sweet com-mu-nion is on earth With those who've re-al - ized the birth  
 2. To such these sa-cred em-blems prove Blest source of pur - i - ty and love,  
 3. Each e - vil they are taught to shun, Re-memb'ring God's in - car-nate Son,  
 4. Who-e'er His sa-cred laws o - bey, And are bap-tized with-out de - lay,

Of wa-ter—who the Spir-it's power Re-ceive in genial quick'ning shower!  
 They on-ward to per - fec-tion press, Ob - serving laws of righteousness.  
 Who suffered death on Cal - va - ry, To set the con-trite sin - ner free.  
 To such the prom-ise still is given: This is the door that o - pens heaven.

5 May we who thus have humbly fled  
 To Jesus as our living head,  
 This day our solemn vows record,  
 And ever live to serve the Lord.

6 Till we around the sacred board,  
 The marriage supper of our Lord,  
 Behold Him crowned, our vict'ries bring  
 And own Him as our sovereign King.

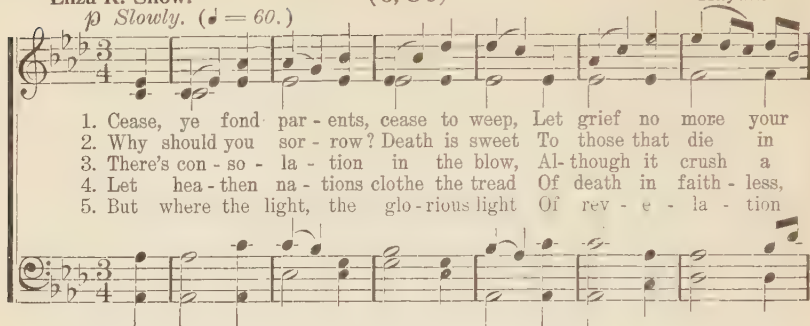
# No. 86. Cease, Ye Fond Parents, Cease to Weep.

Eliza R. Snow.

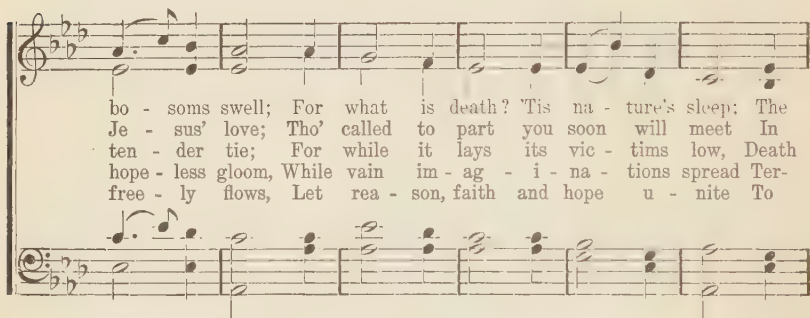
(6, 8's)

Haydn.

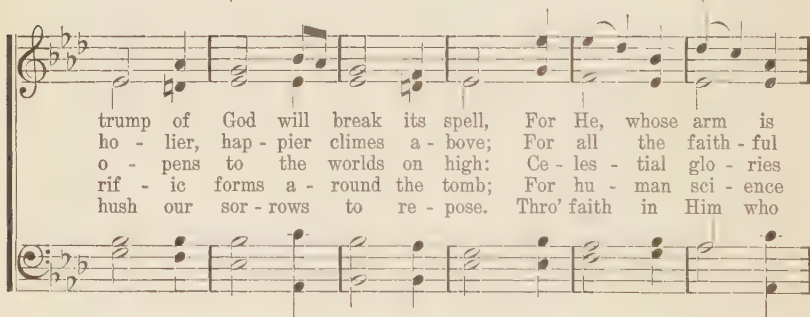
*p* Slowly. ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ )



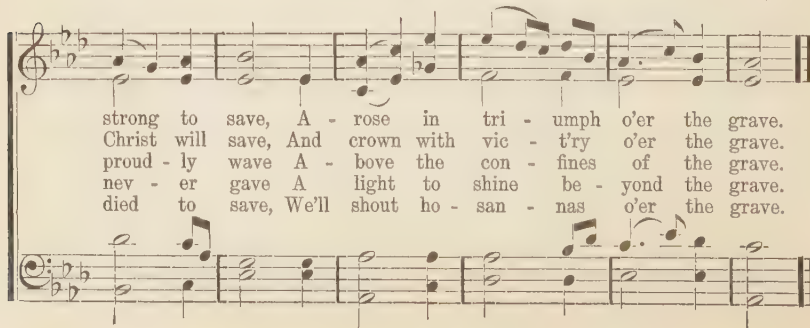
1. Cease, ye fond par - ents, cease to weep, Let grief no more your  
 2. Why should you sor - row? Death is sweet To those that die in  
 3. There's con - so - la - tion in the blow, Al - though it crush a  
 4. Let hea - then na - tions clothe the tread Of death in faith - less,  
 5. But where the light, the glo - rious light Of rev - e - la - tion



bo - soms swell; For what is death? 'Tis na - ture's sleep; The  
 Je - sus' love; Tho' called to part you soon will meet In  
 ten - der tie; For while it lays its vic - tims low, Death  
 hope - less gloom, While vain im - ag - i - na - tions spread Ter -  
 free - ly flows, Let rea - son, faith and hope u - nite To



trump of God will break its spell, For He, whose arm is  
 ho - lier, hap - pier climes a - bove; For all the faith - ful  
 o - pens to the worlds on high: Ce - les - tial glo - ries  
 rif - ic forms a - round the tomb; For hu - man sci - ence  
 hush our sor - rows to re - pose. Thro' faith in Him who



strong to save, A - rose in tri - umph o'er the grave.  
 Christ will save, And crown with vic - t'ry o'er the grave.  
 proud - ly wave A - bove the con - fines of the grave.  
 nev - er gave A light to shine be - yond the grave.  
 died to save, We'll shout ho - san - nas o'er the grave.

# No. 87. Softly Beams the Sacred Dawning.

John Jaques.

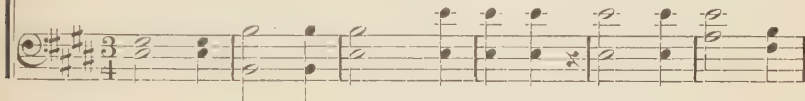
(8's & 7's.)

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 72.)



1. Soft - ly beams the sa - cred dawn-ing Of the great Mil -
2. Splen - did, ris - ing o'er the mountains, Glow - ing with ce -
3. Swift - ly flee the clouds of dark-ness, Speed - i - ly the
4. Yea, the fair sab - bat - ic e - ra, When the world will



len - nial morn, And to Saints gives wel - come warn-ing That the  
les - tial cheer, Streaming From e - ter - nal fountains, Rays of  
mists re-tire; Na-ture's u - ni - ver - sal blackness Is con -  
be at rest, Rap - id - ly is draw - ing near - er; Then all



day is hast - ing on, That the day is hast - ing on.  
liv - ing light ap - pear, Rays of liv - ing light ap - pear.  
sumed by heav'n - ly fire, Is con - sumed by heav'n - ly fire.  
Is - rael will be blest, Then all Is - rael will be blest.



5 Odors sweet the air perfuming,  
Verdure of the purest green;  
In primeval beauty beaming,  
Will our native earth be seen.

6 At the resurrection morning,  
We shall all appear as one;  
O what robes of bright adorning  
Will the righteous then put on!

7 None have seen the untold treasures  
Which the Father hath in store,  
Teeming with surpassing pleasures,  
Even life forevermore.

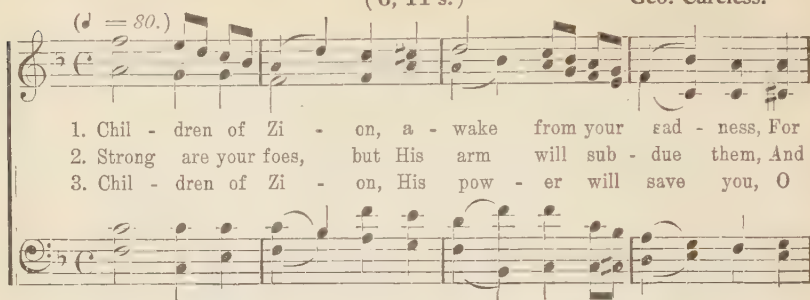
8 Mourn no longer, Saints beloved,  
Brave the dangers, no retreat;  
Neither let your hearts be movéd,  
Scorn the trials you may meet.

# No. 88. Children of Zion, Awake From Your Sadness.

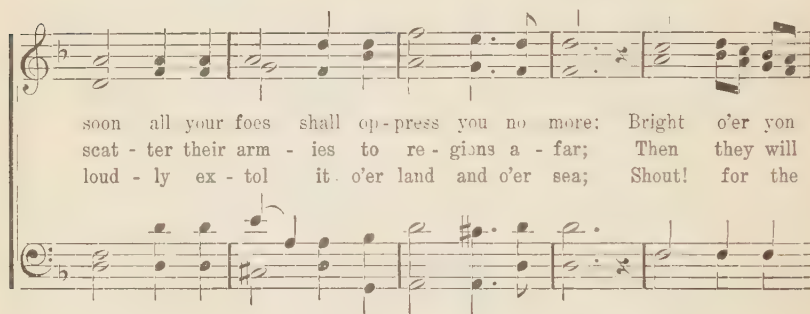
(6, 11's.)

Geo. Careless.

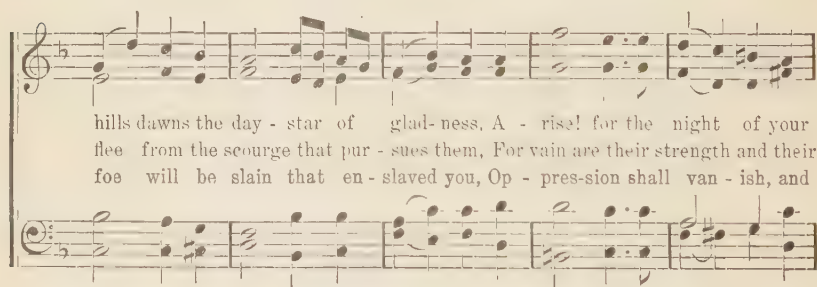
(♩ = 80.)



1. Chil - dren of Zi - on, a - wake from your sad - ness, For  
 2. Strong are your foes, but His arm will sub - due them, And  
 3. Chil - dren of Zi - on, His pow - er will save you, O



soon all your foes shall op-press you no more: Bright o'er you  
 scat - ter their arm - ies to re - gions a - far; Then they will  
 loud - ly ex - tol it o'er land and o'er sea; Shout! for the



hills dawns the day - star of glad-ness, A - rise! for the night of your  
 flee from the scourge that pur - sues them, For vain are their strength and their  
 foe will be slain that en - slaved you, Op - pres-sion shall van - ish, and



sor - row is o'er. Chil - dren of Zi - on, a - wake from your  
 char - iots of war. Chil - dren of Zi - on, a - wake from your  
 Zi - on be free. Chil - dren of Zi - on, a - wake from your

## Children of Zion, Awake From Your Sadness.

sad - ness, For soon all your foes shall op - press you no more.

## No. 89. How Pleased and Blest Was I.

Isaac Watts.

(6, 6, 8, D.)

Geo. Careless.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 88.)

- How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry. "Come,
- Zi - on, thrice hap - py place, A - dorned with wondrous grace, High
- There Da - vid's great - er Son Has fixed His roy - al throne; He
- May peace at - tend thy gates, While joy with - in thee waits, To
- My tongue re - peats her vows, "Peace to this sa - cred house! For

let us seek our God to - day;" Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal, We'll  
walls of strength em - brace thee round; In thee our tribes ap - pear, To  
sits for grace and judg - ment here, He bids the Saints be glad, He  
bless the soul of ev - ry guest! The man that seeks thy peace, And  
here my friends and kin - dred dwell;" And since my glo - rious God Makes

haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.  
praise and pray and hear The sa - cred Gos - pel's joy - ful sound.  
makes the sin - ners sad, And hum - ble souls re - joice with fear.  
wish - es thine in - crease, A thou - sand bless - ings on him rest.  
thee His blest a - bode, My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

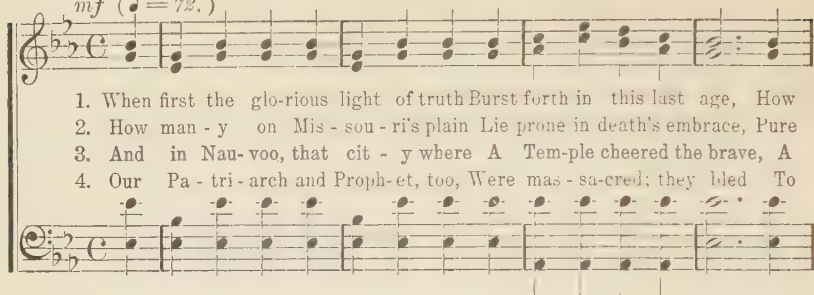


# No. 90. When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

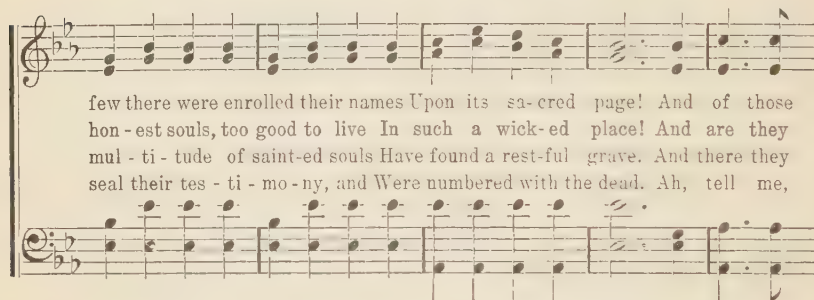
William Clayton.

(P. M.)

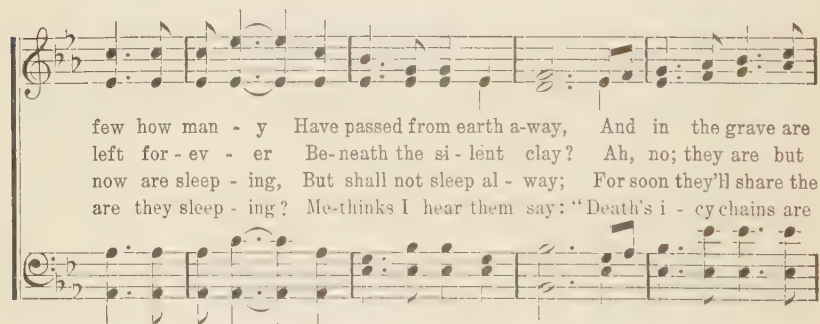
*mf* ( $\text{♩} = 72.$ )



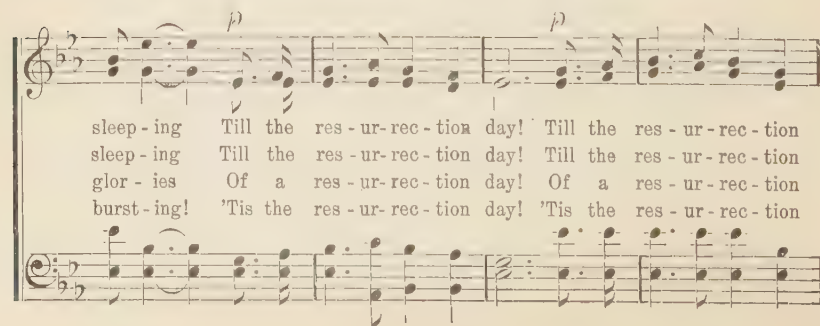
1. When first the glo-ri-ous light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How  
 2. How man - y on Mis - sou - ri's plain Lie prone in death's embrace, Pure  
 3. And in Nau - voo, that cit - y where A Tem-ple cheered the brave, A  
 4. Our Pa - tri - arch and Proph - et, too, Were mas - sa - cred; they bled To



few there were enrolled their names Upon its sa - cred page! And of those  
 hon - est souls, too good to live In such a wick - ed place! And are they  
 mul - ti - tude of saint - ed souls Have found a rest - ful grave. And there they  
 seal their tes - ti - mo - ny, and Were numbered with the dead. Ah, tell me,



few how man - y Have passed from earth a-way, And in the grave are  
 left for - ev - er Be - neath the si - lent clay? Ah, no; they are but  
 now are sleep - ing, But shall not sleep al - way; For soon they'll share the  
 are they sleep - ing? Me-thinks I hear them say: "Death's i - cy chains are



sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion  
 sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion  
 glor - ies Of a res - ur - rec - tion day! Of a res - ur - rec - tion  
 burst - ing! 'Tis the res - ur - rec - tion day! 'Tis the res - ur - rec - tion



# When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

*mf* *p*

day! And in the grave are sleep-ing Till the res - ur-rec-tion day!  
 day! Ah, no; they are but sleep-ing Till the res - ur-rec-tion day!  
 day! For soon they'll share the glories Of a res - ur-rec-tion day!  
 day!" "Death's i - cy chains are bursting 'Tis the res - ur-rec-tion day!"

- 5 And here in these sweet peaceful vales, 6 Why should we mourn because we leave  
 The shafts of death are hurled, These scenes of toil and pain?  
 And many faithful Saints are called Oh, happy change! the righteous go  
 Unto a better world. Celestial crowns to gain;  
 And friends are oft times weeping And soon we all shall follow  
 For friends who've passed away, To realms of endless day,  
 And in their graves are sleeping, And taste the joys and glories  
 Till the resurrection day! Of a resurrection day!

## No. 91. Sweet is the Work, My God, My King.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

John J. McClellan.

*Andante con moto.* (♩ = 84.)

*mf* *f*

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name give thanks and sing,  
 2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast,  
 3. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;  
 4. But oh! what tri-umph shall I raise To Thy dear name, through endless days,

*f*

To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truths at night.  
 O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.  
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep Thy councils—how di - vine!  
 When in the realms of joy I see Thy face in full fe - lic - i - ty.

- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see and hear and know  
 All I desired and wished below;  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.

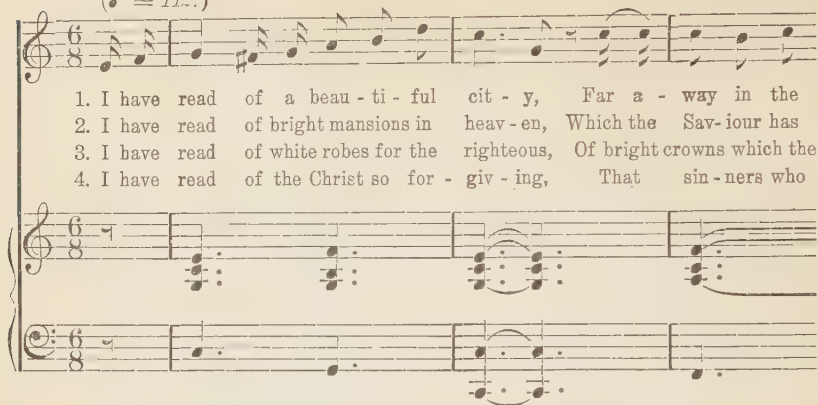
# No. 92. I Have Read of a Beautiful City.

J. B. Atchison.

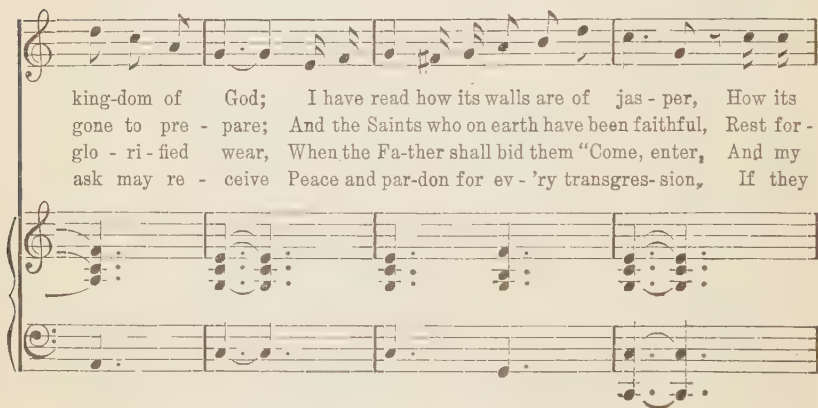
(10's & 9's.)

O. F. Presbrey.

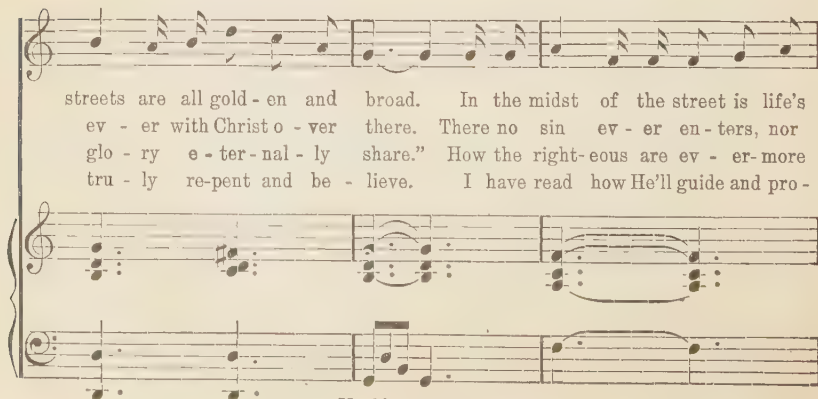
(♩ = 112.)



1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the  
 2. I have read of bright mansions in heav - en, Which the Sav - iour has  
 3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the  
 4. I have read of the Christ so for - giv - ing, That sin - ners who



king - dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its  
 gone to pre - pare; And the Saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for -  
 glo - ri - fied wear, When the Fa - ther shall bid them "Come, enter, And my  
 ask may re - ceive Peace and par - don for ev - 'ry transgres - sion, If they



streets are all gold - en and broad. In the midst of the street is life's  
 ev - er with Christ o - ver there. There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor  
 glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share." How the right - eous are ev - er more  
 tru - ly re - pent and be - lieve. I have read how He'll guide and pro -

# I Have Read of a Beautiful City.



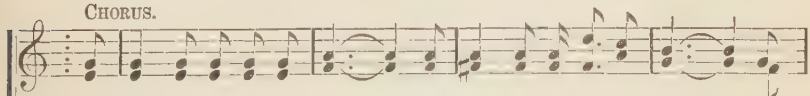
riv - er, Clear as crys - tal, and pure to be - hold; But not  
 sor - row; The in - hab - it - ants nev - er grow old; But not  
 bless - ed, As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not  
 tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold; But not



half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.  
 half of the joys that a - wait them To mor - tals has ev - er been told.  
 half of the won - der - ful sto - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.  
 half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor - tals has ev - er been told.



## CHORUS.



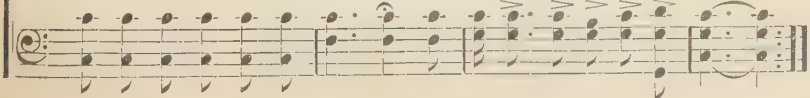
Not half has ev - er been told,.... Not half has ev - er been told,.... Not  
 been told, been told;



*Repeat the Chorus p.*



half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

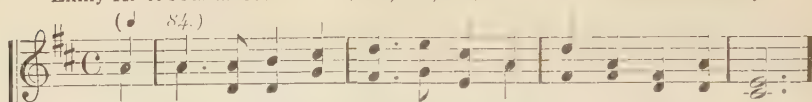


# No. 93. Uphold the Right, though Fierce the Fight.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

( 8's, 6's, D. )

Ebenezer Beesley.



1. Up - hold the right, though fierce the fight, And pow - er - ful the foe,
2. Note how they toil, whose aim is spoil, Who'plund'ring plots de - vise;
3. Dare to be true, and hope - ful, too; Be watch - ful, brave and shrewd.
4. Left - hand - ed fraud let those ap - plaud Who would by fraud pre - vail:



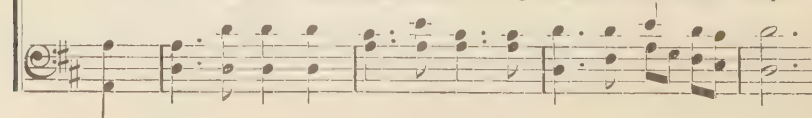
And free - dom's friend, her cause de - fend, Nor fear nor fav - or show.  
 Yet time will teach that fools o'erreach The mark and lose the prize.  
 Weigh ev - 'ry act; be wise, in fact, To serve the gener - al good.  
 In free - dom's name, con - test their claim, Use no such word as fail:



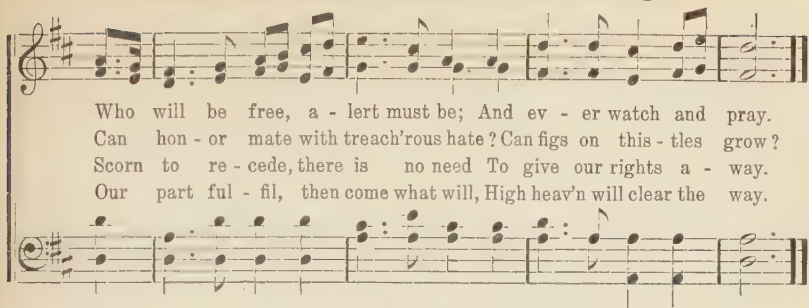
No cow - ard can be called a man, — No friend will friends be - tray;  
 Can jus - tice deign to wrong maintain, Who - ev - er wills it so?  
 Nor base - ly yield, nor quit the field — Im - port - ant is the fray;  
 Hon - or we must each sa - cred trust, And right - ful zeal dis - play;



Who will be free, a - lert must be; And ev - er watch and pray.  
 Can hon - or mate with treach'rous hate? Can figs on this - tles grow?  
 Scorn to re - cede, there is no need To give our rights a - way.  
 Our part ful - fil, then come what will, High heav'n will clear the way.



# Uphold the Right, though Fierce the Fight.



Who will be free, a - lert must be; And ev - er watch and pray.  
Can hon - or mate with treach'rous hate? Can figs on this - tles grow?  
Scorn to re - cede, there is no need To give our rights a - way.  
Our part ful - fil, then come what will, High heav'n will clear the way.

## No. 94. See, the Mighty Angel Flying!

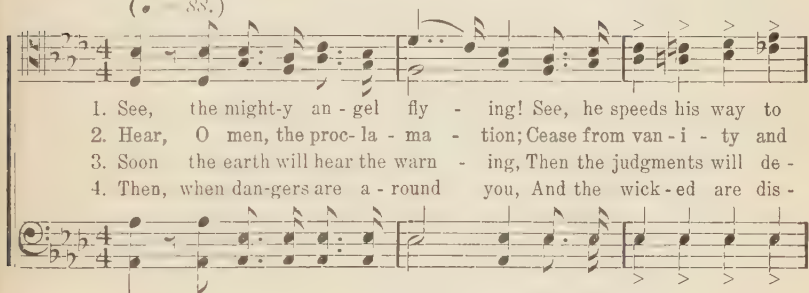
MALE VOICES.

Robert B. Thompson.

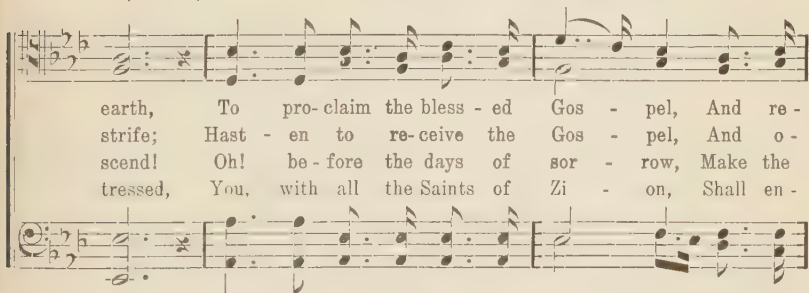
(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

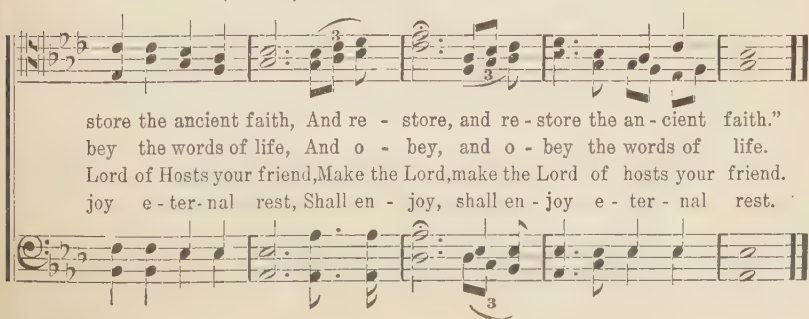
(♩ = 88.)



1. See, the might-y an - gel fly - ing! See, he speeds his way to  
2. Hear, O men, the proc - la - ma - tion; Cease from van - i - ty and  
3. Soon the earth will hear the warn - ing, Then the judgments will de -  
4. Then, when dan - gers are a - round you, And the wick - ed are dis -



earth, To pro - claim the bless - ed Gos - pel, And re -  
strife; Hast - en to re - ceive the Gos - pel, And o -  
scend! Oh! be - fore the days of sor - row, Make the  
tressed, You, with all the Saints of Zi - on, Shall en -



store the ancient faith, And re - store, and re - store the an - cient faith."  
bey the words of life, And o - bey, and o - bey the words of life.  
Lord of Hosts your friend, Make the Lord, make the Lord of hosts your friend.  
joy e - ter - nal rest, Shall en - joy, shall en - joy e - ter - nal rest.

# No. 95. There is a Place in Utah, that I Remember Well.

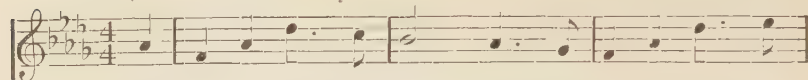
William Willis.

(P. M.)

Old Melody.

SOLO (♩ = 72.)

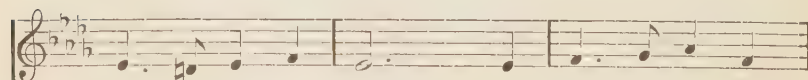
Arr. by Ebenezer Beesley.



1. There is a place in U - tah, that I re - mem - ber
2. When win - try winds are storm - ing, and snow is fall - ing
3. The storm-king has no ter - rors when win - ter winds blow
4. We plow, and sow, and irri - gate, to raise the gold - en



well, And there the Saints in joy - ful peace and  
 deep, Then rich sup - plies are form - ing a -  
 cold; We light - en all life's sor - rows in  
 grain; And dil - i - gent - ly la - bor, to

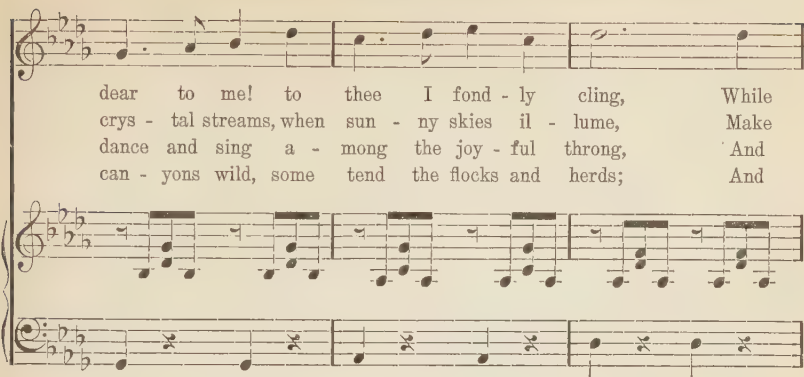


plen - ty ev - er dwell, My moun - tain home so  
 mong the moun - tains steep, The fer - til - iz - ing  
 our calm Moun - tain Fold; We wor - ship there, we  
 in - de - pend - ence gain. Some haul the wood from

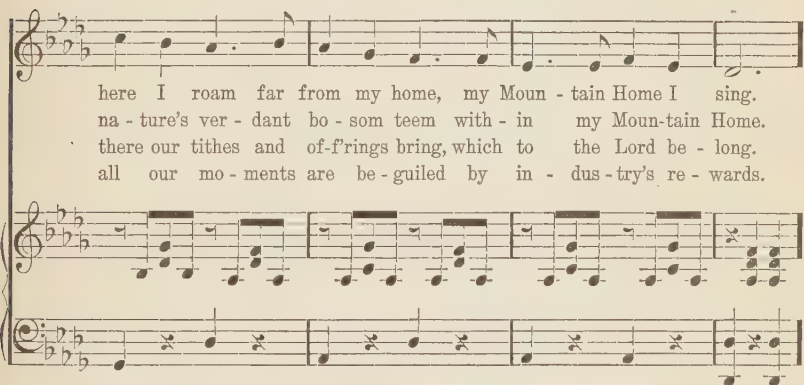




# There is a Place in Utah, that I Remember Well.

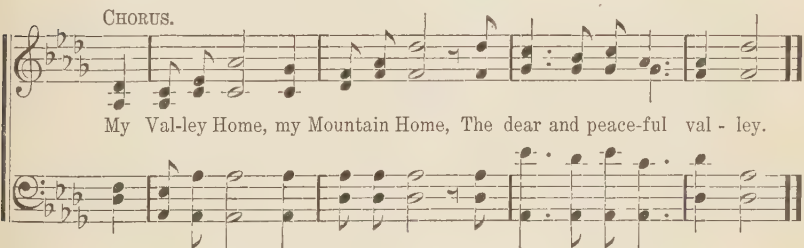


dear to me! to thee I fond - ly cling, While  
crys - tal streams, when sun - ny skies il - lume, Make  
dance and sing a - mong the joy - ful throng, And  
can - yons wild, some tend the flocks and herds; And



here I roam far from my home, my Moun - tain Home I sing.  
na - ture's ver - dant bo - som teem with - in my Moun - tain Home.  
there our tithes and of - frings bring, which to the Lord be - long.  
all our mo - ments are be - guiled by in - dus - try's re - wards.

CHORUS.



My Val - ley Home, my Mountain Home, The dear and peace - ful val - ley.

5 All kinds of fruits and flowers we cultivate with care,  
And try our tastes to elevate, by products choice and rare;  
The desert blossoms as the rose in many a mountain vale,  
And rich abundance ever flows, on which the Saints regale.

6 Our leaders who are valiant, love truth and justice, too;  
They lead our righteous battles with glory full in view:  
The people are united all our leaders to sustain,  
And cheerfully obey each call with all their might and main.

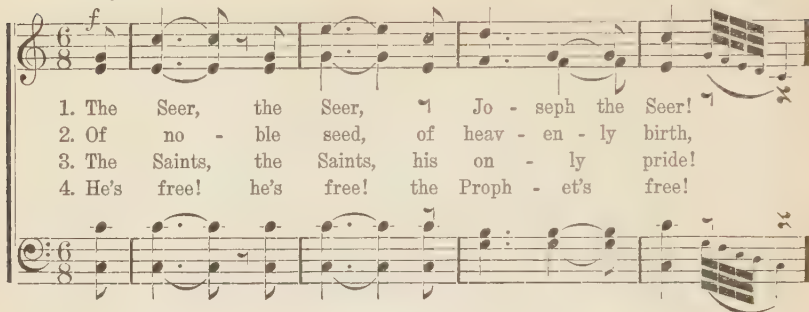
John Taylor.

(P. M.)

Neukomm.

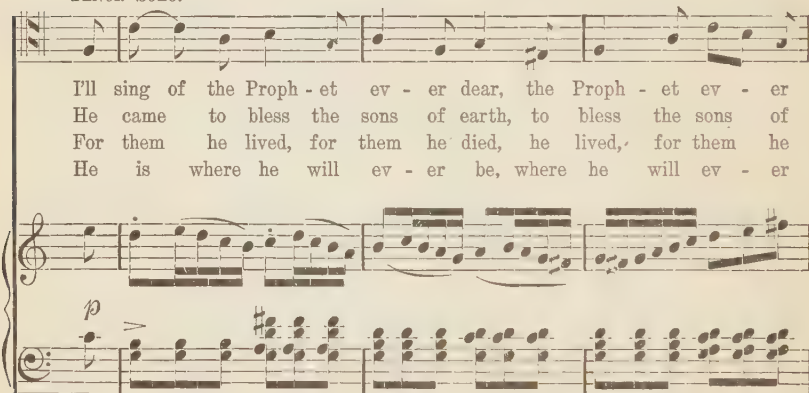
*Allegro moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ )

Arr. by Ebenezer Beesley.



1. The Seer, the Seer, Jo - seph the Seer!  
 2. Of no - ble seed, of heav - en - ly birth,  
 3. The Saints, the Saints, his on - ly pride!  
 4. He's free! he's free! the Proph - et's free!

## -TENOR SOLO.



I'll sing of the Proph - et ev - er dear, the Proph - et ev - er  
 He came to bless the sons of earth, to bless the sons of  
 For them he lived, for them he died, he lived, for them he  
 He is where he will ev - er be, where he will ev - er



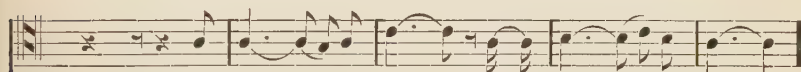
dear;  
 earth;  
 died!  
 be,

His e - qual  
 With keys by  
 Their joys were  
 Be - yond the

# The Seer, Joseph the Seer.



now can - not be found, By search - ing the wide world a - round.  
the Al - might - y giv'n, He opened the full rich stores of heav'n;  
his, their sor - rows too, He lov'd the Saints, he loved Nau - voo.  
reach of mobs and strife, He rests un-harmed in end - less life.



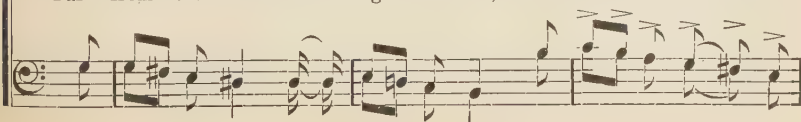
With Gods..... he soared in the realms..... of day,  
O'er the world that was wrapp'd in sa - ble night,  
Un - changed in death, with a Sav - iour's love,  
His home's in the sky, he dwells with the Gods,



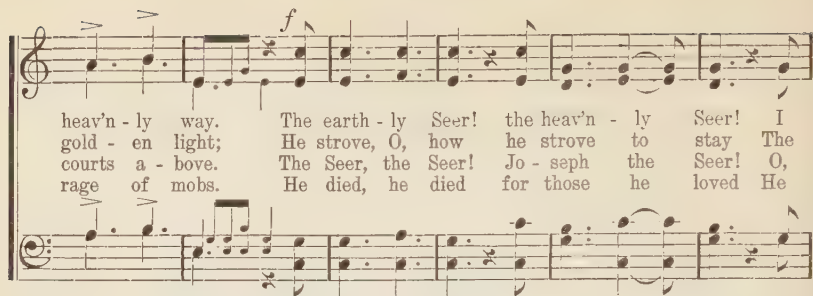
## CHORUS.



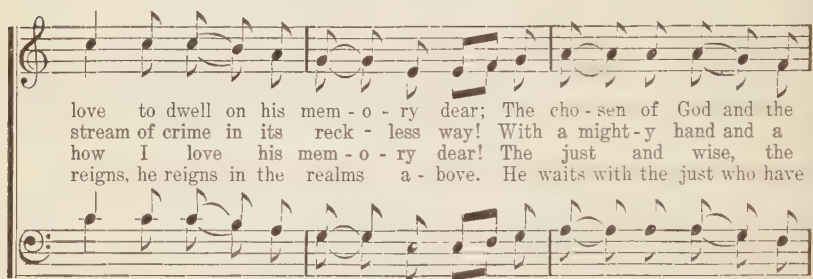
And men he taught the heav'n - ly way, And men he taught the  
Like the sun he spread his gold - en light, Like the sun he spread his  
He pleads his cause in the courts a - bove, He pleads his cause in the  
Far from the fu - ri - ous rage of mobs, Far from the fu - ri - ous



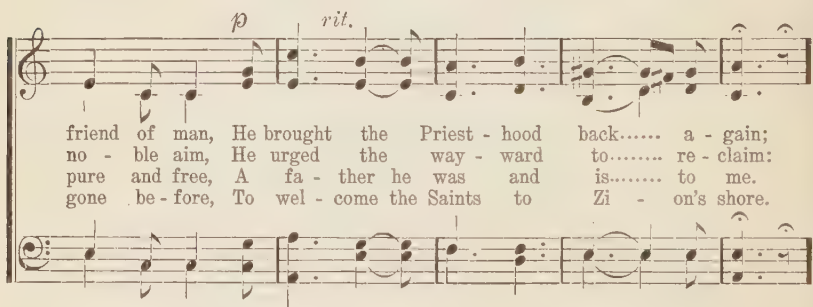
# The Seer, Joseph the Seer.



heav'n - ly way. The earth - ly Seer! the heav'n - ly Seer! I  
gold - en light; He strove, O, how he strove to stay The  
courts a - bove. The Seer, the Seer! Jo - seph the Seer! O,  
rage of mobs. He died, he died for those he loved He

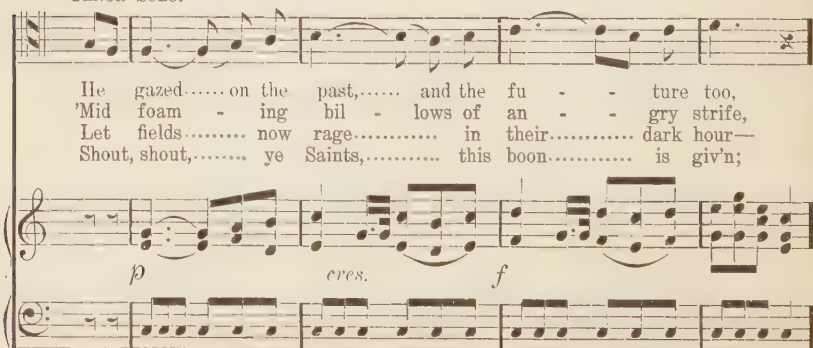


love to dwell on his mem - o - ry dear; The cho - sen of God and the  
stream of crime in its reck - less way! With a might - y hand and a  
how I love his mem - o - ry dear! The just and wise, the  
reigns, he reigns in the realms a - bove. He waits with the just who have



friend of man, He brought the Priest - hood back..... a - gain;  
no - ble aim, He urged the way - ward to..... re - claim:  
pure and free, A fa - ther he was and is..... to me.  
gone be - fore, To wel - come the Saints to Zi - on's shore.

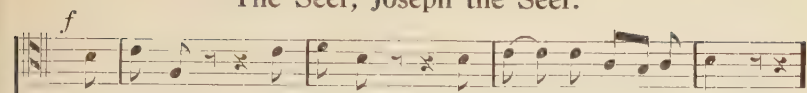
## TENOR SOLO.



He gazed..... on the past,..... and the fu - - ture too,  
'Mid foam - ing bil - lows of an - - gry strife,  
Let fields..... now rage..... in their..... dark hour—  
Shout, shout,..... ye Saints,..... this boon..... is giv'n;


# The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

*f*



And o - pened, and o - pened the heav-en-ly world to view,  
 He stood at, he stood at the helm of the ship of life,  
 No mat - ter, no mat - ter, he is be - yond their pow'r.  
 We'll meet our, we'll meet our mar - tyred Seer in heav'n.

*f*



## CHORUS.



And o - pened, and o - pened the heav-en-ly world to view.  
 He stood at, he stood at the helm of the ship of life.  
 No mat - ter, no mat - ter, he is be - yond their pow'r.  
 We'll meet our, we'll meet our mar - tyred Seer in heav'n.



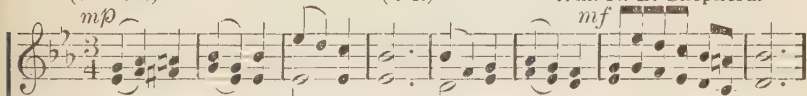
# No. 97. Give Us Room That We May Dwell.

(♩ = 72.)

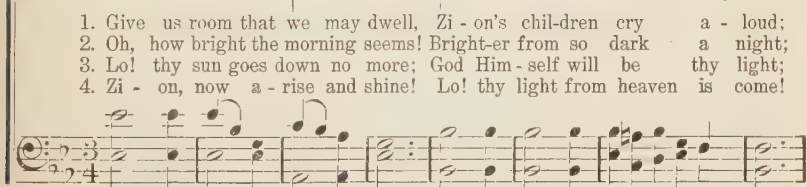
(7's.)

Wm. N. B. Shepherd.

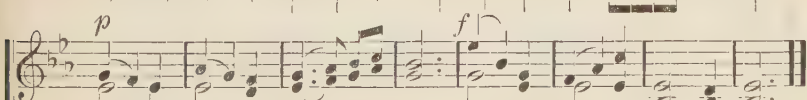
*mp* *mf*



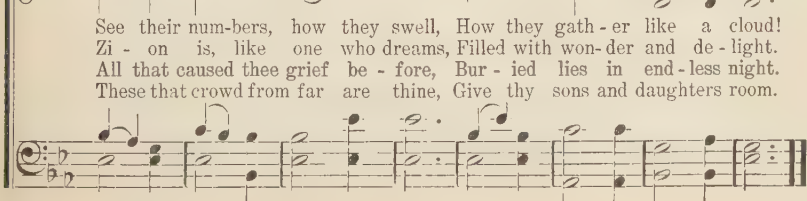
1. Give us room that we may dwell, Zi - on's chil-dren cry a - loud;  
 2. Oh, how bright the morning seems! Bright-er from so dark a night;  
 3. Lo! thy sun goes down no more; God Him - self will be thy light;  
 4. Zi - on, now a - rise and shine! Lo! thy light from heaven is come!



*p* *f*



See their num-bers, how they swell, How they gath-er like a cloud!  
 Zi - on is, like one who dreams, Filled with won-der and de-light.  
 All that caused thee grief be - fore, Bur - ied lies in end-less night.  
 These that crowd from far are thine, Give thy sons and daughters room.



# No. 98. School Thy Feelings, O My Brother.

Charles W. Penrose.

(8's & 7's.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

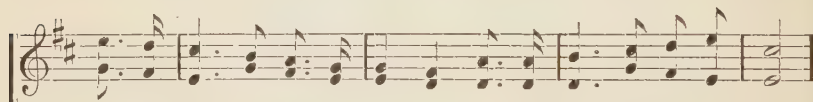
(♩ = 60.)



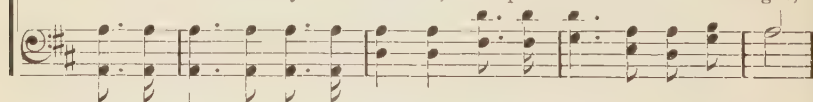
1. School thy feel-ings, O my broth-er, Train thy warm, im-pul-sive soul;
2. School thy feel-ings; con-dem-na-tion Nev-er pass on friend or foe,
3. Should af-flic-tion's a-crid vi-al Burst o'er thy un-sheltered head,
4. Rest thy-self on this as-sur-ance: Time's a friend to in-no-cence.
5. Hearts so sen-si-tive-ly mould-ed, Strong-ly for-ti-fied should be,



Do not its e-mo-tions smoth-er, But let wis-dom's voice con-trol.  
 Tho' the tide of ac-cu-sa-tion Like a flood of truth may flow.  
 School thy feel-ings to the tri-al, Half its bit-ter-ness hath fled.  
 And the pa-tient, calm en-dur-ance Wins re-spect and aids de-fense.  
 Train'd to firm-ness and en-fold-ed In a calm tranquil-i-ty.



School thy feel-ings, there is pow-er In the cool, col-lect-ed mind;  
 Hear de-fense be-fore de-cid-ing And a ray of light may gleam,  
 Art thou false-ly, base-ly slan-dered? Does the world be-gin to frown?  
 No - blest minds have fin-est feel-ings, Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,  
 Wound not wil-ful-ly an-oth-er; Con-quer haste with reas-on's might;



*rit.*  
 Pas-sion sha-t-ters rea-son's tow-er, Makes the clear-est vis-ion blind.  
 Show-ing thee what filth is hid-ing Un-der-neath the shallow stream.  
 Gauge thy wrath by wis-dom's standard, Keep thy ris-ing an-ger down.  
 And the Gos-pel's sweet re-veal-ings, Tune them with the key of love.  
 School thy feel-ings, sis-ter, broth-er, Train them in the path of right.





# No. 99. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. Bliss.

(8's & 7's.)

P. P. Bliss.

(♩ = 66.)



1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His lighthouse ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar ;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother; Some poor sail - or, tem-pest tossed,



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.  
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a-long the shore.  
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.



Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wavel!



Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.



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NOTE.—The words to song No. 98 may also be sung to this tune.

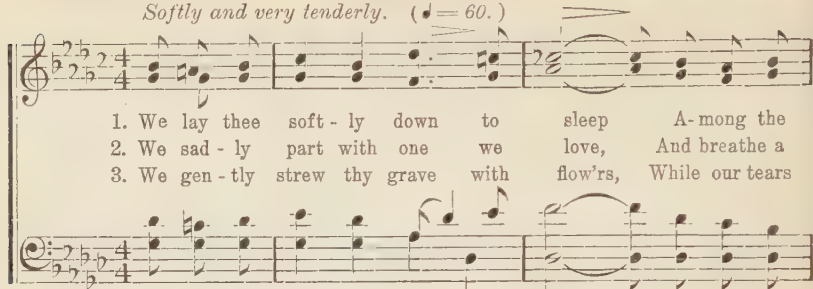
# No. 100. We Lay Thee Softly Down to Sleep.

Emmeline B. Wells.


(8's, 6's & 11's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Softly and very tenderly.* (♩ = 60.)

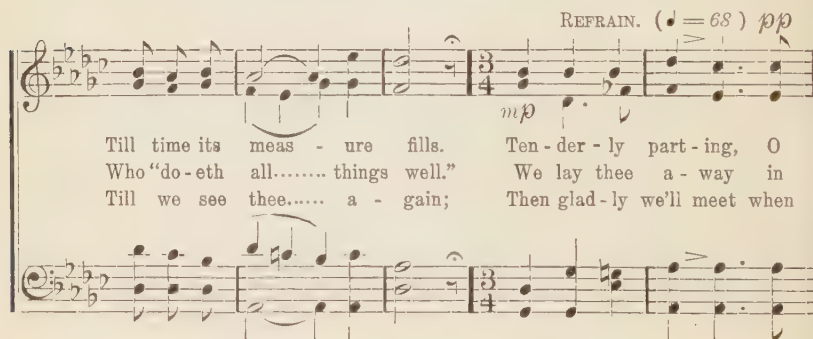


1. We lay thee soft - ly down to sleep A-mong the  
 2. We sad - ly part with one we love, And breathe a  
 3. We gen - tly strew thy grave with flow'rs, While our tears



si - lent hills, Where angels sol - emn vig - ils keep,  
 last fare-well; We lift our hearts to God a - bove,  
 fall like rain; And sad will be the ling'r - ing hours,

REFRAIN. (♩ = 68) *pp*



*mp*

Till time its meas - ure fills. Ten - der - ly part - ing, O  
 Who "do - eth all..... things well." We lay thee a - way in  
 Till we see thee..... a - gain; Then glad - ly we'll meet when



*mf* *rit.* *pp*

sweet be thy rest; Joy-ous the meet-ing in realms of the blest.  
 the si - lent tomb. Till e - ter - nal day shall lighten its gloom.  
 time is no more, And our wea - ry feet touch the "golden shore."

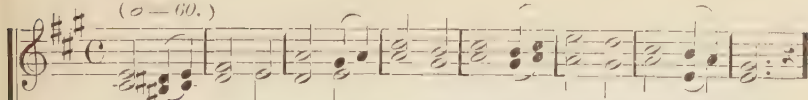
# No. 101. Earthly Happiness is Fleeting.

Eliza R. Snow.

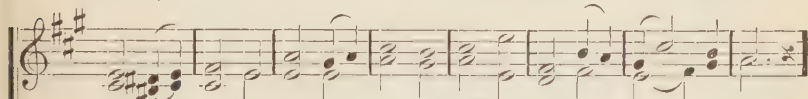
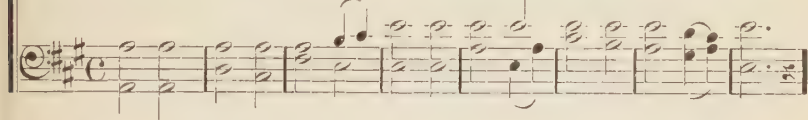
(8's & 7's.)

John S. Lewis.

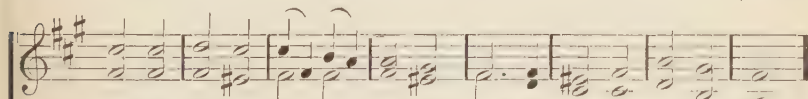
(C — 60.)



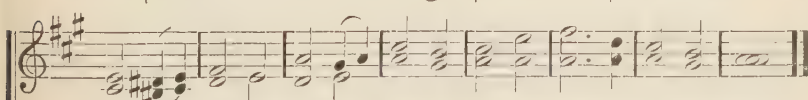
1. Earth-ly hap-pi-ness is fleet-ing, Earth-ly prospects quickly fade,
2. In the dark-est dis-pen-sa-tion, O re-mem-ber, God is just;
3. While af-flict-ion's surge comes o'er you Look be-yond the dark'ning wave,
4. Yes, a - gain we will be - hold it, Fair-er than the morn-ing ray,



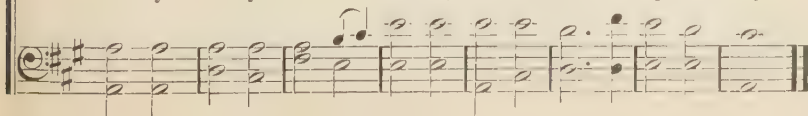
Oft the heart with pleasure beat-ing, Is to bit - ter - ness betrayed!  
 'Tis the rich-est con-so - la - tion In His faith - ful - ness to trust.  
 See a bright-er scene be - fore you, Hail the tri - umph o'er the grave.  
 In your arms you will en - fold it, When all tears are wiped a - way.



Scenes of sor-row most dis - tressing, Scenes that fill the heart with pain,  
 Let the heart oppressed with sor-row. Let the bo-som filled with grief,  
 Though your darling child is tak-en This con-sol-ing les-son learn.  
 Yes, a - gain we will be - hold it, Fair-er than the morn-ing ray,



Oft - en yield the choic-est blessing—Present loss is fu-ture gain.  
 Let the wounded spir - it bor-row From His prom-ise kind re - lief.  
 Soon the sleeping dust will wak-en And the spir - it will re - turn.  
 In your arms you will en - fold it; When all tears are wiped a - way.

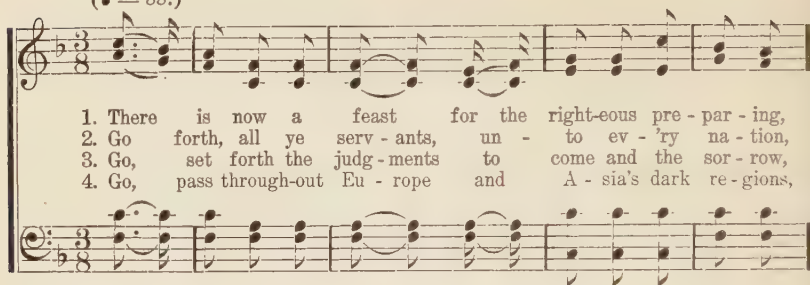


# No. 102. There is Now a Feast for the Righteous Preparing.


William W. Phelps.

(12s, 11s & 10s.)

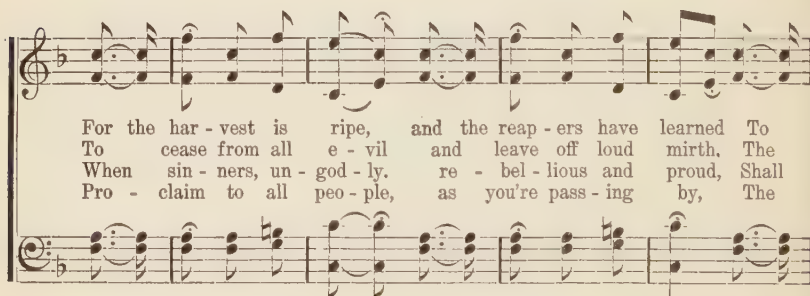
(♩ = 88.)



1. There is now a feast for the right-eous pre-par-ing,  
 2. Go forth, all ye serv-ants, un-to ev-'ry na-tion,  
 3. Go, set forth the judg-ments to come and the sor-row,  
 4. Go, pass through-out Eu-rope and A-sia's dark re-gions,



That the good of this world all the saints may be shar-ing;  
 And lift up your voic-es and make proc-la-ma-tion,  
 For af-ter to-day, oh, there com-eth to-mor-row,  
 To Chi-na's far shores, and to Af-ric's black le-gions;

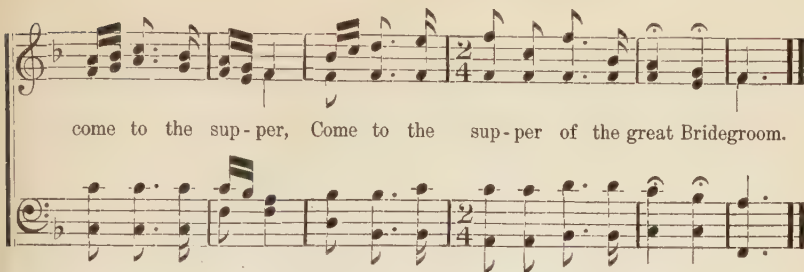


For the har-vest is ripe, and the reap-ers have learned To  
 To cease from all e-vil and leave off loud mirth. The  
 When sin-ners, un-god-ly. re-bel-lious and proud, Shall  
 Pro-claim to all peo-ple, as you're pass-ing by, The



gath-er the wheat that the tares may be burned. Come to the sup-per,  
 Sav-iour is com-ing to reign on the earth. Come to the sup-per,  
 burn like the stub-ble, oh, cry it a-loud. Come to the sup-per,  
 figt rees are leaf-ing, the sum-mer is nigh. Come to the sup-per,

## There is Now a Feast for the Righteous Preparing.



- come to the sup-per, Come to the sup-per of the great Bridegroom.
- 5 Go, call on the great men of fame and of power,  
The king on his throne, and the knight in his tower;  
Inform them all kingdoms must fall but the one  
As clear as the moon and as fair as the sun.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 6 Go, preach on the continents, then on the islands,  
To Jews and to Gentiles, in valleys and highlands;  
Exclaim to old Israel in every land,  
Repent ye, the kingdom of God is at hand.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 7 Go, carry glad tidings, that none need doubt whether  
The lamb and the lion shall lie down together;  
The venom will cease when the devil is bound,  
And peace, like a river, extend the world round.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 8 Go, publish the Gospel, the truth of the Saviour;  
The poor and the meek may begin to find favor.  
And joy in their coming Redeemer and Friend,  
For lo! He is with you henceforth to the end.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 9 O go and invite them, regardless of trouble,  
The rich and the learned, the wise and the noble,  
That they may be ready when Jesus shall come,  
To welcome forever, the holy bridegroom.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 10 Go, gather the willing, and bring them together,  
Yes, push them to Zion, (the Saints' rest forever,)  
Where all that the heavens and earth can afford  
Will grace the great marriage and feast of the Lord.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 11 Go, welcome His people, let nothing preclude you,  
Come Joseph and Simeon, Reuben and Judah,  
Come Naphthali, Issachar, Levi and Dan,  
Gad, Zebulon, Asher, and come Benjamin.  
Come to the supper, etc.
- 12 Be faithful! and just to the end of your calling,  
Till Bab'lon the great and the proud shall be fallen!  
Return then, and take the just servant's reward;  
Sit down at the feast of the house of the Lord.  
Come to the supper, etc.



# No. 103. Mourn Not for Those Who Peaceful Lay.

Edward L. Sloan.

(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

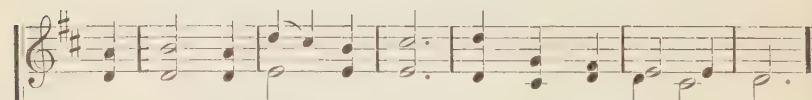
(♩ = 60.)



1. Mourn not for those who peace - ful lay Their wea - ried
2. Dry up the un - a - vail - ing tear, Re - press the
3. When win - ter spreads her shroud of snow O'er na - ture's
4. A - bove, a - round, peals heav - en's praise From ma - ny a



- bod - ies down, Who leave this frail and mor - tal clay  
 self - ish sigh; Know that the spir - it ran - somed here  
 si - lent face, Up - on the land - scape hid be - low  
 var - ied form; The hard and crust - ed earth be - trays



- To seek a fade - less crown, To seek a fade - less crown.  
 Yet lives, and ne'er shall die. Yet lives, and ne'er shall die.  
 No signs of life we trace, No signs of life we trace.  
 Not e'en a liv - ing worm, Not e'en a liv - ing worm.



- 5 But Spring upon it gently breathes;  
 And changing form and hue,  
 With it a thousand garlands wreathes,  
 Replete with life anew.

- 7 As from that snowy shroud there springs  
 A brighter, lovelier earth!  
 So vanished death his trophies brings  
 To grace a nobler birth.

- 6 So death is but the wintry snow  
 Which veils the spirit's bloom.  
 That soon with radiant life shall glow,  
 Enfranchised from the tomb.

- 8 Then why the sorrowing lip and eye,  
 The aching heart and head?  
 Remember He who cannot lie  
 Hath said, "Mourn not the dead."

(4, 6's &amp; 2, 8's.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 84.)

1. O Lord, our sov-'rign King, Our in-fant charge now bless;  
 2. A gift of rich-est worth, On us Thou hast be-stowed,  
 3. Thou art His Fa-ther, Lord; His spir-it pure and free,

Him to Thee here we bring..... O grant him now Thy grace.  
 O may he, from his birth..... Seek Thee, the Lord his God;  
 O - be - dient to Thy word, ..... Re-joiced in heav'n with Thee.

And to us, Lord, may grace be giv'n To train this gift of  
 Sus-tained by grace di-vine, may he Be taught, O Lord, our  
 O may the spir-it Thou hast giv'n, Re-turn un-sul-lied

Thine to heav'n, To train this gift of..... Thine for heav'n.  
 God, by Thee, Be taught, O Lord, our..... God, by Thee.  
 back to heav'n, Re-turn un-sul-lied..... back to heav'n.

## No. 105.

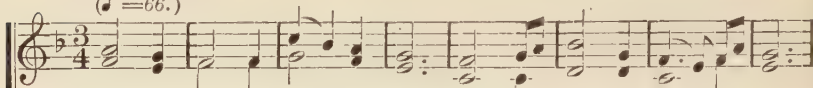
## Reverently and Meekly Now.

James L. Townshend.

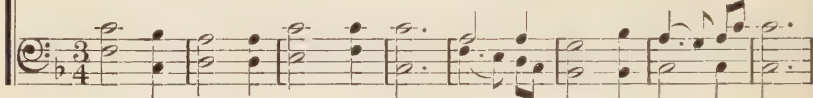
(7's. D.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

(♩ = 66.)



1. Rev-'rent-ly and meek-ly now Let thy head most hum-bly bow;  
 2. In this bread now blest for thee, Em-blem of My bod-y see;  
 3. Bid thine heart all strife to cease; With thy breth-ren be at peace;  
 4. At the throne I in-ter-cede; For thee ev-er do I plead;



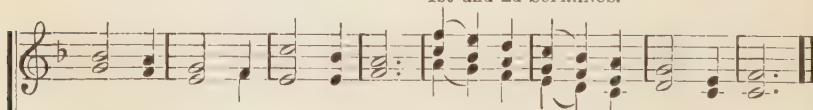
Think of Me, thou ransomed one; Think what I for thee have done;  
 In this wa-ter or this wine, Em-blem of My blood di-vine.  
 O for-give, as thou wouldst be E'en for-giv-en now by Me.  
 I have loved thee as thy friend, With a love that can-not end.

*Instrument.*

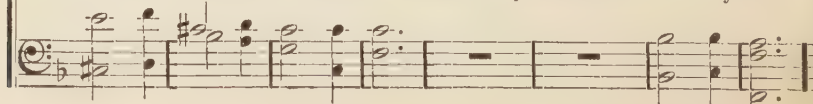
With My blood that dripped like rain, Sweat in ag-o-ny of pain;  
 Oh, re-mem-ber what was done That the sin-ner might be won—  
 In the sol-emn faith of prayer Cast up-on Me all thy care,  
 Be o-be-dient, I im-plore Prayer-ful, watch-ful, ev-er-more,



## 1st and 2d SOPRANOS.



With My bod-y on the tree, I have ran-somed e-ven thee.  
 On the cross of Cal-va-ry I have suf-fered death for thee.  
 And My spir-it's grace shall be Like a foun-tain un-to thee.  
 And be con-stant un-to Me That thy Sav-iour I may be.



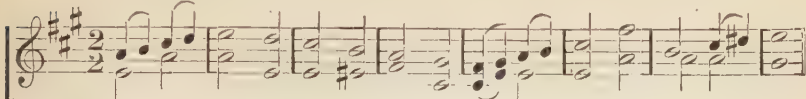
# No. 106. Yes, My Native Land, I Love Thee.

Samuel F. Smith.

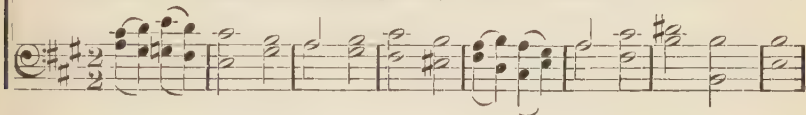
(8's, 7's & 4.)

Geo. Careless.

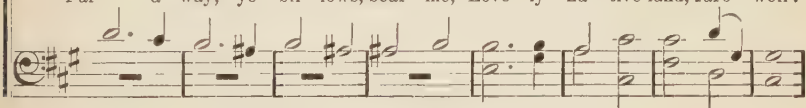
(♩ = 54.)



1. Yes, my na-tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes, I love them well;
2. Home! thy joys are pass-ing love-ly, Joys no stran-ger heart can tell;
3. Ho-ly scenes of joy and glad-ness Ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion swell;
4. Yes, I has-ten from you glad-ly, From the scenes I love so well,



Friends, con-nec-tions, hap-py coun-try, Can I bid you all fare-well?  
 Hap-py home! 'tis sure I love thee! Can I, can I say fare-well?  
 Can I ban-ish heart-felt sad-ness, While I bid my home fare-well?  
 Far a-way, ye bil-lows, bear me, Love-ly na-tive land, fare-well!



Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in dis-tant lands to dwell?  
 Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in dis-tant lands to dwell?  
 Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in dis-tant lands to dwell?  
 Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee, Far in dis-tant lands to dwell?



5 In the deserts let me labor

On the mountains let me tell  
 How He died, the blessed Saviour,  
 To redeem a world from hell.

Let me hasten,  
 Far in distant lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean.

Let the winds the canvas swell;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land, farewell, farewell!

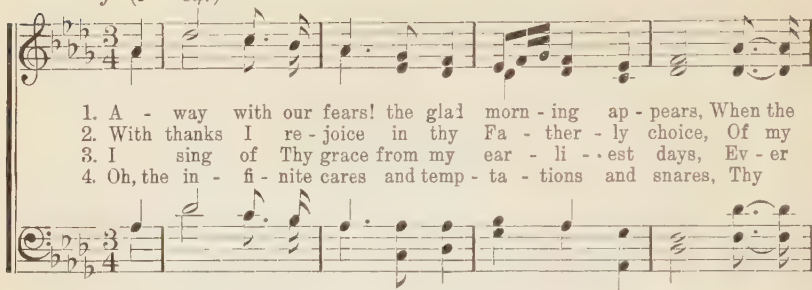
# No. 107. Away with Our Fears! the Glad Morning Appears.

Wesley's Collection.

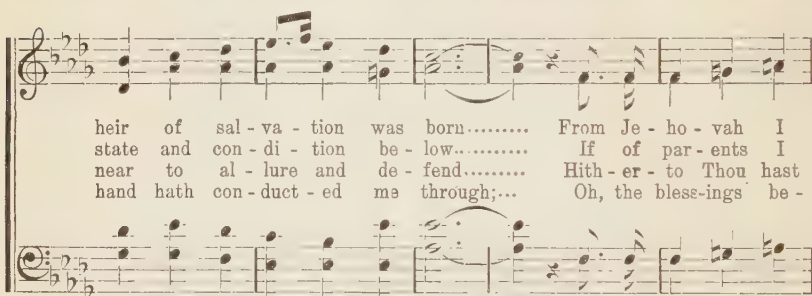
(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

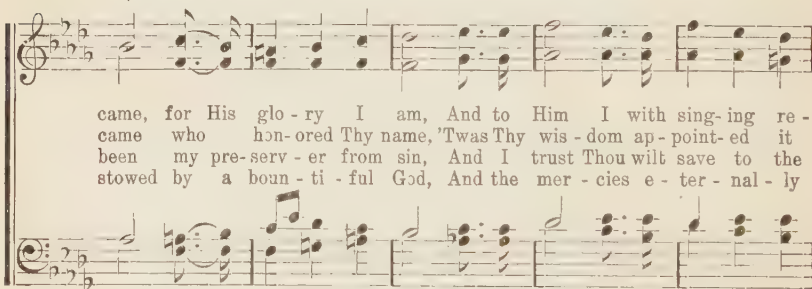
*f* (♩ = 84.)



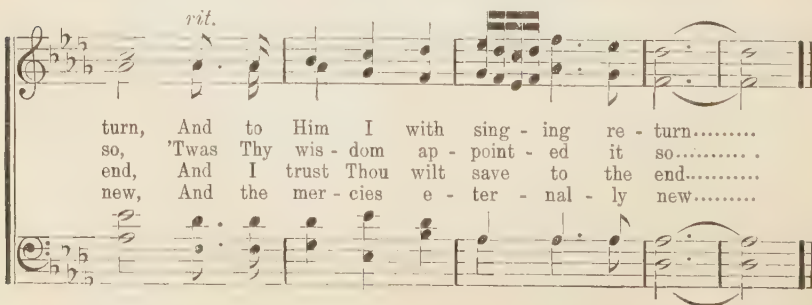
1. A - way with our fears! the glad morn - ing ap - pears, When the  
 2. With thanks I re - joice in thy Fa - ther - ly choice, Of my  
 3. I sing of Thy grace from my ear - li - est days, Ev - er  
 4. Oh, the in - fi - nite cares and temp - ta - tions and snares, Thy



heir of sal - va - tion was born..... From Je - ho - vah I  
 state and con - di - tion be - low..... If of par - ents I  
 near to al - lure and de - fend..... Hith - er - to Thou hast  
 hand hath con - duct - ed me through;... Oh, the bless - ings be -



came, for His glo - ry I am, And to Him I with sing - ing re -  
 came who hon - ored Thy name, 'Twas Thy wis - dom ap - point - ed it  
 been my pre - serv - er from sin, And I trust Thou wilt save to the  
 stowed by a boun - ti - ful God, And the mer - cies e - ter - nal - ly



*rit.*  
 turn, And to Him I with sing - ing re - turn.....  
 so, 'Twas Thy wis - dom ap - point - ed it so.....  
 end, And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.....  
 new, And the mer - cies e - ter - nal - ly new.....

# Away with Our Fears! the Glad Morning Appears.

5 What a mercy is this, what a haven of bliss,  
How unspeakably happy am I!  
Gathered into the fold, with Thy people enrolled,  
With Thy people to live and to die.

6 All honor and praise to the Father of grace,  
To the Spirit and Son I return;  
The work I'll pursue, He hath sent me to do,  
And rejoice that I ever was born.

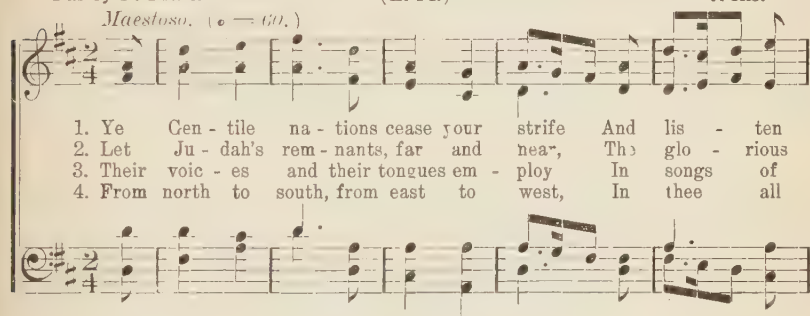
## No. 108. Ye Gentile Nations, Cease Your Strife.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Wells.

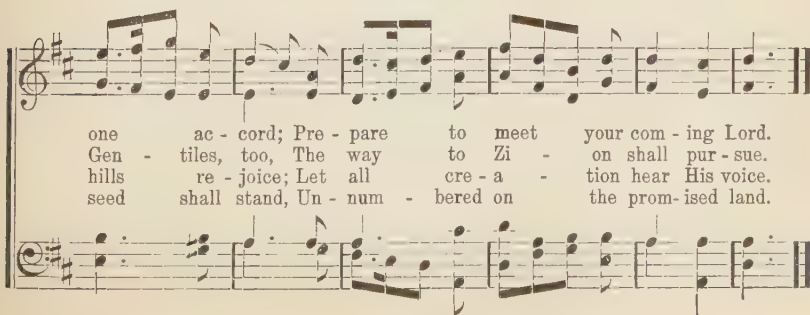
*Maestoso.* (♩ — 60.)



1. Ye Gen - tile na - tions cease your strife And lis - ten  
2. Let Ju - dah's rem - nants, far and near, Thy glo - rious  
3. Their voic - es and their tongues em - ploy In songs of  
4. From north to south, from east to west, In thee all



to the words of life; Turn from your sins with  
proc - la - ma - tion hear; For Is - rael and the  
ev - er - last - ing joy; The moun - tains and the  
na - tions shall be blest, When A - bram and his



one ac - cord; Pre - pare to meet your com - ing Lord.  
Gen - tiles, too, The way to Zi - on shall pur - sue.  
hills re - joice; Let all cre - a - tion hear His voice.  
seed shall stand, Un - num - bered on the prom - ised land.



# No. 109. Israel, Awake from Thy Long, Silent Slumber.

John McGregor

(P. M.)

John S. Lewis.

(♩ = 84.)



1. Is - rael, a - wake from thy long, si - lent slum - ber,
2. Trem - ble, ye na - tions of Gen - tiles, for yon - der The
3. Come to the land of the moun - tain and prai - rie



Shake off the fet - ters that bound thee so long Chains of oppress - ion! we'll  
hosts of the des - pot, in bat - tle ar - ray, With en - gines of war shake the  
Gath - er in strength to our home in the west Free are her sons as the

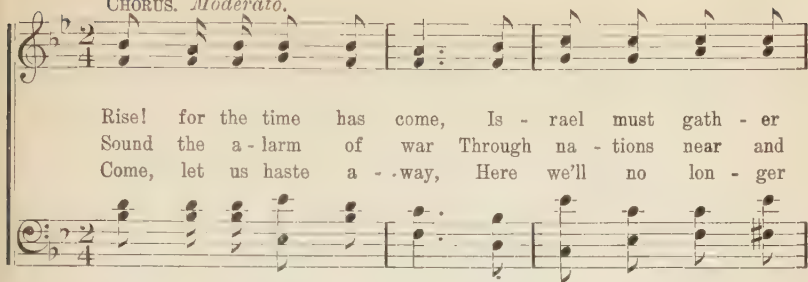


break them a - sun - der, And join with the ran - somed in vic - to - ry's song.  
earth with their thunder, The bright sword is drawn and the sheath thrown a - way.  
breeze round the aer - ie— Birth - place of proph - ets and home of the blest.

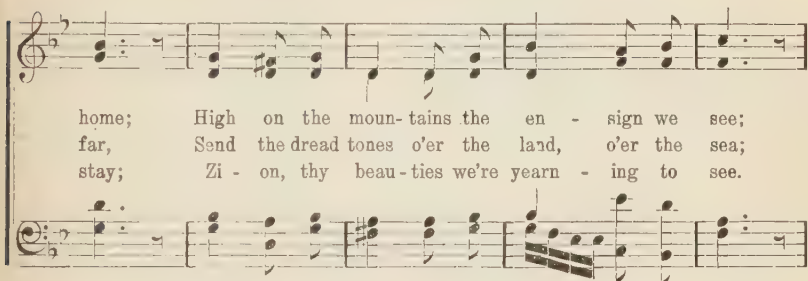


# Israel, Awake from Thy Long, Silent Slumber.

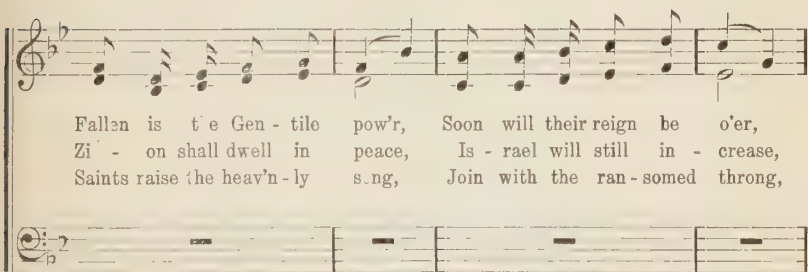
CHORUS. *Moderato.*



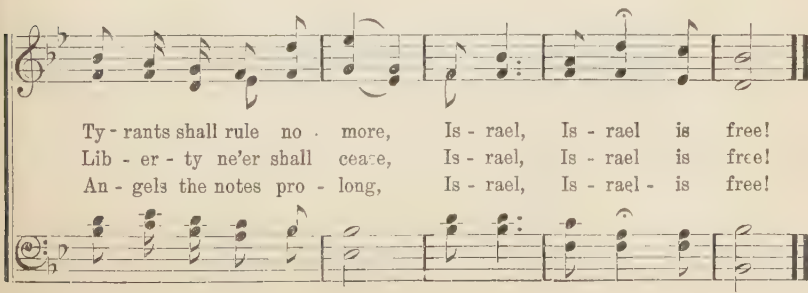
Rise! for the time has come, Is - rael must gath - er  
Sound the a - larm of war Through na - tions near and  
Come, let us haste a - - way, Here we'll no lon - ger



home; High on the moun - tains the en - sign we see;  
far, Send the dread tones o'er the land, o'er the sea;  
stay; Zi - on, thy beau - ties we're yearn - ing to see.



Fallen is the Gen - tile pow'r, Soon will their reign be o'er,  
Zi - on shall dwell in peace, Is - rael will still in - crease,  
Saints raise the heav'n - ly song, Join with the ran - somed throng,



Ty - rants shall rule no . more, Is - rael, Is - rael is free!  
Lib - er - ty ne'er shall cease, Is - rael, Is - rael is free!  
An - gels the notes pro - long, Is - rael, Is - rael - is free!

# No. 110. Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses.

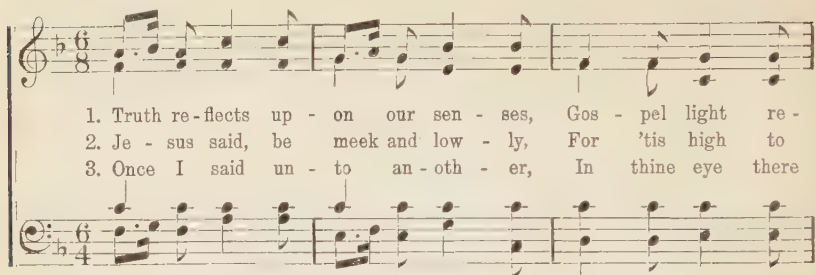
Eliza R. Snow.

(8's & 7's.)

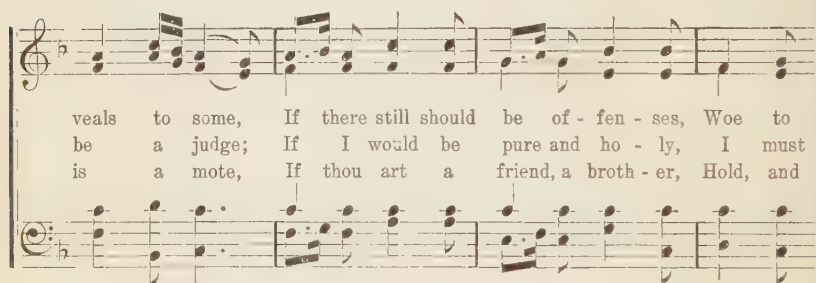
Mozart.

*Andante grazioso.* (♩ = 50.)

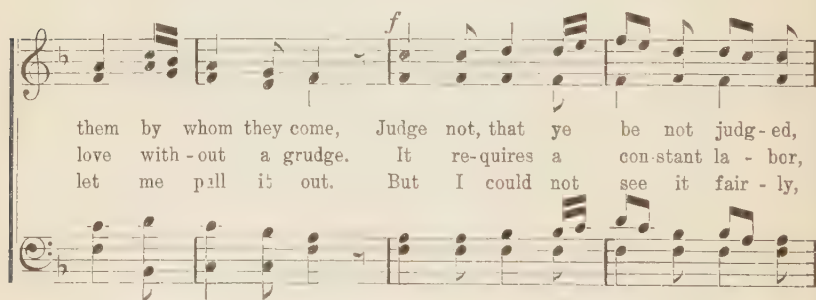
Arr. by Henry A. Tuckett.



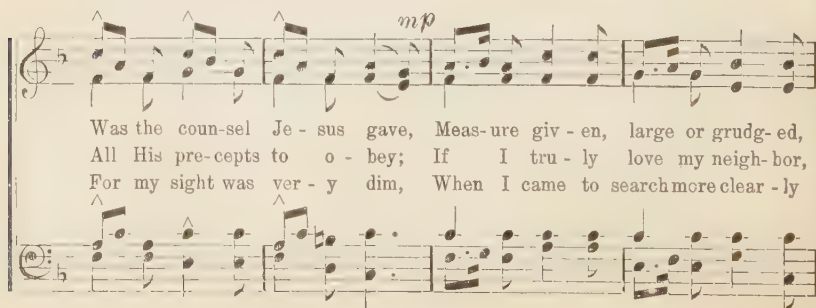
1. Truth re-flects up - on our sen - ses, Gos - pel light re -  
 2. Je - sus said, be meek and low - ly, For 'tis high to  
 3. Once I said un - to an - oth - er, In thine eye there



veals to some, If there still should be of - fen - ses, Woe to  
 be a judge; If I would be pure and ho - ly, I must  
 is a mote, If thou art a friend, a broth - er, Hold, and

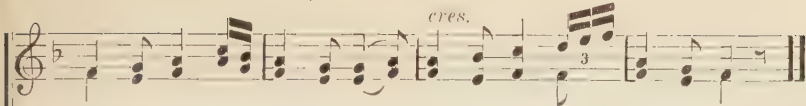


them by whom they come, Judge not, that ye be not judg - ed,  
 love with - out a grudge. It re - quires a con - stant la - bor,  
 let me pull it out. But I could not see it fair - ly,

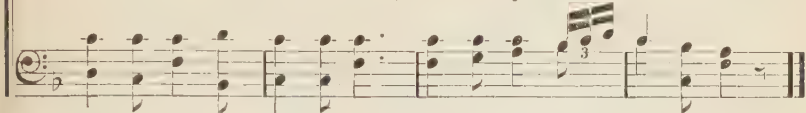


Was the coun - sel Je - sus gave, Meas - ure giv - en, large or grudg - ed,  
 All His pre - cepts to o - bey; If I tru - ly love my neigh - bor,  
 For my sight was ver - y dim, When I came to search more clear - ly

## Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses.



Just the same you must re - ceive, Just the same you must re-ceive.  
I am in the nar - row way, I am in the nar - row way.  
In mine eye there was a beam, In mine eye there was a beam.



4 If I love my brother dearer,  
And His mote I would erase,  
Then the light should shine the clearer,  
For the eye's a tender place.  
Others I have oft reproved,  
For an object like a mote,  
Now I wish this beam removed,  
Oh, that tears would wash it out!

5 Charity and love are healing,  
These will give the clearest sight;  
When I saw my brother's failing,  
I was not exactly right.  
Now I'll take no further trouble,  
Jesus' love is all my theme,  
Little motes are but a bubble.  
When I think upon the beam.

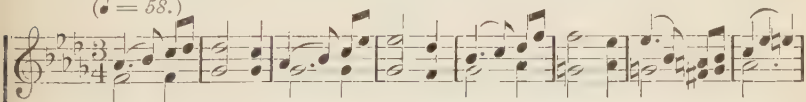
## No. 111. As the Dew, From Heaven Distilling.

Parley P. Pratt.

(8's & 7's.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

(♩ = 58.)



1. As the dew, from heav'n dis-till-ing Gen - tly on the grass de - scends,  
2. Let Thy doctrine, Lord, so gracious, Thus de-scend-ing from a - bove,  
3. Lord, be-hold this con - gre - ga-tion; Pre-cious prom - is - es ful - fil;  
4. Let our cry come up be-fore Thee; Thy sweet Spir - it shed a - round:



And re - vives it, thus ful - fill-ing What Thy prov - i - dence in-tends.  
Blest by Thee, prove ef - fi - ca-cious To ful - fil Thy work of love.  
From Thy ho - ly hab-i - ta-tion Let the dews of life dis - til.  
So the peo-ple shall a - dore Thee, And con - fess the joy - ful sound.

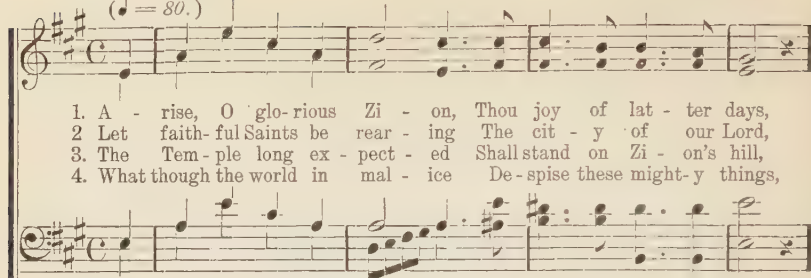


William G. Mills.

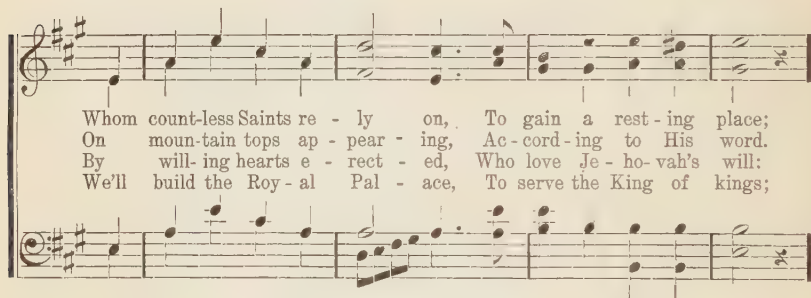
(7's &amp; 6's)

Geo. Careless.

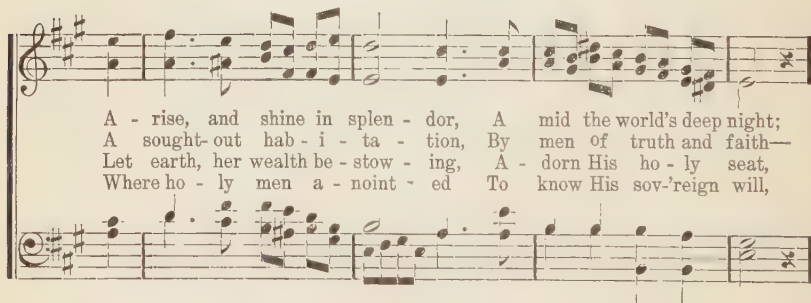
(♩ = 80.)



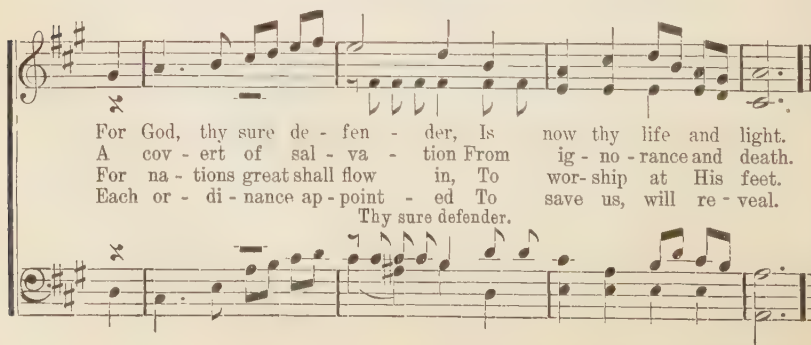
1. A - rise, O glo - rious Zi - on, Thou joy of lat - ter days,  
 2. Let faith - ful Saints be rear - ing The cit - y of our Lord,  
 3. The Tem - ple long ex - pect - ed Shall stand on Zi - on's hill,  
 4. What though the world in mal - ice De - spise these might - y things,



Whom count - less Saints re - ly on, To gain a rest - ing place;  
 On moun - tain tops ap - pear - ing, Ac - cord - ing to His word.  
 By will - ing hearts e - rect - ed, Who love Je - ho - vah's will.  
 We'll build the Roy - al Pal - ace, To serve the King of kings;



A - rise, and shine in splen - dor, A mid the world's deep night;  
 A sought - out hab - i - ta - tion, By men of truth and faith—  
 Let earth, her wealth be - stow - ing, A - dorn His ho - ly seat,  
 Where ho - ly men a - noint - ed To know His sov' - reign will,



For God, thy sure de - fen - der, Is now thy life and light.  
 A cov - ert of sal - va - tion From ig - no - rance and death.  
 For na - tions great shall flow in, To wor - ship at His feet.  
 Each or - di - nance ap - point - ed To save us, will re - veal.  
 Thy sure defender.

## Arise, O Glorious Zion.

5 From Zion's favored dwelling  
The Gospel issues forth,  
The covenant revealing  
To gather all the earth;  
And Saints, the message bringing  
To all the sons of men,  
With the redeemed, shall, singing,  
To Zion come again.

6 O hear the proclamation,  
And fly as on the wind!  
For righteous indignation  
Shall desolate mankind!  
Then, Zion, men shall prize thee  
And bow before thy shrine;  
And they who now despise thee  
Shall own thy light divine.

7 Through painful tribulation  
We walk the narrow road,  
And battle with temptation,  
To gain that blest abode:  
But patient, firm endurance,  
With glory in our view—  
The Spirit's bright assurance—  
Will bring us conquerors through.

8 O grant, Eternal Father,  
That we may faithful be,  
With all the just to gather,  
And Thy salvation see!  
Then, with the hosts of heaven,  
We'll sing the immortal theme—  
To Him be glory given.  
Whose blood did us redeem.

### No. 113.

### Glory to God on High.

Boden.

(2-6's & 4, 3-6's & 4.)

Felice Giardini.

(♩ = 80.)

1. Glo - ry to God on high; Let heav'n and earth re - ply,  
2. Je - sus, our Lord and God, Bore sin's tre - men - dous load;  
3. Let all the hosts a - bove Join in one song of love,

Praise ye His name. His love and grace a - done, Who all our  
Praise ye His name! Tell what His arm has done, What spoils from  
Prais - ing His name; To Him as - crib - ed be Hon - or and

sor - rows bore; Sing a - loud ev - er - more, Wor - thy the Lamb!  
death He won; Sing His great name a - lone; Wor - thy the Lamb!  
maj - est - y Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; Wor - thy the Lamb!



# No. 114. The Pure Testimony Poured Forth in the Spirit.

William W. Phelps.

(P. M.)

(♩ = 42.)



1. The pure tes - ti - mo - ny poured forth in the Spir - it, Cuts
2. Is not the time come for the Church to be gath - ered In -
3. Then blow ye the trum - pet of pure tes - ti - mo - ny; And
4. The great prince of dark - ness is mus - t'ring his forc - es To



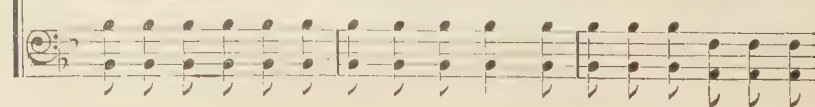
like a keen two - ed - ed sword, And hyp - o - crites now are most  
to the one Spir - it of God? Bap - tized by one Spir - it in -  
let the world hear it a - gain! O come ye from Ba - by - lon,  
make you his cap - tives a - gain, By flat - ter - ies, in - sults or



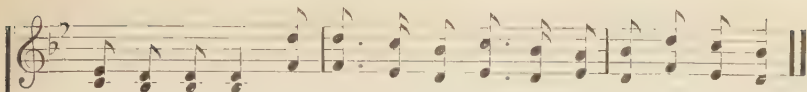
sore - ly tor - ment - ed, Be - cause they're condemned by the word. The  
to the one bod - y, Par - tak - ing of Christ's flesh and blood? They  
E - gypt and So - dom, And make your way o - ver the plain, And  
vile per - se - cu - tion, That you in his cause may re - main. But



pure tes - ti - mo - ny dis - cov - ers the dross, While wick - ed pro - fes - sors make  
drink in one spir - it which makes them all see They're one in Christ Je - sus wher -  
gird on your ar - mor, ye Saints of the Lord, For Christ will di - rect you by  
shun his temp - ta - tions wher - ev - er they lay, And mind not his servants what -



# The Pure Testimony Poured Forth in the Spirit.



light of the cross, But Ba - by - lon trem - bles for fear of her loss.  
 ev - er they be, The Jew and the Gen - tile, the bond and the free.  
 His liv - ing word—The pure tes - ti - mo - ny will cut like a sword.  
 ev - er they say—The pure tes - ti - mo - ny will give you the day.



5 The world will not persecute those who are like them,  
 But hold them the same as their own;  
 The pure testimony cries out, seperation,  
 And calls you your sins to lay down  
 Come out from their spirt, and practices too,  
 The path of your Saviour keep still in your view—  
 The pure testimony will cut the way through.

6 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,  
 The armies are gathering round,  
 The pure testimony and vile persecution  
 Will soon in close battle be found.  
 Then wash all your robes in the Lamb's cleansing blood,  
 And keep, as did Jesus, the Spirit of God,  
 By pure testimony are all things subdued.

## No. 115. Jesus, Mighty King in Zion.

Fellows.

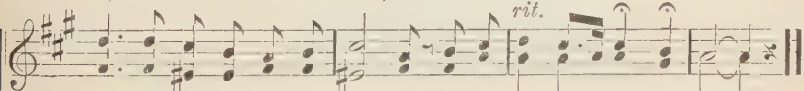
(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

(♩ = 84.)



1. Je - sus, mighty King in Zi - on, Thou a - lone our guide shall be;  
 2. As an emblem of Thy pas - sion, And Thy vic - t'ry o'er the grave,  
 3. Fear - less of the world's despis - ing, We the an - cient path pur - sue,



Thy com - mis - sion we re - ly on, We will fol - low none but Thee.  
 We, who know Thy great sal - va - tion, Are bap - tized be - neath the wave.  
 Bur - ied with the Lord and ris - ing To a life di - vine - ly new.



# No. 116. Gently Raise the Sacred Strain.

William W. Phelps.

(4 7's & 4.)

Thomas C. Griggs.

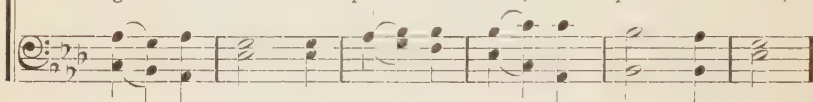
(♩ = 72.)



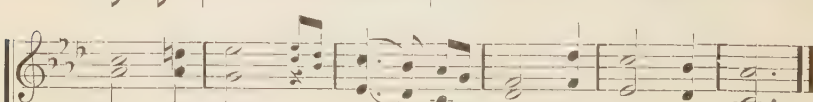
1. Gen - tly raise the sa - cred strain, For the Sab - bath's  
2. Ho - ly day, de - void of strife; Let us seek e -  
3. Sweet - ly swells the sol - emn sound, While we bring our  
4. Hap - py type of things to come, When the Saints are



come a - gain, That man may rest, That man may rest,  
ter - nal life, That great re - ward, That great re - ward,  
gifts a - round Of brok - en hearts, Of brok - en hearts,  
gath - ered home To praise the Lord, To praise the Lord,



And re - turn his thanks to God, For His bless - ings  
And par - take the Sac - ra - ment In re - mem - brance  
As a will - ing sac - ri - fice, Show - ing what His  
In e - ter - ni - ty of bliss, All as one with



to the blest, For His bless - ings to the blest.  
of our Lord, In re - mem - brance of our Lord.  
grace im - parts, Show - ing what His grace im - parts.  
sweet ac - cord, All as one with sweet ac - cord.



## Gently Raise the Sacred Strain.

5 Holy, holy is the Lord,  
Precious, precious is His word;  
Repent and live;  
Though your sins be crimson red,  
Oh, repent, and He'll forgive.

6 Softly sing the joyful lay,  
For the Saints to fast and pray!  
As God ordains.  
For His goodness and His love,  
While the Sabbath day remains.

### No. 117. Wake, O Wake the World from Sleeping.

William W. Phelps.

(8's & 7s.)

(♩ = 84.)

1. { Wake, O wake the world from sleeping! Watchman, watchman, what's the hour? }  
 { Hark ye, on - ly hear him say - ing, 'Tis the last, e - lev-enth hour. }  
 2. { Lo! the li - on leaves his thick-et, Up, ye watchmen, be in haste; }  
 { The de-destroy-er of the Gen-tiles Goes to lay their cit - ies waste. }

CHORUS.

We're the true born sons of Zi - on Gath-ered in from lands a - far,

We're the roy - al branch of Jo - seph, Is - rael's glo - rious morn - ing star.

3 Bring the remnants from their exile  
For the promise is to them;  
Japhet's time to rule is ended,  
He must leave the "tents of Shem."

4 Comfort ye the house of Israel,  
They are pardoned, gather them;  
Hear the watchman's proclamation:  
"Jews, rebuild Jerusalem!"

5 Soon the Jews will know their error—  
How they slew the Holy One;  
They will turn and shout "Hosanna!  
This is the BELOVED SON!"

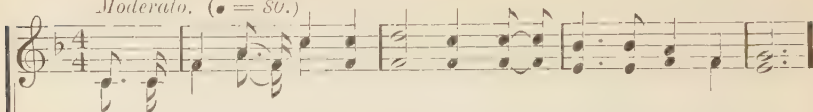
6 Sound the trumpets with the tidings,  
Call in all of Abram's seed,  
Though the Gentiles may reject it,  
Christ will come in very deed.

# No. 118. For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by Edward L. Sloan. (P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 80.)



1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-ther's God;
2. At the hands of foul op-press-ors, We've borne and suf-fered long;
3. Thou hast led us here in safe-ty, Where the mountain bul-wark stands,
4. Here the wild bird swift-ly darts on His quar-ry from the heights,



Thou hast made Thy chil-dren might-y, By the touch of the mountain sod;  
Thou hast been our help in weak-ness, And Thy strength hath made us strong;  
As the guar-dian of the loved ones Thou hast bro't from man-y lands;  
And the red un-tu-tored In-dian Seeketh here his rude de-lights;



Thou hast led Thy cho-sen Is-ra-el To freedom's last a-bode—  
A-mid ruth-less foes, out-num-bered, In wear-i-ness we trod;  
For the rock and for the riv-er, The val-ley's fer-tile sod;  
But the Saints for Thy com-mun-ion Have sought the mountain sod:



For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God,



## For the Strength of the Hills.

5 We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose light must never die;  
We are guardians of an altar  
'Midst the silence of the sky:  
Here the rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by Thy rod:  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God.

6 For the shadow of Thy presence,  
Our camp of rocks o'erspread;  
For the canyon's rugged defiles,  
And the beetling crags o'erhead;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
And for our burial sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God.

## No. 119. Weep for the Early Dead.

Henry W. Naisbitt.

(P. M)

John S. Lewis.

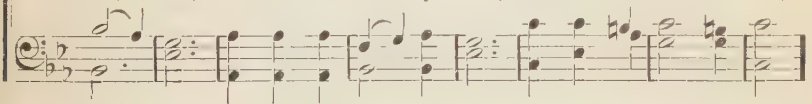
(♩ = 52.)



1. Weep for the	ear - ly dead	Weep for the	ear - ly dead, Weep,
2. Gone from the	home of earth,	Gone from the	home of earth, Gone,
3. Lost shall we	tear-ful-ly say,	Lost shall we	tear-ful-ly say, Lost,
4. Soft let the	foot-steps fall	Soft let the	foot - steps fall, Soft,
5. Then we shall	sure - ly know,	Then we shall	sure - ly know, Then,



weep,	weep,	Weep for the	ear - ly dead,	Tears for the ones	we miss,
gone,	gone,	Gone from the	home of earth,	Fol-lowed by deep - est	love,
lost,	lost,	Lost shall we	tear-ful-ly say,	When sure of heav'n	and God?
soft,	soft,	Soft let the	foot-steps fall,	The murmuring heart	be still,
then,	then,	Then we shall	sure - ly know,	What-e'er we meet	is best,



E'en	now by the	an -- gels	led	To	realms of per - fect	bliss.
To	taste of the	high - er	birth,	To	dwell in the courts a -	bove.
It	is but the	house of	clay,	Which	rests in the ea -	ger sod.
Till the	trump of	an - gels	call	The	dead from the crowd -	ed hill.
For	God will a -	gain	be - stow	The	lov'd in the tear -	less rest.



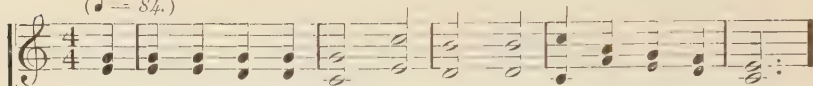


# No. 120. May We, Who Know the Joyful Sound.

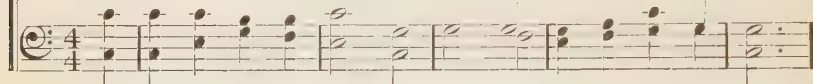
(C. M.)

Old Tune

(♩ = 84.)



1. May we, who know the joy - ful sound, Still prac-tice what we know—
2. By acts of mer - cy let us show We have not heard in vain,
3. The wid-ow's heart shall share our joy; The or-phan and op-pressed
4. We'll teach the ig - no - rant the way True hap - pi - ness to know,
5. Thank-ful that we the Gos - pel hear, And love the, joy - ful sound,



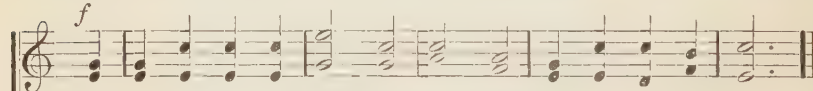
*p*



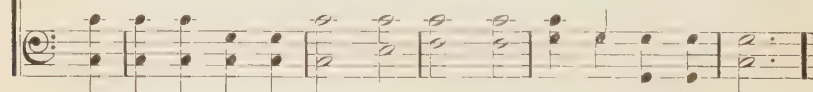
As hear - ers of the word be found, And do - ers of it, too;  
But kind - ly feel an - oth - er's woe, And long to ease his pain;  
Shall see we love the sweet em - ploy To suc - cor the dis - tressed;  
And how the vil - est sin - ners may Es - cape e - ter - nal woe;  
O may the sa - cred fruits ap - pear, And in our lives a - bound;



*f*



As hear - ers of the word be found, And do - ers of it, too.  
But kind - ly feel an - oth - er's woe, And long to ease his pain.  
Shall see we love the sweet em - ploy To suc - cor the dis - tressed.  
And how the vil - est sin - ners may Es - cape e - ter - nal woe.  
O may the sa - cred fruits ap - pear, And in our lives a - bound.



# No. 121. Come All Ye Saints Who Dwell on Earth.

William W. Phelps.

(C. M.)

Music No. 120.

- 1 Come, all ye saints who dwell on earth,  
Your cheerful voices raise,  
Our great Redeemer's love to sing,  
And celebrate His praise.
- 2 His love is great, He died for us;  
Shall we ungrateful be,  
Since He has marked a road to bliss,  
And said, "Come, follow Me?"
- 3 The straight and narrow way we've found!  
Then let us travel on,  
Till we, in the celestial world,  
Shall meet where Christ is gone.
- 4 And there we'll join the heavenly choir,  
And sing His praise above,  
While endless ages roll around,  
Perfected by His love.

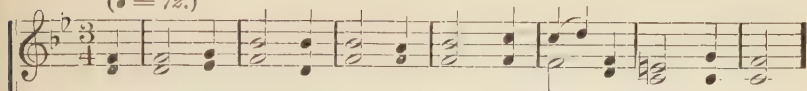
# No. 122. To Thee, O God, We Do Approach.

John Lyon.

(C. M. D.)

Geo. Careless.

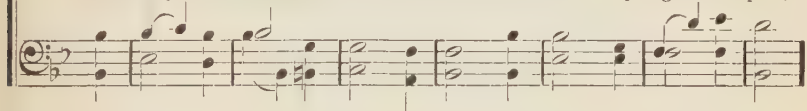
(♩ = 72.)



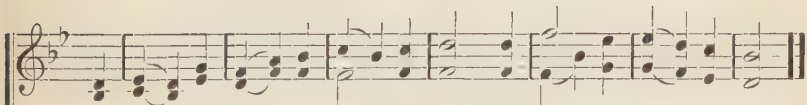
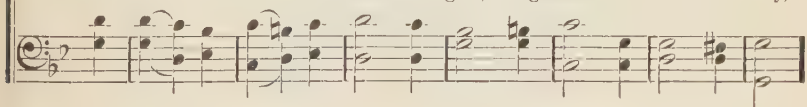
1. To Thee, O God, we do ap-proach With grat-i-tude and praise,
2. Thou dwell-est in the pur-est light, Where truth and glo-ry shine;
3. Yet thanks be to Thy ho-ly name For truth re-stored to earth;
4. What hon-or, glo-ry and re-nown A-wait the pure in heart,



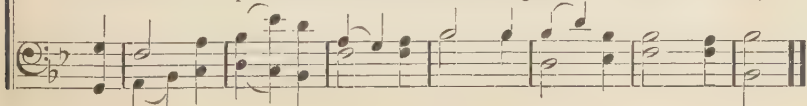
To know Thy char-acter is such As 'twas in form-er days;  
The bright-est of per-fected pow-er And maj-es-ty are Thine.  
That man, though lost, can now re-gain A pure, ce-les-tial birth;  
When they transformed and like to Thee, Shall all Thy light im-part,



That Thou hast made us in Thy form, Though now we fall-en be;  
But man, a-las! how prone to sin, How sub-ject to dis-ease!  
And be re-stored to Thy bright form Thro' con-stan-cy and love,  
And have e-ter-nal lives to give, King-doms and worlds to sway,



Yet still in fash-ion, though a worm, We'll rise to life with Thee.  
De-formed and fall-en, touched by death, He bends to ev-'ry breeze.  
To see Thy face and live with Thee On earth and heav'n a-bove.  
And neith-er pain nor sor-row feel Throughout e-ter-nal day.



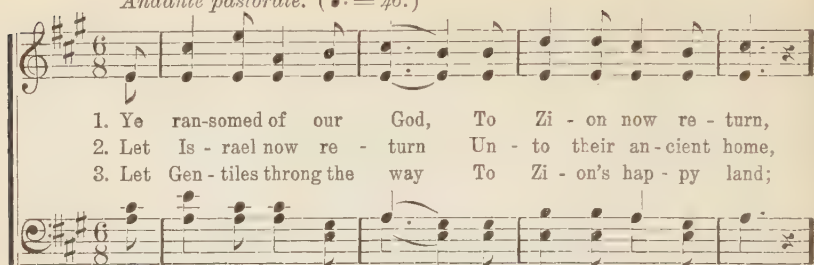
## No. 123.

## Ye Ransomed of Our God.

Parley P. Pratt.

(4, 6's &amp; 2, 8's.)

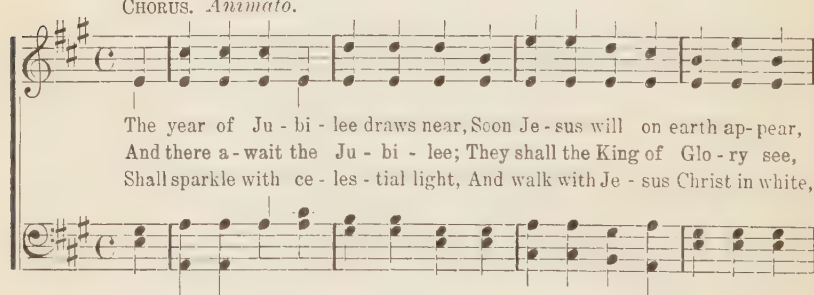
John Tullidge.

*Andante pastorale.* (♩ = 46.)


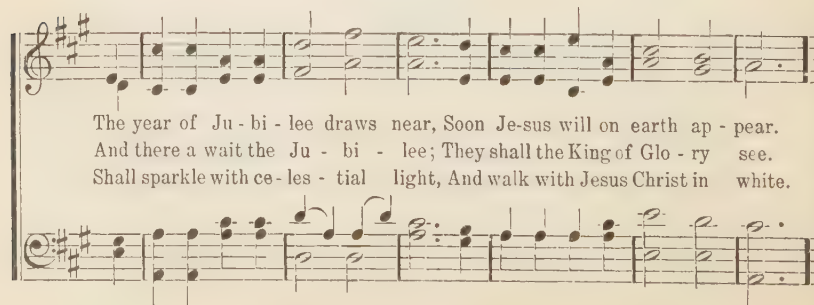
1. Ye ran-somed of our God, To Zi - on now re - turn,  
 2. Let Is - rael now re - turn Un - to their an - cient home,  
 3. Let Gen - tles through the way To Zi - on's hap - py land;



And seek a safe a - bode, Be - fore the wick - ed burn;  
 Pos - sess the Ho - ly Land, And build Je - ru - sa - lem.  
 For all who truth o - bey Shall in His pres - ence stand;

CHORUS. *Animato.*


The year of Ju - bi - lee draws near, Soon Je - sus will on earth ap - pear,  
 And there a - wait the Ju - bi - lee; They shall the King of Glo - ry see,  
 Shall sparkle with ce - les - tial light, And walk with Je - sus Christ in white,



The year of Ju - bi - lee draws near, Soon Je - sus will on earth ap - pear.  
 And there a wait the Ju - bi - lee; They shall the King of Glo - ry see.  
 Shall sparkle with ce - les - tial light, And walk with Jesus Christ in white.

# Ye Ransomed of Our God.

4 Let Joseph's remnants come  
To Zion's sacred hill,  
And throng the house of God,  
And learn to do His will.  
That Zion may arise and shine  
With light celestial and divine.

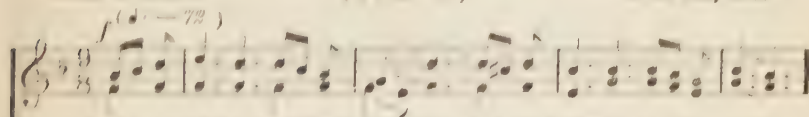
5 Let Saints in every clime,  
Their waiting hearts prepare,  
From every tribe and tongue,  
To Zion's mount repair.  
The marriage of the Lamb is near,  
For soon the Bridegroom will appear.

## No. 124. O Awake! My Slumb'ring Minstrel.

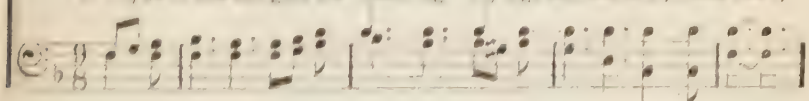
Eliza R. Snow.

(8's & 7's.)

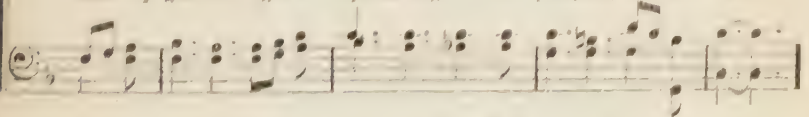
Evan Stephens



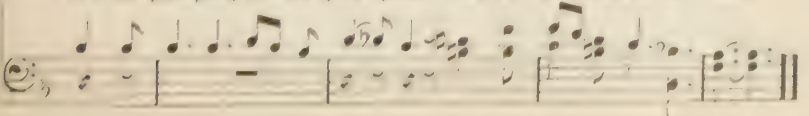
1. O a - wake! my slumb'ring min - strel, Let my harp for - get its spell,  
2. Strike a cord un - known to sad - ness, Strike and let its num - bers tell,  
3. Zi - on's wel - fare is my por - tion, And I feel my bo - som swell  
4. Zi - on, let thy day be dawn - ing, Tho' the darksome shadows swell,  
5. Thy swift mes - sen - gers are tread - ing, Thy high courts where prin - ces dwell,



Say, O say, in sweetest ac - cents, Zi - on prospers, all is well;  
In ce - les - tial tones of glad - ness, Zi - on prospers, all is well;  
With a warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she prospers, all is well;  
Faith and hope pre - lude the morn - ing, Thou art prosp'ring, all is well;  
And thy glorious light is spread - ing; Zi - on prospers, all is well;



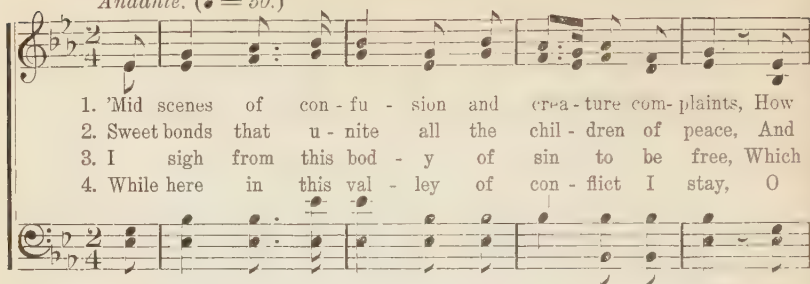
Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.  
Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.  
When she pros - pers, When she pros - pers, When she prospers, all is well.  
Thou art prosp'ring, Thou art prosp'ring, Thou art prosp'ring, all is well.  
Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on prospers, all is well.



David Denham.

( 11's. )

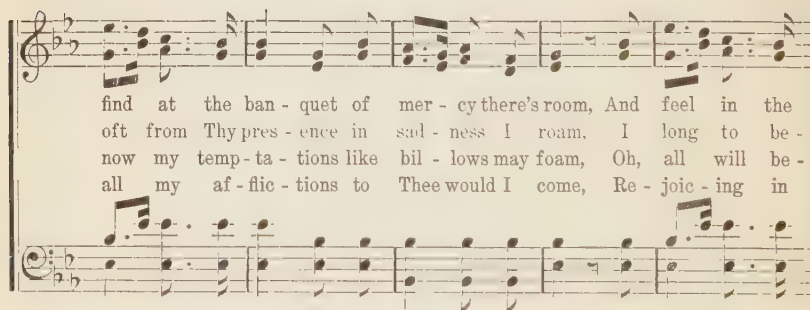
Henry R. Bishop.

*Andante.* (♩ = 50.)


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com - plaints, How  
 2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace, And  
 3. I sigh from this bod - y of sin to be free, Which  
 4. While here in this val - ley of con - flict I stay, O

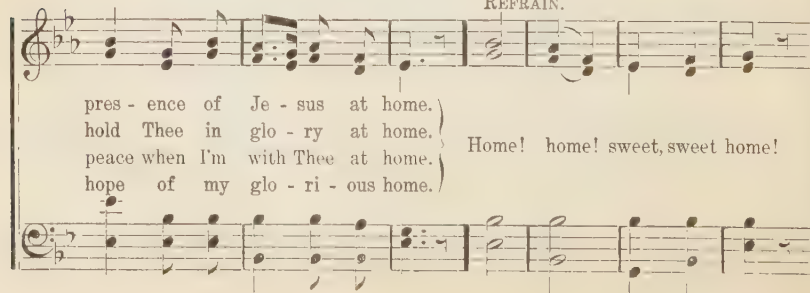


sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with Saints, To  
 thrice pre - cious Je - sus, whose love can - not cease, Though  
 hin - ders my joy and com - mun - ion with Thee: Though  
 give me sub - mis - sion and strength as my day, In



find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the  
 oft from Thy pres - ence in sad - ness I roam, I long to be -  
 now my temp - ta - tions like bil - lows may foam, Oh, all will be -  
 all my af - flic - tions to Thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in

## REFRAIN.

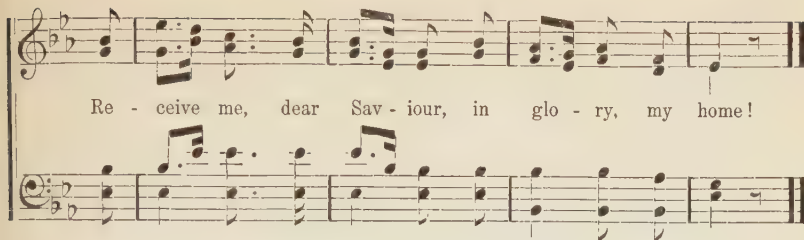


pres - ence of Je - sus at home.  
 hold Thee in glo - ry at home.  
 peace when I'm with Thee at home.  
 hope of my glo - ri - ous home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!



## 'Mid Scenes of Confusion.



5 Whate'er Thou deny me, O give me Thy grace,  
 The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;  
 Indulge me with patience to wait at Thy throne,  
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.  
     Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home!

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,  
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
 And in Thy fair image arise from the tomb,  
 With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.  
     Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home!

## No. 126. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

*Music No. 125.*

- 1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
     Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
- 2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
 Oh! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again;  
 The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;  
 Give me them, with that peace of mind, dearer than all.  
     Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
- 3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,  
 And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;  
 Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,  
 But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!  
     Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
- 4 To thee I'll return, overburdened with care,  
 The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;  
 No more from that cottage again will I roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
     Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

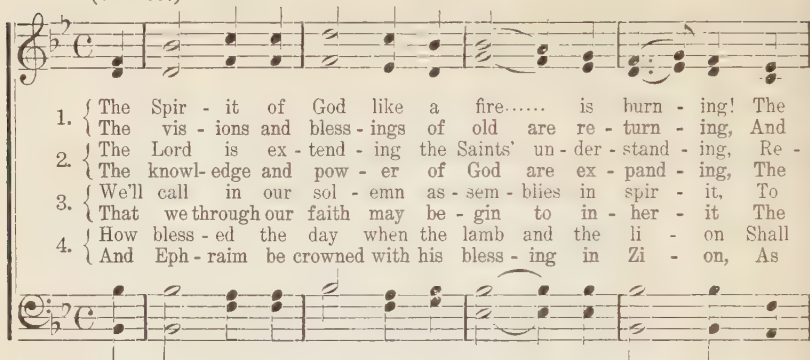


# No. 127. The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

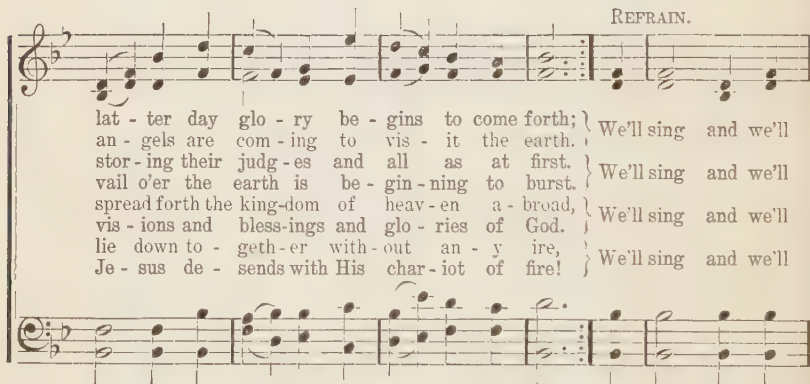
William W. Phelps.

(11s & 12s.)

(♩ = 80.)

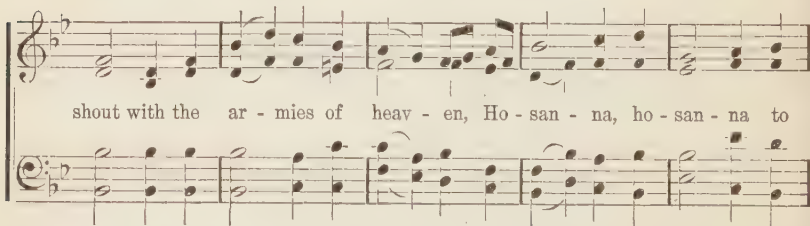


1. { The Spir - it of God like a fire..... is burn - ing! The  
The vis - ions and bless - ings of old are re - turn - ing, And  
2. { The Lord is ex - tend - ing the Saints' un - der - stand - ing, Re -  
The knowl - edge and pow - er of God are ex - pand - ing, The  
3. { We'll call in our sol - emn as - sem - blies in spir - it, To  
That we through our faith may be - gin to in - her - it The  
4. { How bless - ed the day when the lamb and the li - on Shall  
And Eph - raim be crowned with his bless - ing in Zi - on, As



REFRAIN.

lat - ter day glo - ry be - gins to come forth; } We'll sing and we'll  
an - gels are com - ing to vis - it the earth. } We'll sing and we'll  
stor - ing their judg - es and all as at first. } We'll sing and we'll  
vail o'er the earth is be - gin - ning to burst. } We'll sing and we'll  
spread forth the king - dom of heav - en a - broad, } We'll sing and we'll  
vis - ions and bless - ings and glo - ries of God. } We'll sing and we'll  
lie down to - geth - er with - out an - y ire, } We'll sing and we'll  
Je - sus de - sends with His char - iot of fire! }



shout with the ar - mies of heav - en, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to



God and the Lamb! Let glo - ry to them in the high - est be

# The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

giv - en, Hence-forth and for - ev - er; a - men, and a - men!

## No. 128. Come, Let Us Sing an Evening Hymn.

William W. Phelps.

(C. M.)

Tracy Y. Cannon.

*Andante con espressione.* (♩ = 60.)

*mp*

- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. Come, let us sing an eve - ning hymn,  | To calm our minds for rest,  |
| 2. Yea, let us sing a sa - cred song,     | To close the pass - ing day, |
| 3. O, thank the Lord for grace and gifts  | Renewed in lat - ter days,   |
| 4. For ev - 'ry line we have re - ceived, | To turn our hearts a - bove, |

*mf cres.*

*f*

*rall.*

- |                                       |                                  |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| And each one try, with sin - gle eye, | To praise the Sav - iour best.   |
| With one ac - cord call on the Lord,  | And ev - er watch and pray.      |
| For truth and light to guide us right | In wis - dom's pleas - ant ways. |
| For ev - 'ry word and ev - 'ry good   | That fill our souls with love.   |

- 5 O, let us raise a holier strain,  
 For blessings great as ours.  
 And be prepared while angels guard  
 Us through our slumbering hours.

- 6 O, may we sleep and wake in joy,  
 While life with us remains,  
 And then go home beyond the tomb,  
 Where peace forever reigns.

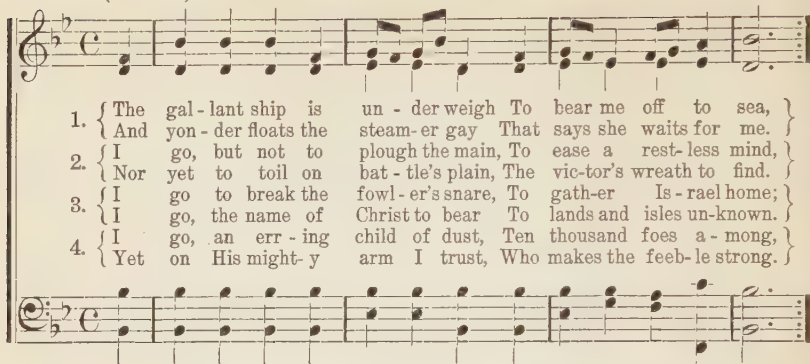
# No. 129. The Gallant Ship is Under Weigh.

William W. Phelps.

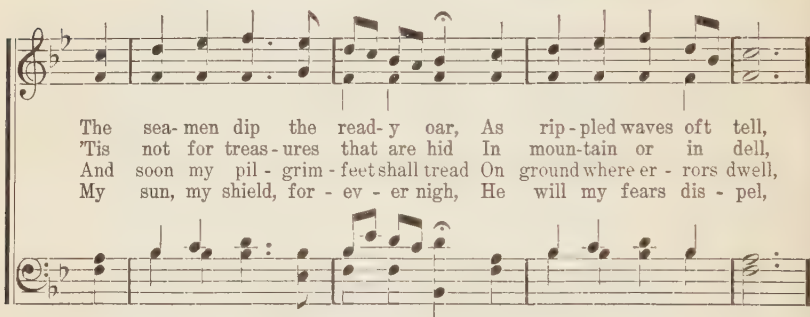
(C. M. D.)

Anon.

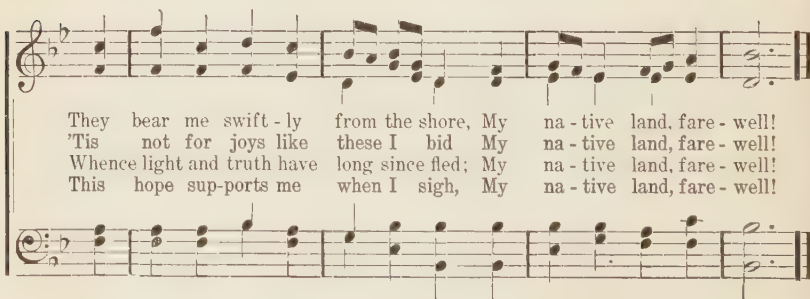
(♩ = 72.)



1. { The gal-lant ship is un-der weigh To bear me off to sea, }  
 And yon-der floats the steam-er gay That says she waits for me. }  
 2. { I go, but not to plough the main, To ease a rest-less mind, }  
 Nor yet to toil on bat-tle's plain, The vic-tor's wreath to find. }  
 3. { I go to break the fowl-er's snare, To gath-er Is-rael home; }  
 I go, the name of Christ to bear To lands and isles un-known. }  
 4. { I go, an err-ing child of dust, Ten thousand foes a-mong, }  
 Yet on His might-y arm I trust, Who makes the fee-b-le strong. }



The sea-men dip the read-y oar, As rip-pled waves oft tell,  
 'Tis not for treas-ures that are hid In moun-tain or in dell,  
 And soon my pil-grim-feet shall tread On ground where er-rors dwell,  
 My sun, my shield, for-ev-er nigh, He will my fears dis-pel,



They bear me swift-ly from the shore, My na-tive land, fare-well!  
 'Tis not for joys like these I bid My na-tive land, fare-well!  
 Whence light and truth have long since fled; My na-tive land, fare-well!  
 This hope sup-ports me when I sigh, My na-tive land, fare-well!

5 I go devoted to His cause  
 And to His will resigned;  
 His presence will supply the loss  
 Of all I leave behind.  
 His promise cheers the sinking heart  
 And lights the darkest cell,  
 To exiled pilgrims grace imparts:  
 My native land, farewell!

6 I go, it is my Master's call,  
 He's made my duty plain!  
 No danger can the heart appall,  
 When Jesus stoops to reign.  
 And now the vessel's side we've made,  
 The sails their bosoms swell,  
 Thy beauties in the distance fade,  
 My native land, farewell!

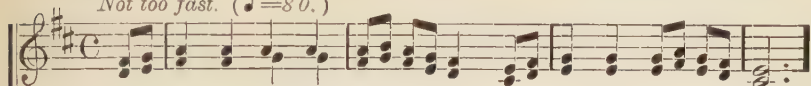
# No. 130. Our Father, in the Sacred Name of Jesus Christ.

John Jaques.

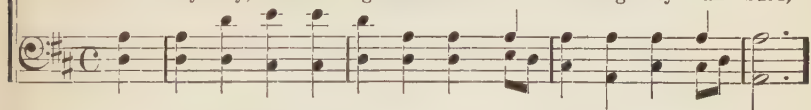
(C. M. D.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

*Not too fast. (♩ = 80.)*



1. Our Fa-ther, in the sa-cred name Of Je-sus Christ, Thy Son,
2. May Thy good Spir-it fall on them, From this au-spi-cious hour,
3. Pro-tect them in their ten-der years From seen and un-seen ills,
4. O may they, with a right-eous zeal Be thor-ough-ly im-bued,



The bless-ing that has been pronounced These lit-tle ones up-on,  
As dew up-on the ten-der plant, As the re-fresh-ing show'r,  
And may they, as their days in-crease, Have Thy kind watch-care still.  
To o'er-come e-vil and to tread The path of rec-ti-tude,



We pray Thee, own, con-firm and seal In Thy most ho-ly place,  
That by its ge-nial in-flu-ence They may, in in-fan-cy,  
May they grow up in health and strength Of bod-y and of mind,  
Yea, Lord, may they, at home, a-broad, Va-liant for Thee re-main



That they may con-stant-ly re-ceive Of Thy ce-les-tial grace.  
In youth, and in life's vig-'rous prime Be ho-ly un-to Thee.  
Be filled with pure in-tel-li-gence, And wis-dom's treasure's find.  
With tongue and pen in word and deed, And end-less lives ob-tain.



## No. 131.

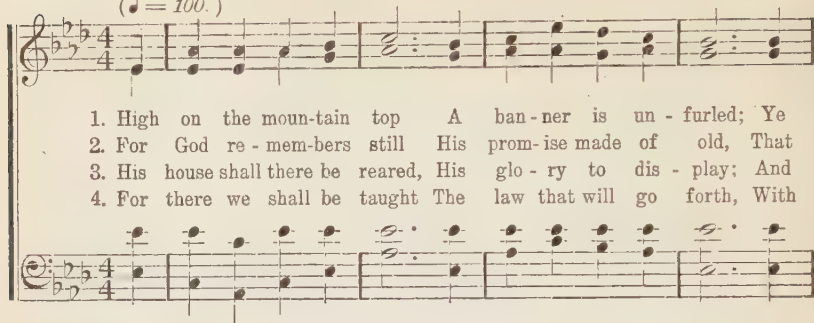
## High On the Mountain Top.

Joel H. Johnson.

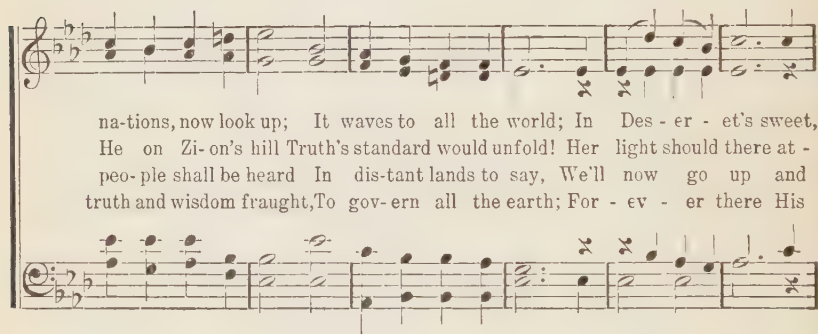
(4, 6's &amp; 2, 8's.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

(♩ = 100.)



1. High on the moun-tain top A ban-ner is un - furled; Ye  
 2. For God re - mem-bers still His prom-ise made of old, That  
 3. His house shall there be reared, His glo - ry to dis - play; And  
 4. For there we shall be taught The law that will go forth, With



na-tions, now look up; It waves to all the world; In Des - er - et's sweet,  
 He on Zi-on's hill Truth's standard would unfold! Her light should there at -  
 peo-ple shall be heard In dis-tant lands to say, We'll now go up and  
 truth and wisdom fraught, To gov-ern all the earth; For - ev - er there His



peace - ful land— On Zi - on's mount be - hold it stand!  
 tract the gaze Of all the world in lat - ter days.  
 serve the Lord, O - bey His truth, and learn His word.  
 ways we'll tread, And save our - selves with all our dead.

5 Then hail to Deseret!

A refuge for the good,  
 And safety for the great,  
 If they but understood  
 That God with plagues will shake the world  
 Till all its thrones shall down be hurled.

6 In Deseret doth truth

Rear up its royal head;  
 Though nations may oppose,  
 Still wider it shall spread;  
 Yes, truth and justice, love and grace,  
 In Deseret find ample place.

# No. 132. Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me.

Isaac Watts.

(C. M.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

(♩ = 69.)



1. Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray; I  
 2. And while I rest my weary head, From  
 3. I pay this eve - ning sac - ri - fice, And  
 4. Thus, with my thoughts com - posed to peace, I'll



am for - ev - - er Thine! I fear be -  
 cares and busi - ness free, 'Tis sweet con -  
 when my work is done, Great God, my  
 give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in



fore Thee all the day; O may I nev - - er  
 vers - ing on my bed With my own heart and  
 faith, my hope re - lies Up - on Thy grace a -  
 safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slum - - bers

*cres.*



sin,..... O may I nev - er sin  
 Thee,..... With my own heart and Thee.  
 long,..... Up - on Thy grace a lone.  
 keep,..... And will my slum - bers keep.



## No. 133.

## Behold the Lamb of God.

Matthew Bridges.

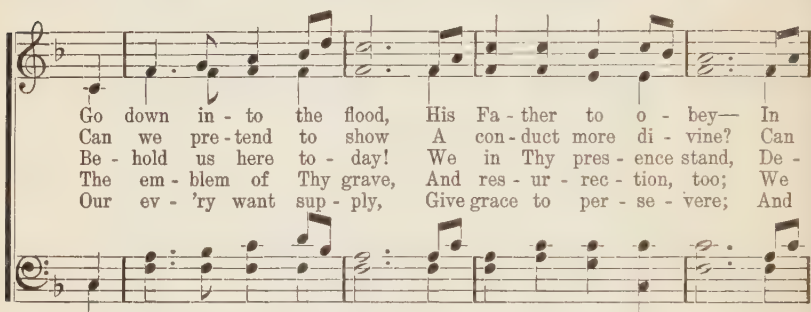
(4, 6's &amp; 2, 8's.)

Dr. Lowell Mason.

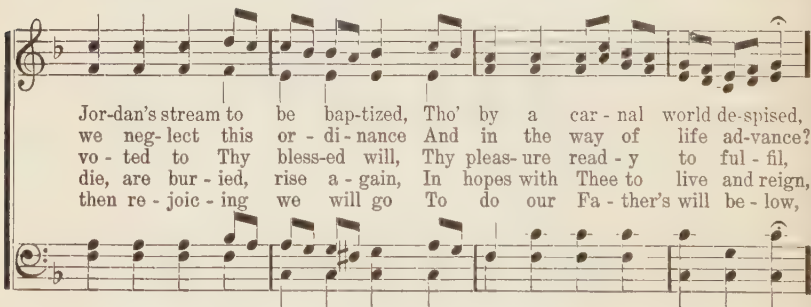
(♩ = 84)



1. Be - hold the Lamb of God, In His di - vine ar - ray,  
 2. Can we pre-tend to know More ful - ly God's de - sign?  
 3. Je - sus, we will o - bey Thy prac - tice and com - mand:  
 4. We sink be - neath the wave; The wa - ter we go thro'—  
 5. Great Fa - ther, cast Thine eye On us, dis - pel our fear,



Go down in - to the flood, His Fa - ther to o - bey— In  
 Can we pre-tend to show A con - duct more di - vine? Can  
 Be - hold us here to - day! We in Thy pres - ence stand, De -  
 The em - blem of Thy grave, And res - ur - rec - tion, too; We  
 Our ev - 'ry want sup - ply, Give grace to per - se - vere; And



Jor-dan's stream to be bap-tized, Tho' by a car - nal world de-spised,  
 we neg-lect this or - di-nance And in the way of life ad-vance?  
 vo - ted to Thy bless-ed will, Thy pleas-ure read - y to ful - fil,  
 die, are bur - ied, rise a - gain, In hopes with Thee to live and reign,  
 then re - joic - ing we will go To do our Fa - ther's will be - low,



Tho' by..... a car - - - nal world de - spised.  
 And in..... the way - - - of life ad - vance?  
 Thy pleas - ure read - - - y to ful - fil.  
 In hopes..... with Thee - - - to live and reign.  
 To do ..... our Fa - - - ther's will be - low.  
 Tho' by a car - nal world de - spised.

# No. 134. In Jordan's Tide the Prophet Stands.

Rippon's Collection.

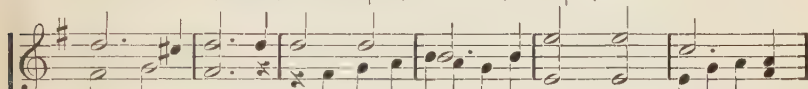
(6 8's.)

Lorenzo D. Edwards.

*Con espressione.* (♩ = 76)



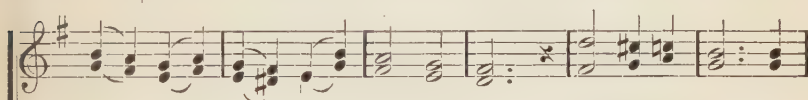
1. In Jordan's tide the Proph - et stands, Im - mers - ing the re -  
 2. Wonder, ye heavens! your Mak - er lies In deeps con - cealed from  
 3. But lo! from yon - der open - ing skies, What beams of daz - zling  
 4. But hark, my soul, hark and a - dore! What sounds are those that  
 5. Thus the E - ter - nal Fa - ther spoke, Who shakes cre - a - tion



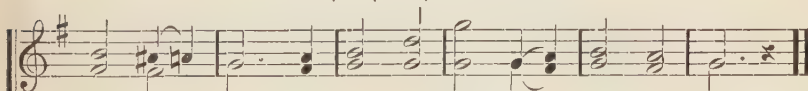
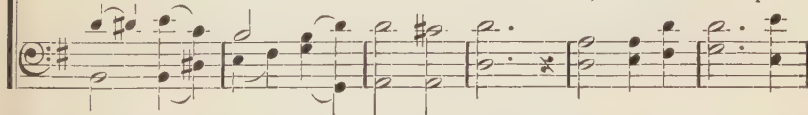
pent - ant Jews; The Son of God the rite de - mands, Nor  
 hu - man view; Ye men be - hold Him sink and rise, A  
 glo - ry spread! Dove-like the Ho - ly Spir - it flies; And  
 roll a - long? Not like loud Si - nai's aw - ful roar, But  
 with a nod; Thro' part - ing skies the ac - cents broke And



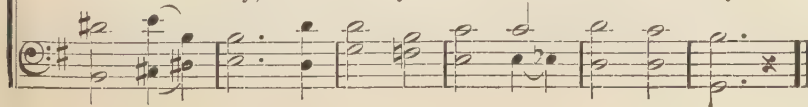
1. The Son of God the rite de - mands,



dares the ho - ly man re - fuse. The Lord de - scends be -  
 fit ex - am - ple this for you The sa - cred rec - ord,  
 lights on the Re - deem - er's head. A - mazed, they see the  
 soft and sweet as Ga - briel's song; "This is my well - be -  
 bid us hear the Son of God. Oh, hear the Gos - pel



neath the wave, The em - blem of His fu - ture grave.  
 while you read, Calls you to im - i - tate the deed.  
 power di - vine. A - round the Sav - iour's tem - ples shine.  
 lov - ed Son; I see, well-pleased, what He hath done."  
 word to - day; Hear all ye na - tions and o - bey.



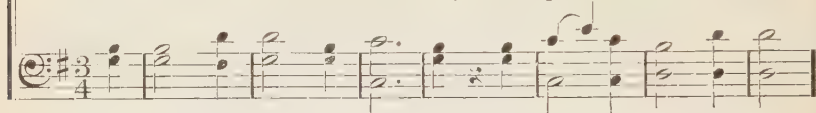
William W. Phelps.

(7's &amp; 6's. D.)

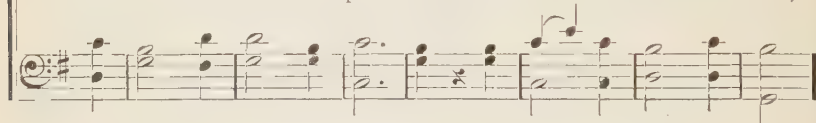
Geo. Careless.

*f* Moderato. (♩ = 72.)

1. O God, th'E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Who dwells a - mid the sky,
2. That sa - cred ho - ly of - f'ring, By Man least un - der - stood,
3. When Je - sus, the A - noint - ed, De - scend - ed from a - bove,
4. How in - fi - nite that wis - dom, The plan of ho - li - ness,



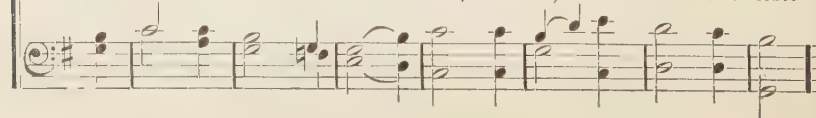
In Je - sus' name we ask Thee, To bless and sanc - ti - fy,  
 To have our sins re - mit - ted, And take His flesh and blood;  
 And gave Him - self a ran - som, To win our souls with love,  
 That made sal - va - tion per - fect And veiled the Lord in flesh,



If we are pure be - for Thee, This bread and cup of wine,  
 That we may ev - er wit - ness, The suf - frings of Thy Son,  
 With no ap - par - ent beau - ty, That man should Him de - sire,  
 To walk up - on His foot - stool, And be like man, al - most,



That we may all re - mem - ber That of - f'ring so di - vine.  
 And al - ways have His Spir - it, To make our hearts as one.  
 He was the prom - ised Sav - iour, To pur - i - fy with fire.  
 In His ex - alt - ed sta - tion, And die, or all was lost!



# O God, th' Eternal Father.

5 'Twas done: all nature trembled;  
Yet, by the power of faith,  
He rose as God triumphant,  
And broke the bands of death,  
And rising conqueror, "captive  
He led captivity,"  
And sat down with the Father  
To all eternity.

6 He is the true Messiah  
That died and lives again;  
We look not for another,  
He is the lamb once slain;  
He is the stone and shepherd  
Of Israel scattered far,  
The glorious branch from Jesse,  
The bright and morning star.

7 Again He is that Prophet  
That Moses said should come,  
Raised up among His brethren,  
To call the righteous home;  
And all that will not hear Him,  
Shall feel His chastening rod,  
Till wickedness is ended,  
As saith the Lord, our God.

8 He comes! He comes in glory  
The veil has vanished too,  
With angels, yea, our fathers,  
To drink this cup anew,  
And sing the songs of Zion,  
And shout, "'Tis done, 'tis done!"  
While every son and daughter  
Rejoices; We are one.

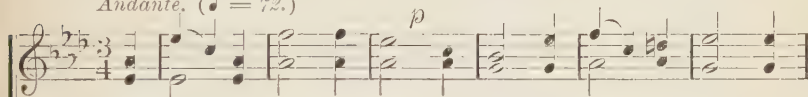
## No. 136. Spirit of Faith, Come Down.

Wesley's Collection

(S. M)

Geo. Gareless.

*Andante.* ( $\text{♩} = 72$ .)



1. Spir - it of Faith, come down, Re - veal the things of God, And  
2. 'Tis Thine the blood t'ap - ply, And give us eyes to see; Who  
3. No man can tru - ly say That Je - sus is the Lord, Un -  
4. Then, on - ly then, we feel Our in - t'rest in His blood, And



make to us the God - head known, And wit - ness with the blood.  
did for ev - 'ry sin - ner die, Did sure - ly die for me.  
less Thou take the vail a - way, And breathe the liv - ing word.  
cry, with joy un - speak - a - ble, "Thou art my Lord, my God!"



5 O that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb!  
Spirit of Faith descend and show  
The virtue of His name.

6 The grace which all may find,  
The saving power impart;  
And testify to all mankind,  
And speak in every heart.

7 Inspire with living faith,  
Which whosoe'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes.

8 The faith that conquers all,  
And doth e'en mountains move,  
And saves all who on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

# No. 137. Hark! Ye Mortals. Hist! be Still.

Parley P. Pratt.

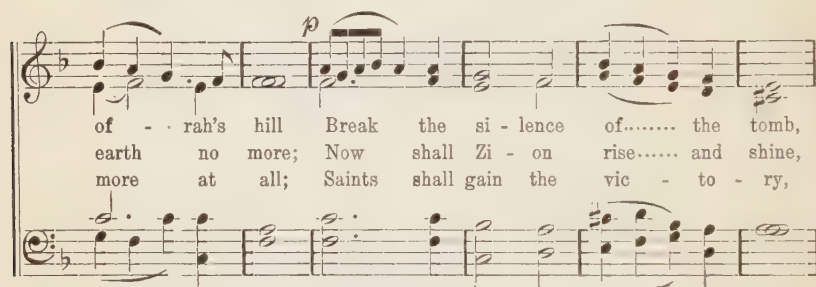
(6, 7's.)

Handel.

(♩ = 56.)




1. Hark! ye mor - tals. Hist! be still, Voic - es from Cum -  
 2. Now the Gen - tile reign is o'er; Dark - ness cov - ers  
 3. Thrones shall tot - ter, Ba - bel fall, Sa - tan reign no



of - rah's hill Break the si - lence of..... the tomb,  
 earth no more; Now shall Zi - on rise..... and shine,  
 more at all; Saints shall gain the vic - to - ry,



Pen - e - trate the dread - ful gloom, Gen - tly whis - per,  
 Fill..... the world with light..... di - vine: An - gels join - the  
 Truth..... pre - vail o'er land..... and sea, Gen - tile ty - rants



all..... is well! Now's the day of Is - ra - el!  
 ti - dings tell, Now's the day of Is - ra - el!  
 sink..... to hell! Now's the day of Is - ra - el!

# Hark! Ye Mortals. Hist! be Still.

4 Jesus soon will come again,  
Saints with Him shall rise and reign,  
Heaven and earth in songs combine,  
All the worlds in chorus join;  
Every tongue the music swell,  
Now's the day of Israel!

5 Ghastly death shall conquered be,  
Zion reign and Saints be free,  
Priests and kings shall join in love.  
Fill the worlds below, above,  
Singing anthems—all is well!  
Now's the day of Israel!

## No. 138. Arise! Arise! With Joy Survey.

John Kelly.

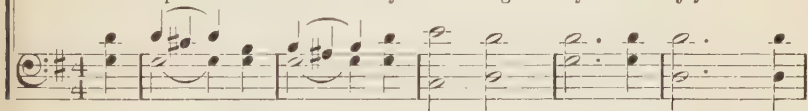
(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

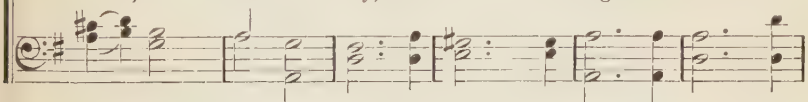
(♩ = 84.)



1. A - rise! a - rise! with joy sur - vey The glo - ry  
2. Be - hold the way! ye her - alds cry; Spare not, but  
3. Be - hold the way to Zi - on's hill, Where Is - rael's  
4. The north gives up; the south no more Keeps back her  
5. Au - spic - ious dawn! thy ris - ing ray With joy we



of the lat - ter - day: Al - read - y has the dawn be -  
lift your voic - es high; Con - vey the sound from pole to  
God de - lights to dwell; He fix - es there His loft - y  
con - se - cra - ted store: From east to west the mes - sage  
view, and hail the day; Great Sun of Right-eous - ness! a -



gun Which marks.... at hand..... the ris - ing sun.  
pole— Glad ti - dings to..... the cap - tive soul.  
throne, And calls the sa - cred place His own.  
runs, And eith - er In - dia yields her sons.  
rise, And fill..... the world .... with glad sur - prise.






# No. 139. Ho, ho, for the Temple's Completed.

William W. Phelps



(9's & 8's.)

Evan Stephens.



(♩ = 72.)



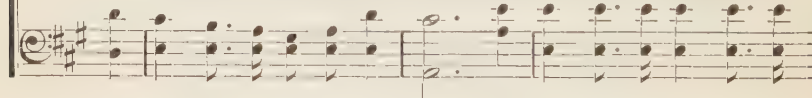

1. Ho, ho, for the tem-ple's com - plet - ed, The Lord hath a  
 2. Seek - ing the wis - dom of Jo - seph Whose blood stains the  
 3. Gaze, gaze at the flight of the right - eous From fire-showers of  
 4. Watch, watch, for the bless - ing of Je - sus Is rich - er the


place for His head; The Priest-hood in pow - er now light - ens  
 hon - or of state, And tith - ing and sac - ri - fice dai - ly,  
 ru - in at hand; Their pray'rs and their sufferings are mov - ing,  
 hard - er 'tis gained, The won - der - ful chain of our u - nion

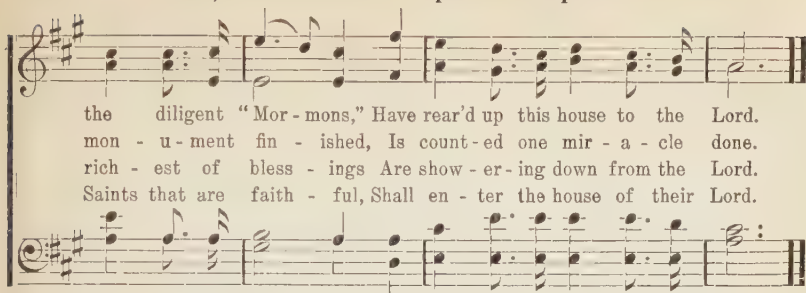
The way of the liv - ing and dead! See, see 'mid the world's gaud - y  
 Teach Saints the true way to be great. Mark, mark (for the Gen - tiles are  
 Je - ho - vah to sweep off the land. Sing, sing for the hour of re -  
 Is tightened the lon - ger 'tis strain'd. Shout, shout, for the arm - ies of

splen - dor, Con - fu - sion and fol - ly and sword, The "Mormons," the  
 fear - ful) The work of the Lord has be - gun; Al - read - y, this  
 demp - tion, The day for the poor Saints' re - ward, Is com - ing, and  
 heav - en Will pu - ri - fy earth at a word, The "Twelve," with the



## Ho, ho for the Temple's Completed.



the diligent "Mor-mons," Have rear'd up this house to the Lord.  
 mon - u - ment fin - ished, Is count-ed one mir - a - cle done.  
 rich - est of bless - ings Are show - er-ing down from the Lord.  
 Saints that are faith - ful, Shall en - ter the house of their Lord.

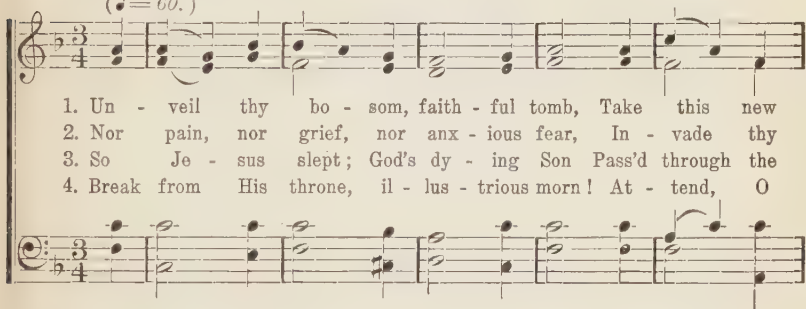
## No. 140. Unveil Thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb.

Isaac Watts.

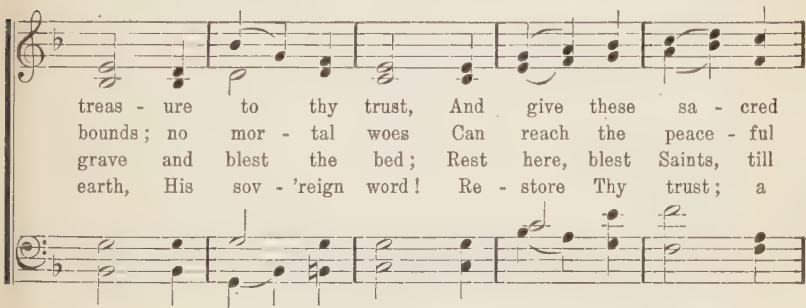
(L. M.)

Geo Careless.

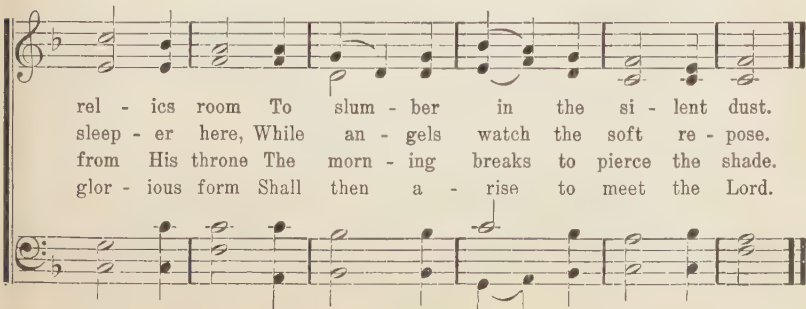
(♩ = 60.)



1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb, Take this new  
 2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vade thy  
 3. So Je - sus slept; God's dy - ing Son Pass'd through the  
 4. Break from His throne, il - lus - trious morn! At - tend, O



treas - ure to thy trust, And give these sa - cred  
 bounds; no mor - tal woes Can reach the peace - ful  
 grave and blest the bed; Rest here, blest Saints, till  
 earth, His sov - 'reign word! Re - store Thy trust; a



rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.  
 sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.  
 from His throne The morn - ing breaks to pierce the shade.  
 glor - ious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

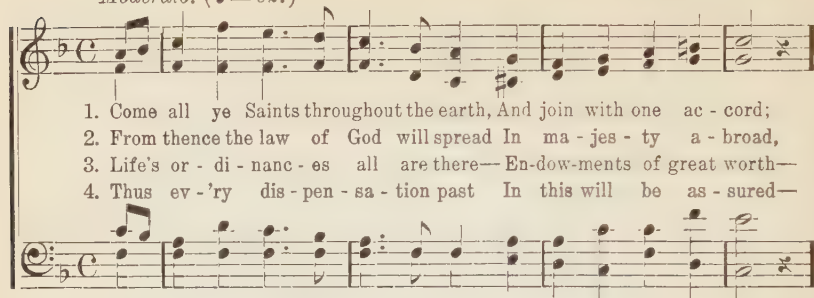
# No. 141. Come, All Ye Saints Throughout the Earth.

John Jaques.

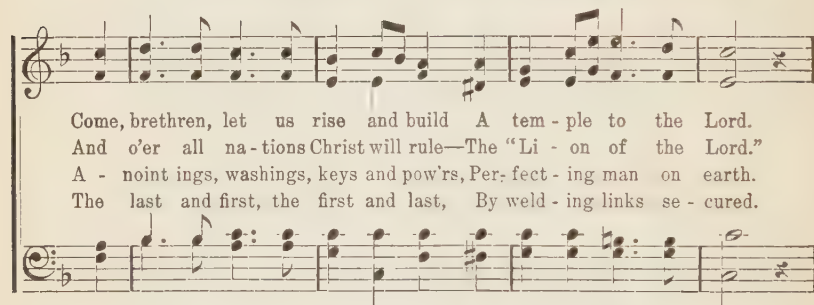
(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

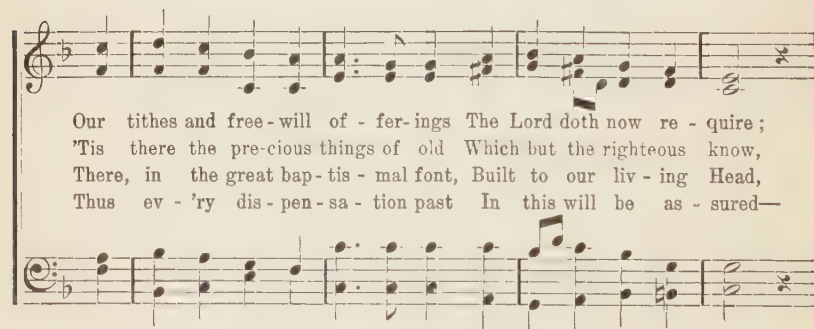
*Moderato.* (♩ = 92.)



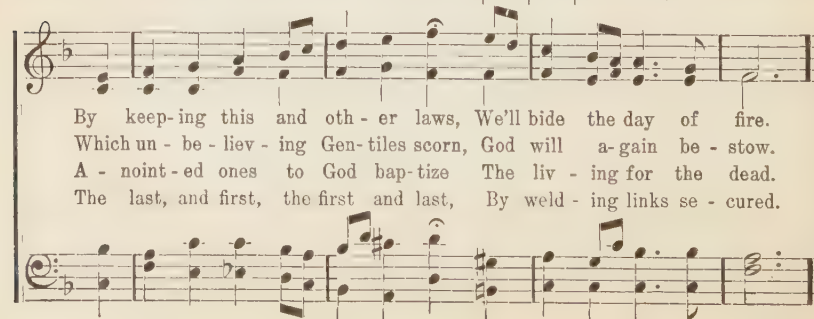
1. Come all ye Saints throughout the earth, And join with one ac - cord;  
 2. From thence the law of God will spread In ma - jes - ty a - broad,  
 3. Life's or - di - nanc - es all are there—En-dow-ments of great worth—  
 4. Thus ev - 'ry dis - pen - sa - tion past In this will be as - sured—



Come, brethren, let us rise and build A tem - ple to the Lord.  
 And o'er all na - tions Christ will rule—The "Li - on of the Lord."  
 A - noint ings, washings, keys and pow'rs, Per - fect - ing man on earth.  
 The last and first, the first and last, By weld - ing links se - cured.



Our tithes and free - will of - fer - ings The Lord doth now re - quire ;  
 'Tis there the pre - cious things of old Which but the righteous know,  
 There, in the great bap - tis - mal font, Built to our liv - ing Head,  
 Thus ev - 'ry dis - pen - sa - tion past In this will be as - sured—



By keep - ing this and oth - er laws, We'll bide the day of fire.  
 Which un - be - liev - ing Gen - tiles scorn, God will a - gain be - stow.  
 A - noint - ed ones to God bap - tize The liv - ing for the dead.  
 The last, and first, the first and last, By weld - ing links se - cured.

## No. 142.

## All Hail the Glorious Day.

Joel H. Johnson.

(4-6's &amp; 2-8's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Marcato.* ( $\text{♩} = 92.$ )

1. All hail the glo - rious day, By Proph - ets long fore - told, When,  
 2. When Is - rael from a - far And Ju - dah scattered wide Shall  
 3. From Zi - on's heav'nly mount Shall heal - ing wa - ters flow, And



with har - mo - nious lay, The sheep of Is - rael's fold On Zi - on's  
 to their land re - pair, And there in peace a - bide, Di - rect - ed  
 near this ho - ly fount Will trees im - mor - tal grow, Whose heav'n - ly



hill His praise pro - claim, And shout ho - san - na to His name.  
 by Je - ho - vah's hand, Shall dwell in peace in Zi - on's land.  
 balm the kingdoms feel, Whose leaves will all the na - tions heal.



4 Jerusalem shall be  
 Our great Redemer's throne,  
 O'er all the earth and sea,  
 His glory be made known;  
 Messiah, kings and nations greet,  
 And lay their honors at His feet.

5 Strike, strike the golden lyre,  
 And ye His angels sing,  
 Let joy your bosoms fire,  
 And heaven with glory ring;  
 From earth, and air, and sea and skies,  
 Let our Redeemer's praise arise.

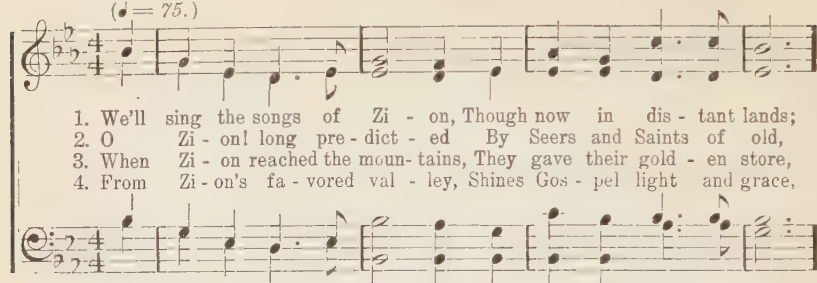
# No. 143. We'll Sing the Songs of Zion.

William G. Mills.

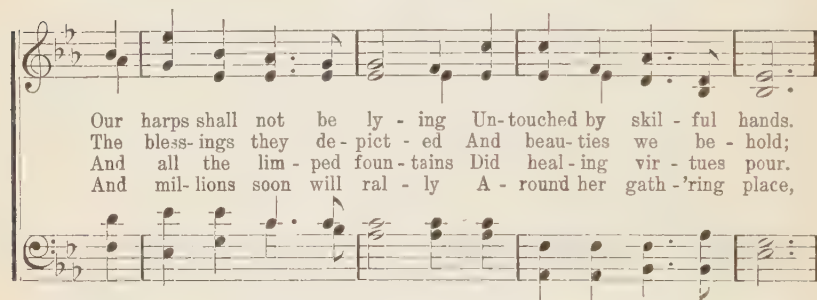
(7's & 6's. D.)

Mendelssohn.

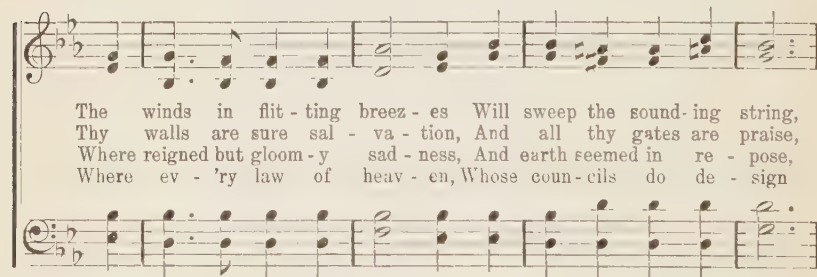
(♩ = 75.)



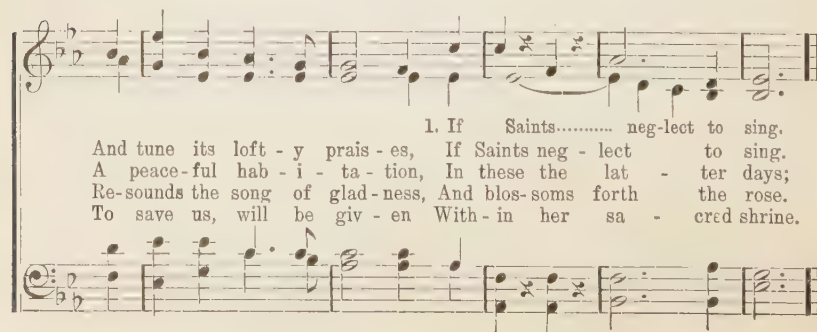
1. We'll sing the songs of Zi - on, Though now in dis - tant lands;  
 2. O Zi - on! long pre - dict - ed By Seers and Saints of old,  
 3. When Zi - on reached the moun - tains, They gave their gold - en store,  
 4. From Zi - on's fa - vored val - ley, Shines Gos - pel light and grace,



Our harps shall not be ly - ing Un - touched by skill - ful hands.  
 The bless - ings they de - pict - ed And beau - ties we be - hold;  
 And all the lim - ped foun - tains Did heal - ing vir - tues pour.  
 And mil - lions soon will ral - ly A - round her gath - 'ring place,



The winds in flit - ting breez - es Will sweep the sound - ing string,  
 Thy walls are sure sal - va - tion, And all thy gates are praise,  
 Where reigned but gloom - y sad - ness, And earth seemed in re - pose,  
 Where ev - 'ry law of heav - en, Whose coun - cils do de - sign



1. If Saints..... neg - lect to sing.  
 And tune its loft - y prais - es, If Saints neg - lect to sing.  
 A peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion, In these the lat - ter days;  
 Re - sounds the song of glad - ness, And blos - soms forth the rose.  
 To save us, will be giv - en With - in her sa - cred shrine.

## We'll Sing the Songs of Zion.

5 The wealth and scenes of splendor  
That worldly minds may prize  
Are nothing to the grandeur  
Of Zion, in our eyes.  
Adorned with all the graces  
Of Him who called thee forth,  
We love thy chosen places  
Alone of all the earth.

6 Yes, Zion's theme and spirit  
Our bosoms will inspire,  
Until we shall inherit  
The land that we desire;  
Where Saints from every nation  
Will swell the strains anew,  
Ascribe the great salvation  
To Him who brought us through.

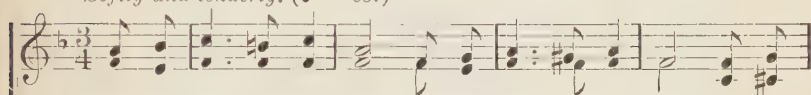
### No. 144. Does the Journey Seem Long?

Joseph Fielding Smith.

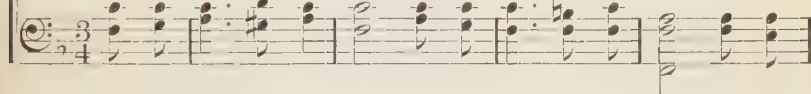
(P. M)

George D. Pyper.

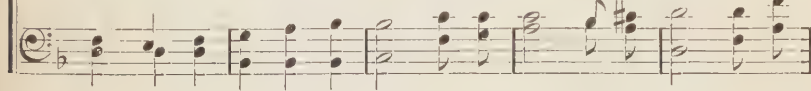
*Softly and tenderly.* (♩ = 63.)



1. Does the jour - ney seem long, The path rug - ged and steep, Are there  
2. Is your heart faint and sad, Your soul wea - ry with - in, As you  
3. Are you weighed down with grief, Is there pain in your breast, As you  
4. Let your heart be not faint Now the jour - ney's be - gun; There is  
5. A land ho - ly and pure Where all troub - le doth end, And your



bri - ars and thorns on the way? Do sharp stones cut your feet As you  
toil 'neath your bur - den of care? Does the load heav - y seem You are  
wea - ri - ly jour - ney a - long? Are you look - ing be - hind To the  
One who still beck - ons to you. Look up - ward in glad - ness And take  
life shall be free from all sin; Where no tears shall be shed For no



strug - gle to rise To the heights, thro' the heat of the day?  
forced now to lift, Is there no one your bur - den to share?  
val - ley be - low? Do you wish you were back in the throng?  
hold of His hand, He will lead you to heights that are new.  
sor - rows re - main; Take His hand and with Him en - ter in.





# No. 145. Glorious Things are Sung of Zion.

William W. Phelps.

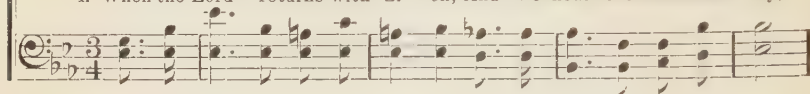
(8's & 7's.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

*Andante.* (♩ - 56.)



1. Glo - rious things are sung of Zi - on, E-noch's ci - ty seen of old,
2. There they shunn'd the pow'r of Sa - tan. And ob-served ce - les - tial laws;
3. Then the tow'rs of Zi - on glit-tered Like the sun in yon-der skies,
4. When the Lord returns with Zi - on, And we hear the watchman cry,



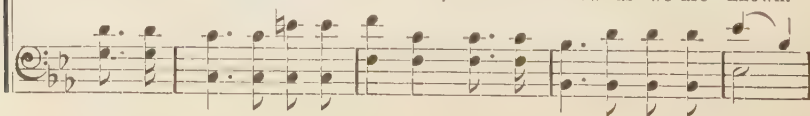
Where the right-eous, be-ing per-fect, Walk'd with God in streets of gold.  
For in A - dam-on-di - Ah-man Zi - on rose where E-den was.  
And the wick - ed stood and trem-bled, Filled with won - der and sur - prise:  
Then we'll sure - ly be u - ni - ted, And we'll all see eye to eye;



Love and vir - tue, faith and wis-dom, Grace and gifts were all com - bined;  
When be - yond the pow'r of e - vil, So that none could cov - et wealth,  
Then their faith and works were per-fect—Lo, they fol - lowed their great Head;  
Then we'll min - gle with the an-gels, And the Lord will bless His own;



As him - self each lov'd his neighbor; All were one in heart and mind.  
One con - tin - ual feast of blessings Crown'd their days with peace and health.  
So the ci - ty went to heav-en, And the world said Zi-on's fled!  
Then the earth will be as E - den, And we'll know as we are known.



## Glorious Things are Sung of Zion.

As him-self each lov'd his neighbor; All were one in heart and mind.  
 One con-tin-ual feast of blessings Crown'd their days with peace and health.  
 So the ci-ty went to heav-en, And the world said Zi-on's fled!  
 Then the earth will be as E-den, And we'll know as we are known.

## No. 146. I Trust Thee, Lord, Tho' Long the Way and Dim.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

(4-10's.)

Henry Hooper.

(♩ = 72.)

1. I trust Thee, Lord, tho' long the way and dim, Tho' shadows throng and  
 2. I trust Thee, Lord, and all the journey thro', I know Thou do-est  
 3. I trust Thee, Lord, for Thou hast sent me forth, And gav'st the day to  
 4. Thou who may'st scourge whom so Thou wilt and how, Prov-ing Thine own as

lone-ly be the years, I trust Thee, Lord, because I know of Him,  
 all things for the best, I trust Thee, Lord, and I shall trust Thee too,  
 stage my ev'-ry act, I trust Thee, Lord, and lo! must prove my worth,  
 kernels from the dust, Give me but this—to love Thee then as now,

And vis-ion shines beyond the mist of tears, the mist of tears.  
 The chast'ning pain proclaim me for the test, me for the test.  
 And answer Thee when Thou shalt call me back, shalt call me back.  
 E'en tho' I fail in all save that I trust! save that I trust!

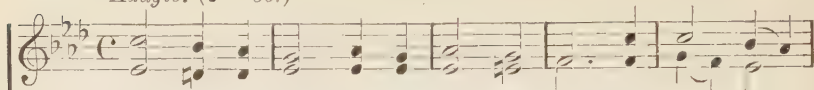
# No. 147. It Is Not Death Though We Fade and Die.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

(P. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Adagio.* (♩ = 56.)



1. It is not death though we fade and die, The grave is  
2. It is not death when the days de - cline, The rose and  
3. It is not death when our loved one lies A - sleep in



on - ly the sod; And there for a time the sear leaves lie,  
bri - ar must die; With - er - ing they in the forge of Time,  
slum - ber of old; And He who rest - eth the wea - ry eyes,



A - wait - ing the touch of God. The chill winds smite and the  
Where the Father doth sanc - ti - fy. The gay of life's pag - eant - ry  
Shall bur - nish the shard to gold. The touch of His hand clos - ing



lil - ies fall, Sev - ered and bruised and blown; The old and the  
hur - ry by, With a song that is hushed too soon; For to - mor - row,  
o - ver mine, Shall lead tho' the way be dim; And safe in the



# It Is Not Death Though We Fade and Die

*rit.*

young—we an - swer all, When He calls His chil - dren home !  
 behold ! they too shall lie, As a sick - led har - vest strewn !  
 arms of His love di - vine, Lo ! the dead shall wake for Him !

## No. 148. When Time Shall Be No More.

Parley P. Pratt.

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 69.)

1. When time shall be no more, Its joys and sor - rows fled, When  
 2. The Saints in robes of light Shall walk the gold - en street, Re -  
 3. O sin - ner wouldst thou stand In that blest com - pa - ny? O -

all its cares are o'er, And numbered with the dead, Un - veiled, e -  
 joyce in Je - sus' sight And wor - ship at His feet; And sit on  
 bey the Lord's com - mand, And from thy sins be free. I shall be

ter - nal truth shall shine, In its own im - age all di - vine.  
 thrones ex - alt - ed high, En - dowed with might and maj - es - ty.  
 there and look for thee; Fare-well! till then, re - mem - ber me.

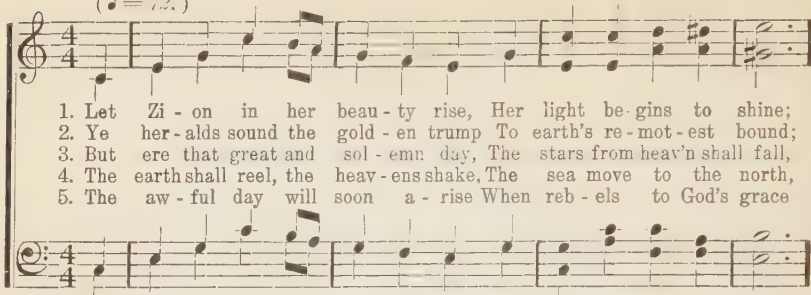
# No. 149. Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise.

Edward Partridge.

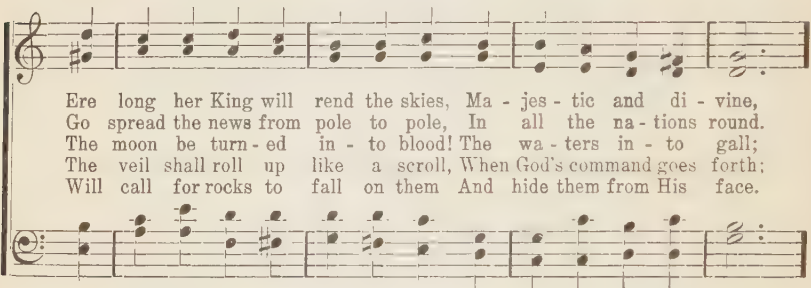
( C. M. D. )

Lewis D. Edwards.

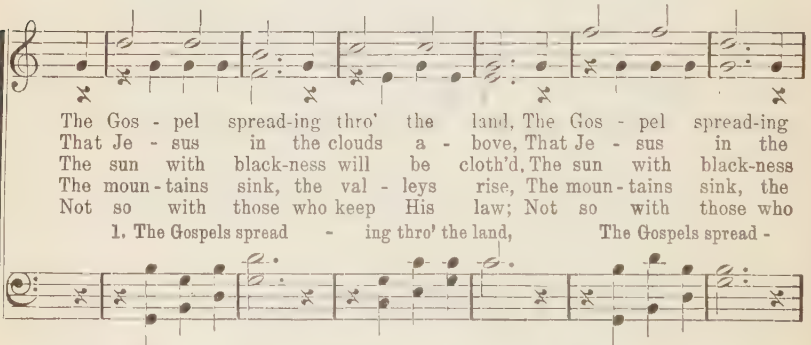
(♩ = 72.)



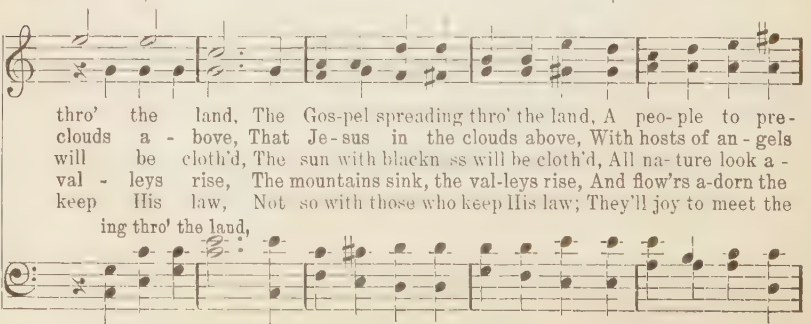
1. Let Zi - on in her beau - ty rise, Her light be - gins to shine;  
 2. Ye her - alds sound the gold - en trump To earth's re - mot - est bound;  
 3. But ere that great and sol - emn day, The stars from heav'n shall fall,  
 4. The earth shall reel, the heav - ens shake, The sea move to the north,  
 5. The aw - ful day will soon a - rise When reb - els to God's grace



Ere long her King will rend the skies, Ma - jes - tic and di - vine,  
 Go spread the news from pole to pole, In all the na - tions round.  
 The moon be turn - ed in - to blood! The wa - ters in - to gall;  
 The veil shall roll up like a scroll, When God's command goes forth;  
 Will call for rocks to fall on them And hide them from His face.



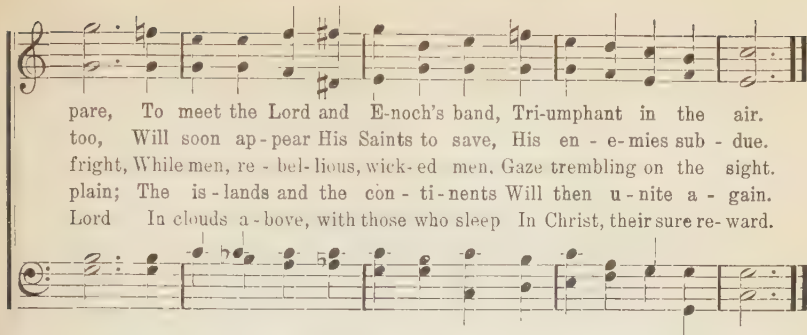
The Gos - pel spread - ing thro' the land, The Gos - pel spread - ing  
 That Je - sus in the clouds a - bove, That Je - sus in the  
 The sun with black - ness will be cloth'd, The sun with black - ness  
 The moun - tains sink, the val - leys rise, The moun - tains sink, the  
 Not so with those who keep His law; Not so with those who  
 1. The Gospels spread - ing thro' the land, The Gospels spread -



thro' the land, The Gos - pel spread - ing thro' the land, A peo - ple to pre -  
 clouds a - bove, That Je - sus in the clouds above, With hosts of an - gels  
 will be cloth'd, The sun with black - ness will be cloth'd, All na - ture look a -  
 val - leys rise, The mountains sink, the val - leys rise, And flow'rs a - dorn the  
 keep His law, Not so with those who keep His law; They'll joy to meet the  
 ing thro' the land,



## Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise.



pare, To meet the Lord and E-noch's band, Tri-umphant in the air.  
 too, Will soon ap-pear His Saints to save, His en - e - mies sub - due.  
 fright, While men, re - bel - lions, wick - ed men, Gaze trembling on the sight.  
 plain; The is - lands and the con - ti - nents Will then u - nite a - gain.  
 Lord In clouds a - bove, with those who sleep In Christ, their sure re - ward.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>6 That glorious rest will then commence,<br/>             Which prophets did foretell,<br/>             When Saints will reign with Christ on<br/>             And in His presence dwell [earth,<br/>             A thousand years; O glorious day!<br/>             Dear Lord, prepare my heart<br/>             To stand with Thee on Zion's mount,<br/>             And never more to part.</p> | <p>7 Then when a thousand years are past,<br/>             And Satan is unbound,<br/>             The wicked hosts will be destroyed<br/>             By fire from heaven sent down;<br/>             And when the great, last change shall<br/>             To immortalize this clay [come<br/>             Then we in the celestial world<br/>             Will spend eternal day.</p> |
|---|--|

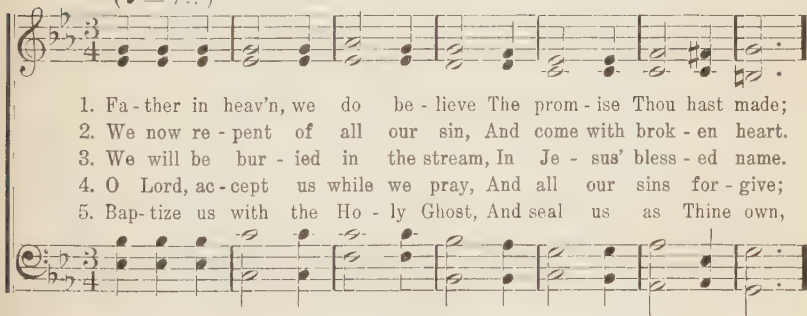
## No. 150. Father in Heaven, We Do Believe.

Parley P. Pratt.

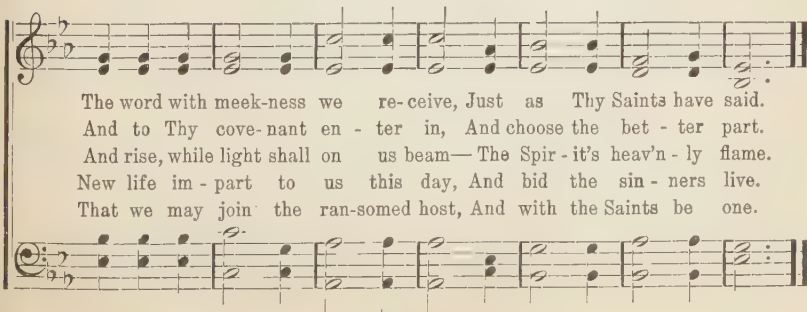
(C. M.)

Jane Romney Crawford.

(♩ = 72.)



1. Fa - ther in heav'n, we do be - lieve The prom - ise Thou hast made;
2. We now re - pent of all our sin, And come with brok - en heart.
3. We will be bur - ied in the stream, In Je - sus' bless - ed name.
4. O Lord, ac - cept us while we pray, And all our sins for - give;
5. Bap - tize us with the Ho - ly Ghost, And seal us as Thine own,



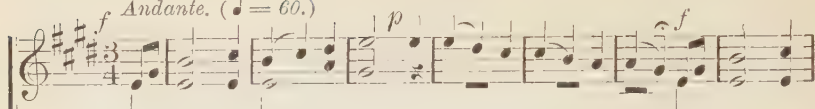
The word with meek-ness we re-ceive, Just as Thy Saints have said.  
 And to Thy cove-nant en - ter in, And choose the bet - ter part.  
 And rise, while light shall on us beam—The Spir - it's heav'n - ly flame.  
 New life im - part to us this day, And bid the sin - ners live.  
 That we may join the ran-somed host, And with the Saints be one.



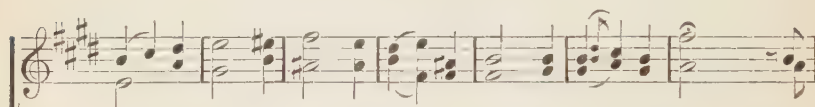
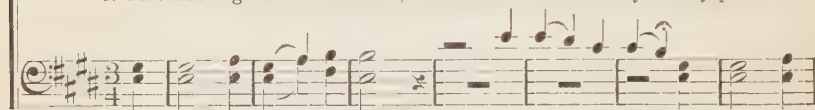
( 4-6's &amp; 2-8's )

Wesley's Collection.

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 60.)

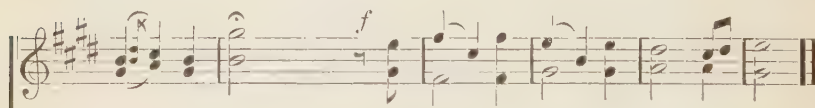
1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed-ing  
 2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-  
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal - va - ry: They pour ef -



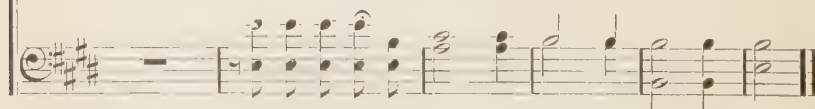
sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my  
 deeming love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for  
 fectual pray'rs, They strongly plead for me; "For give him, oh, for -



1. Before the throne



sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 all our race, And sprink - les now the throne of grace.  
 give!" they cry, "Nor let the ran-somed sin - ner die!"



my surety stands,

4 The Father hears Him pray,  
 His dear Anointed One;  
 He cannot turn away  
 From His beloved Son;  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God

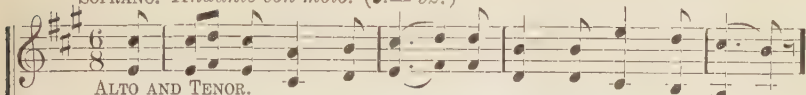
5 To God I'm reconciled,  
 His pardoning voice I hear;  
 He owns me for His child,  
 I can no longer fear;  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Parley P. Pratt.

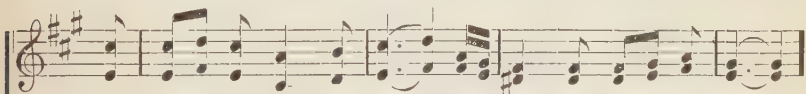
(4-6's &amp; 2-8's.)

John Tullidge.

SOPRANO. *Andante con moto.* (♩. = 92.)

ALTO AND TENOR.

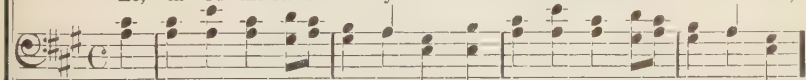
1. An an - gel from on high, The long, long si - lence broke;
2. Sealed by Mo - ro - ni's hand, It has for a - ges lain,
3. It speaks of Jo - seph's seed, And makes the rem - nant known
4. The time is now ful - filled, The long ex - pect - ed day;
5. Lo, Is - rael filled with joy, Shall now be gath - ered home,

BASS. *Andante con moto.*

De - scend - ing from the sky, These gra - cious words he spoke:  
 To wait the Lord's com - mand, From dust to speak a - gain.  
 Of na - tions long since dead, Who once had dwelt a - lone.  
 Let earth o - be - dience yield, And dark - ness flee a - way;  
 Their wealth and means em - ploy To build Je - ru - sa - lem;

CHORUS. *Allegro animato.*

Lo, in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill A sa - cred rec - ord is conceal'd;



Lo, in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill A sa - cred rec - ord is con - ceal'd.



## No. 153.

## If You Could Hie to Kolob.

William W. Phelps.

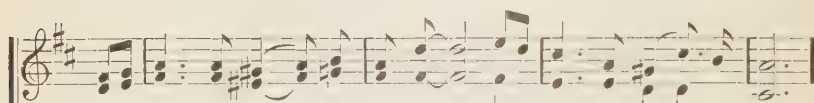
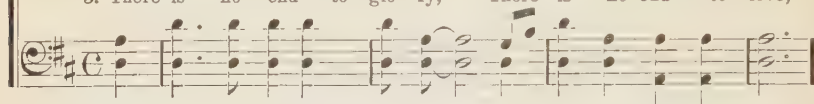
(7's &amp; 6's)

Joseph J. Daynes.

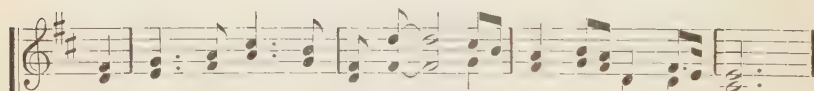
(♩ = 72.)



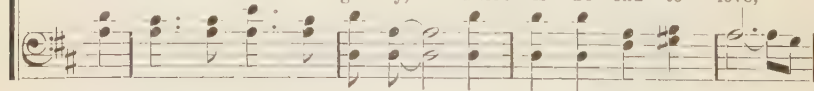
1. If you could hie to Ko - lob, In th' twink - ling of an eye,
2. Or see the grand be - gin - ning, Where space did not ex - tend?
3. The works of God con - tin - ue, And worlds and lives a - bound;
4. There is no end to vir - tue, There is no end to might,
5. There is no end to glo - ry, There is no end to love,



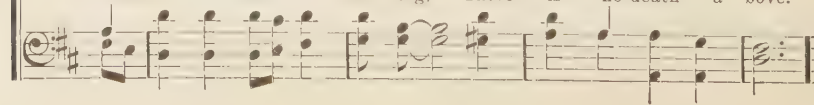
And then con - tin - ue on - ward, With that same speed to fly,  
 Or view the last cre - a - tion, Where Gods and mat - ter end?  
 Im - prove - ment and pro - gres - sion Have one e - ter - nal round.  
 There is no end to wis - dom, There is no end to light.  
 There is no end to be - ing, There is no death a - bove.



D'ye think that you could ev - er, Through all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 Me - thinks the Spir - it whis - pers, "No man has found 'pure space,'"  
 There is no end to mat - ter, There is no end to space,  
 There is no end to un - ion, There is no end to youth,  
 There is no end to glo - ry, There is no end to love,



Find out the gen - er - a - tion Where Gods be - gan to be?  
 Nor seen the out - side cur - tains, Where noth - ing has a place.  
 There is no end to spir - it, There is no end to race,  
 There is no end to priest - hood There is no end to truth.  
 There is no end to be - ing, There is no death a - bove.



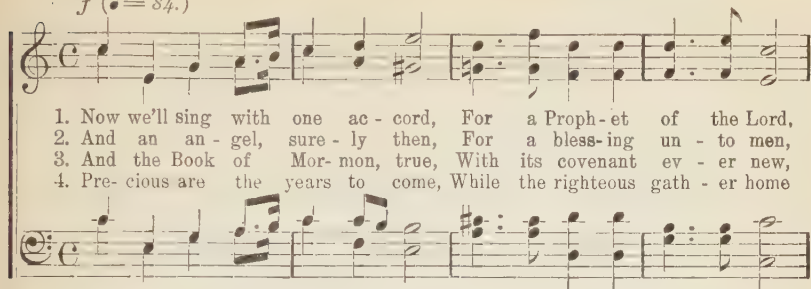
# No. 154. Now We'll Sing With One Accord.

William W. Phelps.

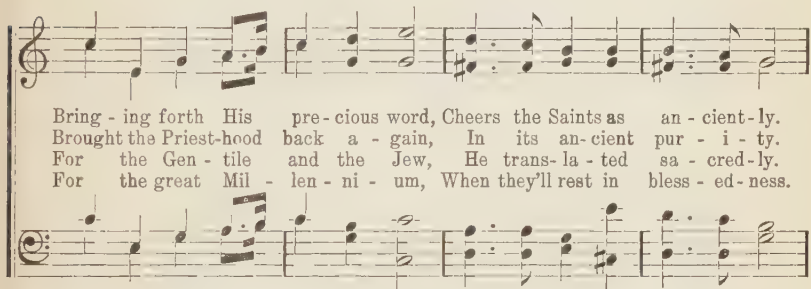
(7's.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

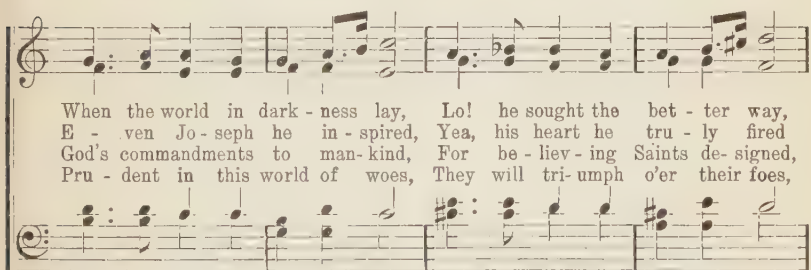
*f* (♩ = 84.)



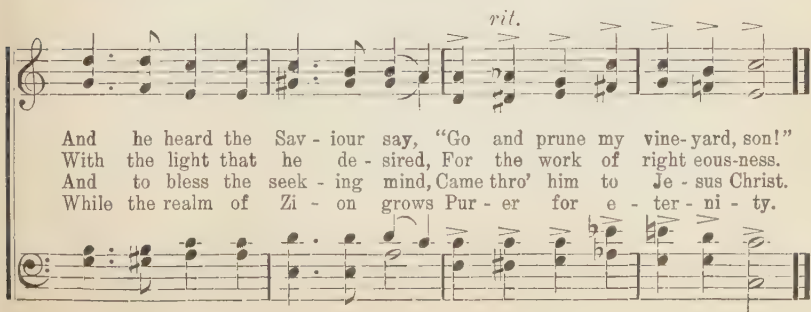
1. Now we'll sing with one ac - cord, For a Proph-et of the Lord,  
 2. And an an - gel, sure - ly then, For a bless-ing un - to men,  
 3. And the Book of Mor-mon, true, With its covenant ev - er new,  
 4. Pre-cious are the years to come, While the righteous gath - er home



Bring - ing forth His pre-cious word, Cheers the Saints as an - cient-ly.  
 Brought the Priest-hood back a - gain, In its an-cient pur - i - ty.  
 For the Gen - tile and the Jew, He trans-la - ted sa - cred-ly.  
 For the great Mil - len - ni - um, When they'll rest in bless - ed-ness.



When the world in dark - ness lay, Lo! he sought the bet - ter way,  
 E - ven Jo-seph he in-spired, Yea, his heart he tru - ly fired  
 God's commandments to man-kind, For be - liev - ing Saints de - signed,  
 Pru - dent in this world of woes, They will tri-umph o'er their foes,



*rit.*  
 And he heard the Sav - iour say, "Go and prune my vine-yard, son!"  
 With the light that he de - sired, For the work of right eous-ness.  
 And to bless the seek - ing mind, Came thro' him to Je - sus Christ.  
 While the realm of Zi - on grows Pur - er for e - ter - ni - ty.

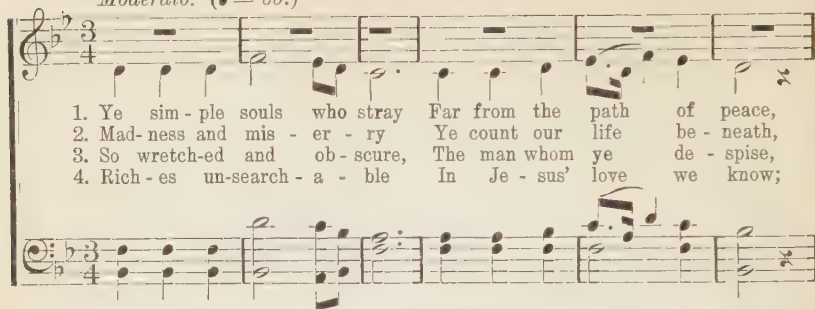
# No. 155. Ye Simple Souls Who Stray.

Wesley's Collection.

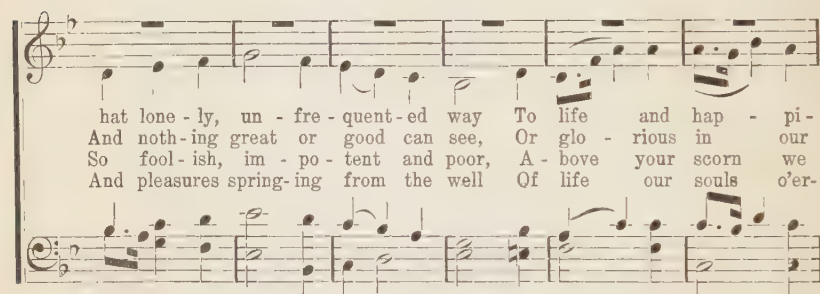
(S. M. D.)

Evan Stephens.

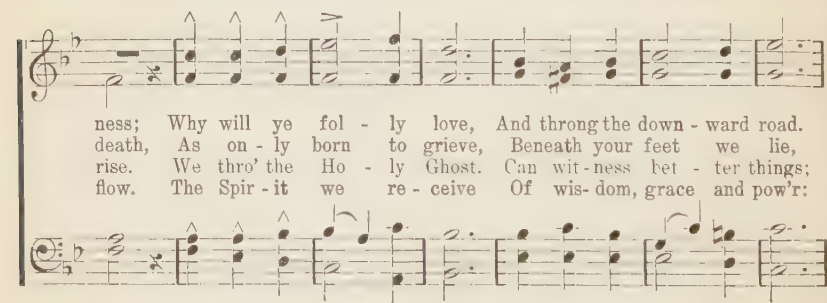
*Moderato.* (♩ = 60.)



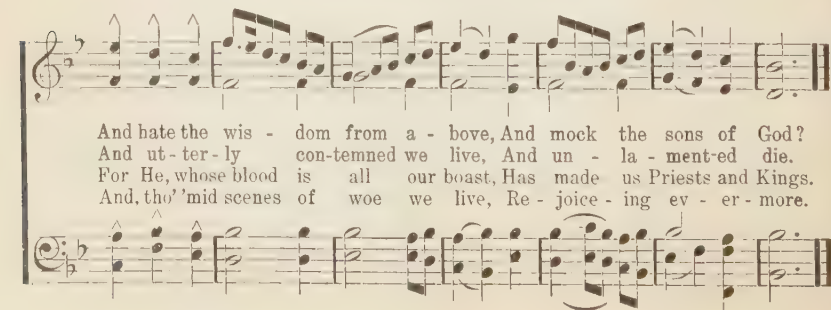
1. Ye sim - ple souls who stray Far from the path of peace,  
 2. Mad - ness and mis - er - ry Ye count our life be - neath,  
 3. So wretch - ed and ob - scure, The man whom ye de - spise,  
 4. Rich - es un - search - a - ble In Je - sus' love we know;



hat lone - ly, un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi -  
 And noth - ing great or good can see, Or glo - rious in our  
 So fool - ish, im - po - tent and poor, A - bove your scorn we  
 And pleasures spring - ing from the well Of life our souls o'er -



ness; Why will ye fol - ly love, And throng the down - ward road.  
 death, As on - ly born to grieve, Beneath your feet we lie,  
 rise. We thro' the Ho - ly Ghost. Can wit - ness bet - ter things;  
 flow. The Spir - it we re - ceive Of wis - dom, grace and pow'r:



And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?  
 And ut - ter - ly con - temned we live, And un - la - ment - ed die.  
 For He, whose blood is all our boast, Has made us Priests and Kings.  
 And, tho' mid scenes of woe we live, Re - joice - ing ev - er - more.



## Ye Simple Souls Who Stray.

5 Angels our servants are,  
And keep in all our ways;  
And in their watchful hands they bear  
The sacred sons of grace;  
Unto that heavenly bliss  
They all our steps attend,  
And God Himself our Father is,  
And Jesus is our Friend.

6 With Him we walk in white,  
We in His image shine;  
Our robes are robes of glorious light,  
Our righteousness divine.  
On all the kings of earth  
With pity we look down;  
And claim, in virtue of our birth,  
A never-fading crown.

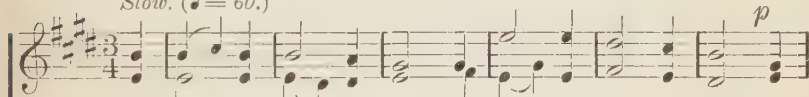
## No. 156. Ye Children of Our God.

Parley P. Pratt.

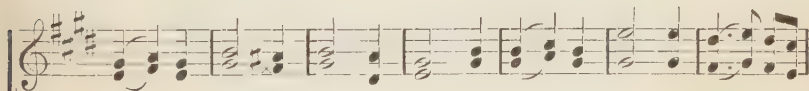
(S. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Slow. (♩ = 60.)*



1. Ye chil-dren of our God, Ye Saints of lat-ter days, Sur-  
2. He gives His flesh and blood, Our souls to pur-i-fy, And  
3. We do re-mem-ber Him, His sor-row, pain and death, And  
4. He tri-umphed o'er the grave, And then as-cend-ed high, Where



round the ta-ble of our Lord, Sur-round the ta-ble of our  
bless-es us with ev-'ry good, And bless-es us with ev-'ry  
how with pow'r He rose a-gain, And how with pow'r He rose a-  
throned in pow'r, He sits to save, Where throned in pow'r, He sits to



Lord, And join to sing His praise, And join to sing His praise.  
good, And thus He brings us nigh, And thus He brings us nigh.  
gain, Tri-um-phant from the earth, Tri-um-phant from the earth.  
save, And bring the sin-ner nigh, And bring the sin-ner nigh.



5 He soon will come again,  
And with His people taste  
The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
With His own presence blest.

6 Arrayed in spotless white,  
We'll then each other greet,  
And see Messiah throned in might  
And worship at His feet.



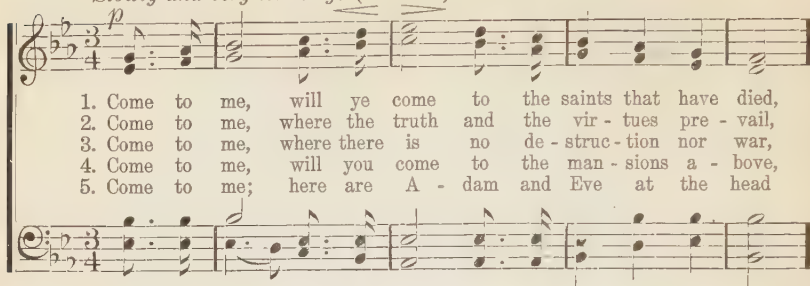
# No. 157. Come to Me, Will Ye Come to the Saints that Have Died.

William W. Phelps.

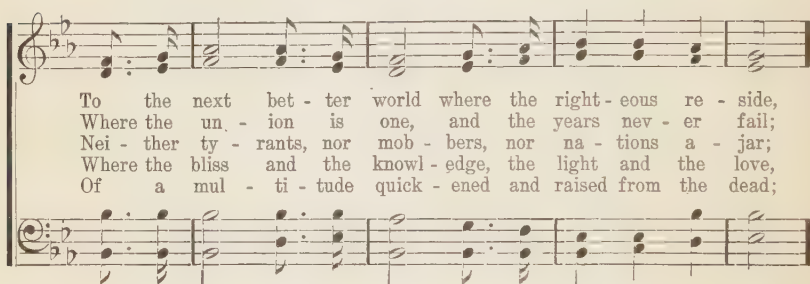
(12's.)

Evan Stephens.

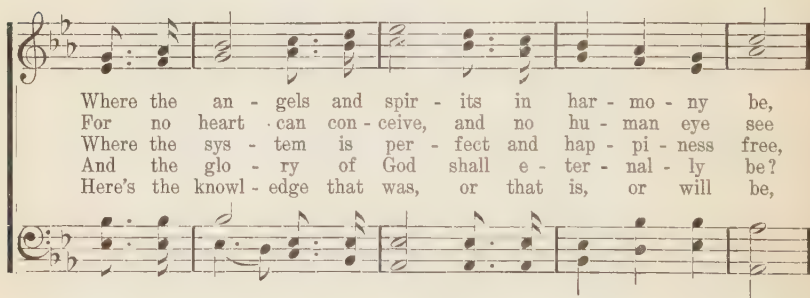
*Slowly and very tenderly.* (♩ = 72.)



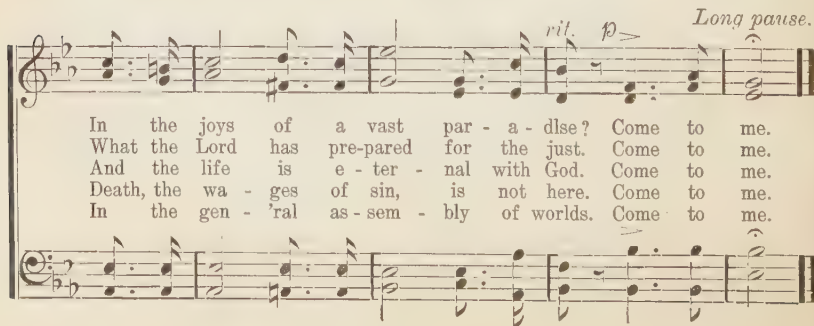
1. Come to me, will ye come to the saints that have died,  
 2. Come to me, where the truth and the vir - tues pre - vail,  
 3. Come to me, where there is no de - struc - tion nor war,  
 4. Come to me, will you come to the man - sions a - bove,  
 5. Come to me; here are A - dam and Eve at the head



To the next bet - ter world where the right - eous re - side,  
 Where the un - ion is one, and the years nev - er fail;  
 Nei - ther ty - rants, nor mob - bers, nor na - tions a - jar;  
 Where the bliss and the knowl - edge, the light and the love,  
 Of a mul - ti - tude quick - ened and raised from the dead;



Where the an - gels and spir - its in har - mo - ny be,  
 For no heart can con - ceive, and no hu - man eye see  
 Where the sys - tem is per - fect and hap - pi - ness free,  
 And the glo - ry of God shall e - ter - nal - ly be?  
 Here's the knowl - edge that was, or that is, or will be,



*rit. p* Long pause.  
 In the joys of a vast par - a - dse? Come to me.  
 What the Lord has pre - pared for the just. Come to me.  
 And the life is e - ter - nal with God. Come to me.  
 Death, the wa - ges of sin, is not here. Come to me.  
 In the gen - 'ral as - sem - bly of worlds. Come to me.

# Come to Me, Will Ye Come to the Saints that Have Died.

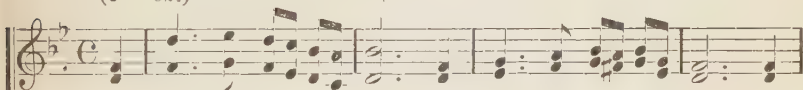
- 6 Come to me: here are mysteries man hath not seen,  
Here's our Father in heaven, and Mother, the Queen.  
Here are worlds that have been, and the worlds yet to be,  
Here's eternity endless; amen. Come to me.
- 7 Come to me, all ye faithfull and blest of Nauvoo,  
Come, ye Twelve, and ye High Priests, and Seventies, too,  
Come, ye Elders, and all of the great company,  
When your work you have finished on earth, come to me.
- 8 Come to me; here's the future, the present, and past,  
Here is Alpha, Omega, the first and the last,  
Here's the "Fountain," the "River of Life," and the "Tree!"  
Here's your Prophet and Seer, Joseph Smith. Come to me.

## No. 158. Come, O Thou King of Kings.

Parley P. Pratt.

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

(♩ = 92.)

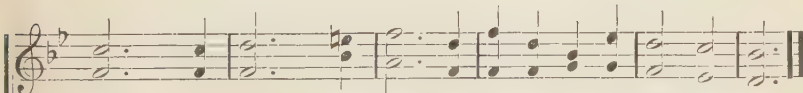


1. Come, O Thou King of kings—We've wait - ed long for Thee,— With  
2. Come, make an end to sin, And cleanse the earth by fire, And  
3. Ho - san - nas now shall sound From all the ransomed throng, And  
4. Hail! Prince of Life and Peace! Thrice wel - come to Thy throne! While



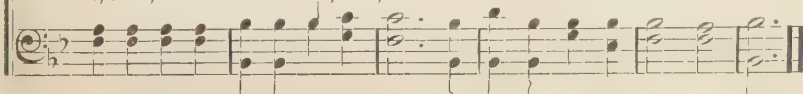
heal - ing in Thy wings, To set Thy peo - ple free; Come, Thou de -  
righteousness bring in, That saints may tune the lyre, With songs of  
glo - ry ech - o round A new tri - umph - al song; The wide ex -  
all the chos - en race Their Lord and Sav - iour own. The hea - then

1. Come, Thou de -



sire of na - tions, come, Let Is - rael now be gath - ered home.  
joy, a hap - pier strain, To wel - come in Thy peace - ful reign.  
panse of heav - en fill With anthems sweet from Zi - on's hill.  
na - tions bow the knee, And ev'ry tongue sounds praise to Thee.

sire, Come, Thou desire of nations, come,



# No. 159. On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

John Kelly.

(8's, 7's & 4.)

(♩ = 72.)

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands! }  
 { Wel-come news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands! }  
 2. { Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo-ry! God Him-self ap-pears thy Friend; }  
 { All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasted tri-umphs end; }  
 3. { En-e-mies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed; }  
 { For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Mak-er's fav-or blest: }

Mourn-ing captive! Mourning captive! God Him-self shall loose thy bands.  
 Great de-liv'rance, Great de-liv'rance Zi-on's King vouchsafes to send.  
 All thy conflicts, All thy conflicts End in an e-ter-nal rest.  
 1. God Himself,

# No. 160. To Him Who Rules on High.

William Clegg.

(S. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

*f* With firm devotion. (♩ = 66.) *cres.*

1. To Him who rules on high, Whom heav'nly hosts a-dore, The  
 2. Let Saints their voic-es raise, His wondrous love to sing, U-  
 3. Ex-tol the wis-dom great That fram'd sal-va-tion's scheme, Which  
 4. Sing of the glor-ious time When all will own His sway, And

sovereign Lord of earth and sky, Be glo-ry ev-er-more.  
 nite with one ac-cord to praise Their Fa-ther and their King.  
 not a-lone could man cre-ate, But fall-en man re-deem.  
 sound His praise in song sub-lime, In realms of end-less day.

# No. 161.

# See! All Creation Joins.

William W. Phelps.

(S. M.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

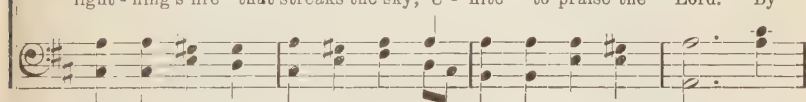
(♩ = 161.)



1. See! all cre - a - tion joins To praise th'e-ter - nal God; The
2. He built those worlds a - above, And fixed their wondrous frame, By
3. The broad ex - panse on high, With all the heav'n's af - ford, The



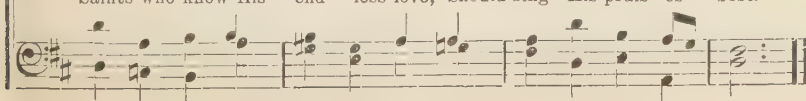
heav'n - ly hosts be - gin the song, And sound His name a - broad. The  
His com-mand they stand or move, And al - ways speak His fame. The  
light - ning's fire that streaks the sky, U - nite to praise the Lord. By



sun with gold - en beams, The moon with sil - ver rays, The  
flee - cy clouds that rise, Or fall - ing show'rs, or snow, The  
all that shines a - bove, His glo - ry is ex - pressed; But



star - ry light's and twink - ling flames, Shine to their Mak - er's praise.  
thun - der roll - ing round the skies, His power and glo - ry show.  
Saints who know His end - less love, Should sing His prais - es best.



## No. 162.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

(11's &amp; 10's.)

Samuel Webbe.

(♩ = 80.)

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish! Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,  
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.  
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.  
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

## No. 163. Beloved Brethren, Sing His Praise.

(C. M.)

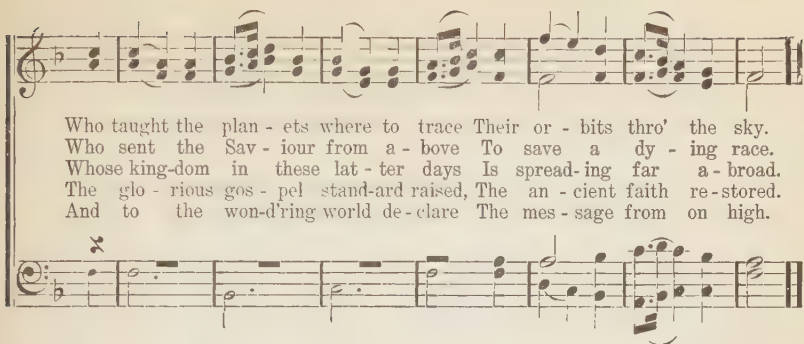
Old English Tune.

(♩ = 12.)

1. Be - lov - ed breth - ren, sing His praise Who formed the worlds on high;  
 2. O sing the fer - vor of His love, The won - ders of His grace,  
 3. In songs de - clare the works and ways Of our E - ter - nal God,  
 4. In Zi - on let His name be praised, Who has a feast pre - pared,  
 5. Swift her - alds, the glad news to bear O'er land and o - cean, fly;



## Beloved Brethren, Sing His Praise.



Who taught the plan - ets where to trace Their or - bits thro' the sky.  
 Who sent the Sav - iour from a - bove To save a dy - ing race.  
 Whose king - dom in these lat - ter days Is spread - ing far a - broad.  
 The glo - rious gos - pel stand - ard raised, The an - cient faith re - stored.  
 And to the won - d'ring world de - clare The mes - sage from on high.

6 Ye nations of the earth attend!  
 Let kings and princes hear,  
 And all the powers of darkness bend—  
 Messiah's reign is near.

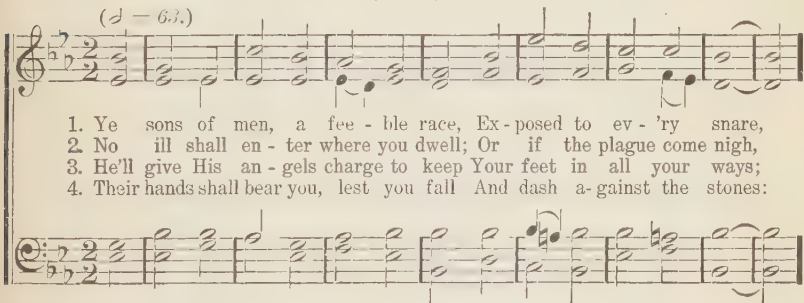
7 The Saviour comes! Ye saints, be pure,  
 And fix your hearts on high;  
 Lift up your heads, rejoice, for your  
 Redemption draweth nigh.

## No. 164. Ye Sons of Men, a Feeble Race.

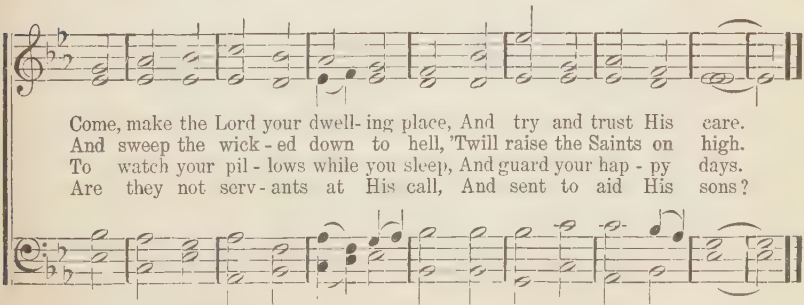
Isaac Watts.

(C. M.)

(♩ = 63.)



1. Ye sons of men, a fee - ble race, Ex - posed to ev - 'ry snare,  
 2. No ill shall en - ter where you dwell; Or if the plague come nigh,  
 3. He'll give His an - gels charge to keep Your feet in all your ways;  
 4. Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall And dash a - gainst the stones:



Come, make the Lord your dwell - ing place, And try and trust His care.  
 And sweep the wick - ed down to hell, 'Twill raise the Saints on high.  
 To watch your pil - lows while you sleep, And guard your hap - py days.  
 Are they not serv - ants at His call, And sent to aid His sons?

5 Because on Me they set their love,  
 I'll save them, saith the Lord;  
 I'll bear the joyful souls above  
 Destruction and the sword.

6 My grace shall answer when they call,  
 In trouble I'll be nigh;  
 My power shall help them when they fall,  
 And raise them when they die.



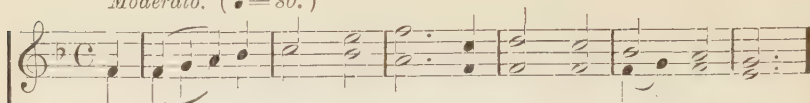
# No. 165. All Hail the New-Born Year!

Parley P. Pratt.

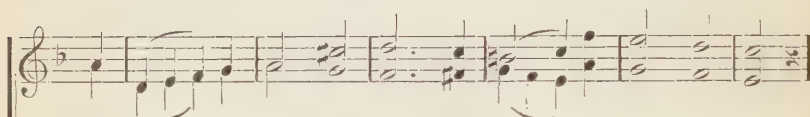
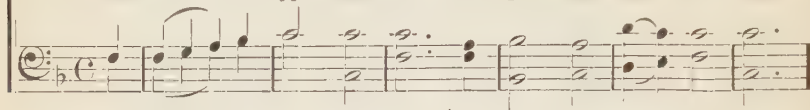
(4-6's & 2-8's.)

Geo. Careless.

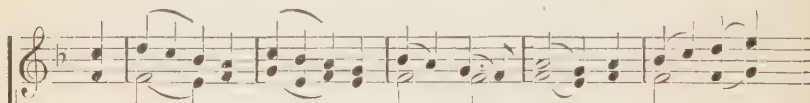
*Moderato.* (♩ = 80.)



1. All hail the new-born year! Thrice wel-come to the Saints,
2. When life shall spring a-new, And veg-e-ta-tion bloom,
3. These but a type shall be Of glo-ries more sub-lime;



Whose com-ing Lord is near, To end their long com-plaints:  
And flow'rs of var-ied hue Will spread a rich per-fume,  
A won-drous ju-bi-lee Hangs on the wings of time.



Sweet hope still perch-ing on thy wing, An-tic-i-  
While hap-py birds fill ev-'ry grove With songs of  
Near and more near does heav-en come, Near and more



pates a hap-pier spring, An-tic-i-pates a hap-pier spring.  
joy and light and love, With songs of joy and light and love.  
near the sin-ner's doom, Near and more near the sin-ner's doom.



# All Hail the New-Born Year!

4 Come, tune your harps anew,  
And join in hymns of praise  
To Him whose power we view  
In these eventful days,  
Whose arm shall make the nations yield,  
Shall conquer death and win the field.

5 All hail the glorious King  
Of righteousness and peace!  
Thy promises we sing,  
And hope for quick release;  
Let Zion find her promised rest,  
And nations in her court be blest.

## No. 166. "Now," is the Voice that Nature Breathes.

(8's & 6's.)

Mrs. Lydia Huntly Sigourney.

Geo. Careless.

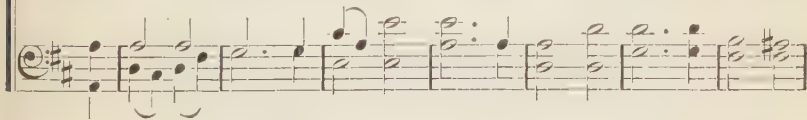
*Moderato.* (♩ = 90.)



1. "Now," is the voice that na - ture breathes To those her book can read;  
2. "Now," is the word that wis - dom writes On pal - ace, hall and bow'r;  
3. "Now," saith the Spir - it from on high, "Now," saith the page sub - lime;  
4. Now, tho' an - oth - er morn may rise In pur - ple and in gold,  
5. Now, not to - mor - row, oh, my soul, O - bey thy Mak - er's call,



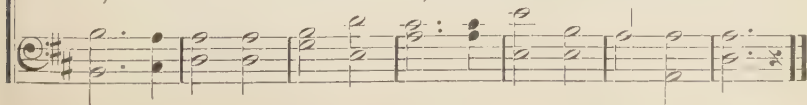
The change - ful cloud, the fleet - ing beam, The fad - ing rose, the rest - less  
The bur - ied past from hope is free; The fu - ture, what is that to  
To - mor - row hath its load of cares, To - mor - row's hand no prom - ise  
Thine eye made dim by fail - ing breath And shroud - ed in the dust of  
Lest dark - ly on the scroll of fate Stand forth the dread - ful doom - too



*a tempo.*



stream Con - firm her warn - ing creed, Con - firm her warn - ing creed.  
thee? Im - prove the pres - ent hour, Im - prove the pres - ent hour.  
bears Of the "ac - cept - ed time," Of the "ac - cept - ed time."  
death, May not its light be - hold, May not its light be - hold.  
late, And thou be 'reft of all, And thou be 'reft of all.



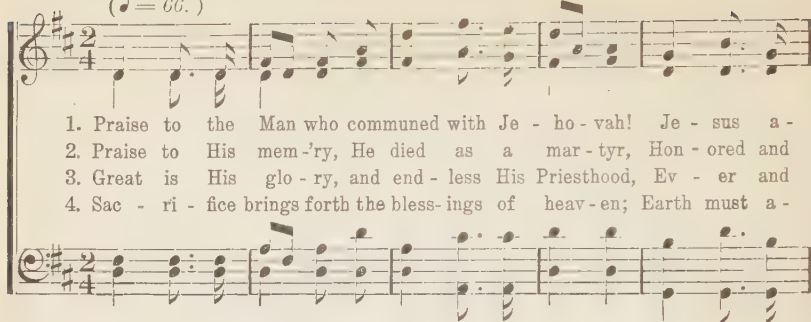
## No. 167.

## Praise to the Man.

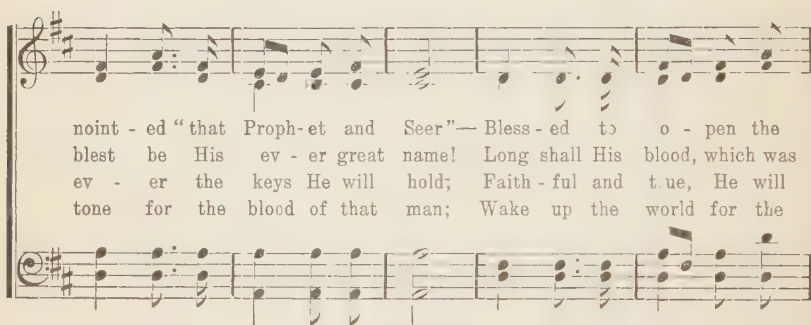
William W. Phelps.

(11's &amp; 10's.)

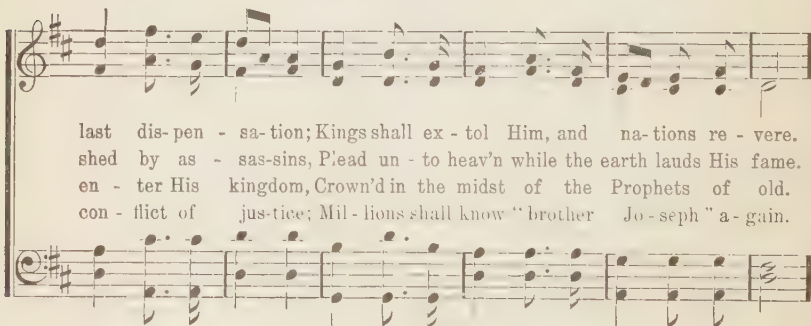
(♩ = 66.)



1. Praise to the Man who communed with Je - ho - vah! Je - sus a -  
 2. Praise to His mem-'ry, He died as a mar - tyr, Hon - ored and  
 3. Great is His glo - ry, and end - less His Priesthood, Ev - er and  
 4. Sac - ri - fice brings forth the bless - ings of heav - en; Earth must a -

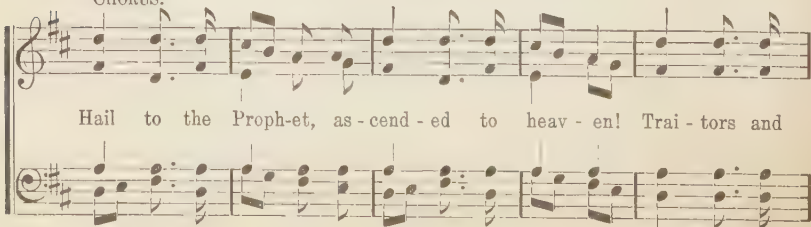


noint - ed "that Proph-et and Seer"—Bless - ed to o - pen the  
 blest be His ev - er great name! Long shall His blood, which was  
 ev - er the keys He will hold; Faith - ful and true, He will  
 tone for the blood of that man; Wake up the world for the



last dis - pen - sa - tion; Kings shall ex - tol Him, and na - tions re - vere.  
 shed by as - sas - sins, Plead un - to heav'n while the earth lauds His fame.  
 en - ter His kingdom, Crown'd in the midst of the Prophets of old.  
 con - flict of jus - tice; Mil - lions shall know "brother Jo - seph" a - gain.

## CHORUS.



Hail to the Proph-et, as - cend - ed to heav - en! Trai - tors and

## Praise to the Man.

ty - rants now fight Him in vain; Min - gling with Gods, He can  
plan for His brethren; Death can - not con - quer the He - ro a - gain.

## No. 168. The Night is Wearing Fast Away.

Parley P. Pratt.

(8's & 7's.)

Edward P. Kimball.

*p* With tender fervor. ( $\text{♩} = 50.$ ) *mf*

1. The night is wearing fast a - way, A stream of life is dawn - ing,  
2. The night has dark and gloomy been, And long the way and drear - y;  
3. Ye mournful pilgrims, cease your tears And hush each each sigh of sor - row;  
4. Lift up your heads! be-hold from far A flood of splendor stream - ing!  
5. And see that star-like host a - round, Of an - gel bands, at - tend - ing;

Sweet harbin - ger of that bright day, The fair Mil - len - nial morn - ing.  
And sad the weep - ing Saints are seen, And faint, and worn, and wea - ry.  
The light of that bright morn ap - pears, The long Sab - bat - ic mor - row.  
It is the bright and Morn - ing Star, In liv - ing lus - tre beam - ing.  
Hark! hark! the trumpet's joy - ful sound, 'Mid shouts of triumph blend - ing.

6 He comes, the Bridegroom promised long;

Go forth with joy to meet Him,  
And raise the new and nuptial song,  
In cheerful strains to greet Him.

7 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,

While bridal strains are swelling;  
He comes with thee all joys to share  
And make this earth His dwelling.

# No. 169. Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds with Frost in Your Breath.

Charles W. Penrose.

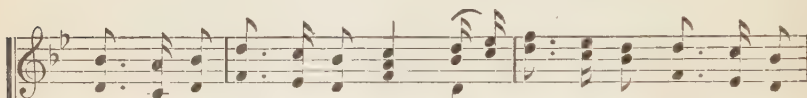
(10's.)

Old Scotch Air.

(♩ = 80.)



1. Blow gen - tly, ye wild winds with frost in your breath, That smite the glad
2. Fell De - mon of Pain, with mer - ci - less eye, Look not on my
3. Bright an - gel of gladness, so calm, yet so strong, Sweet Spir - it of

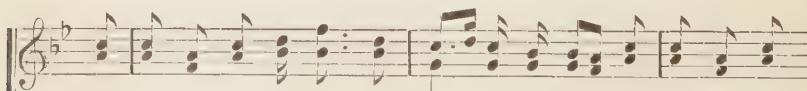
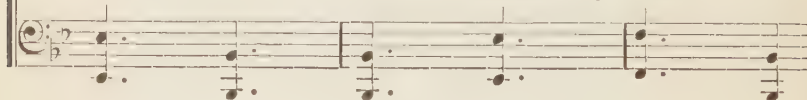


stream with the chill hand of death,  
dwell - ing, pass has - ti - ly by;  
Hope, as thou glid - est a - long

When shriek - ing and fierce o'er the  
Thou wrin - kle - browed Want; keep a -  
On thy mis - sion of peace to the



mountains ye come, Blow gen - tly, I pray, on my loved ones at home!  
way from my door, That thy shad - cw may fall on my loved ones no more,  
souls who are tried, O, rest for a while where my loved ones re - side!

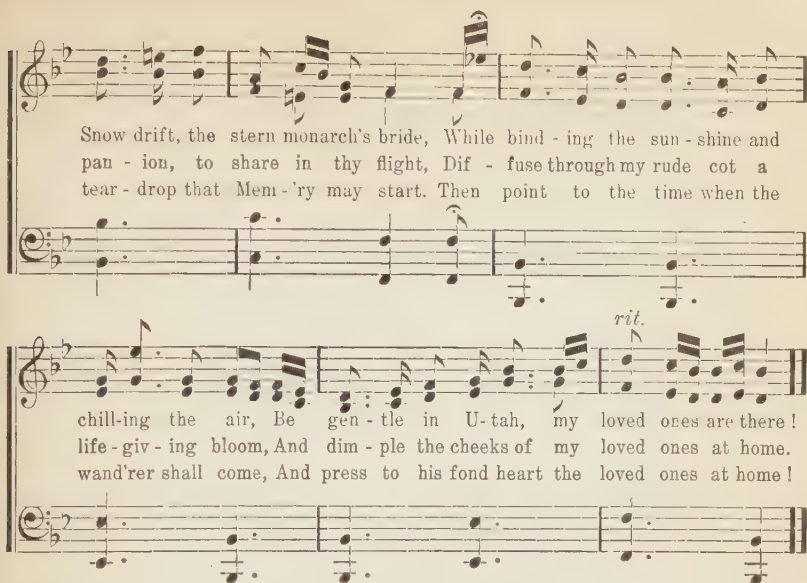


Thou ice-crowned King Winter, with storms at thy side, Thou white-breasted  
Go, ros - y-faced Laughter on pin - ions of light, Take Health, thy com -  
Bid Fear, Doubt and Sadness for - ev - er de - part, And dry up the





# Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds with Frost in Your Breath.



Snow drift, the stern monarch's bride, While bind - ing the sun - shine and  
pan - ion, to share in thy flight, Dif - fuse through my rude cot a  
tear - drop that Men - 'ry may start. Then point to the time when the

chill - ing the air, Be gen - tle in U - tah, my loved ones are there !  
life - giv - ing bloom, And dim - ple the cheeks of my loved ones at home.  
wand'rer shall come, And press to his fond heart the loved ones at home !

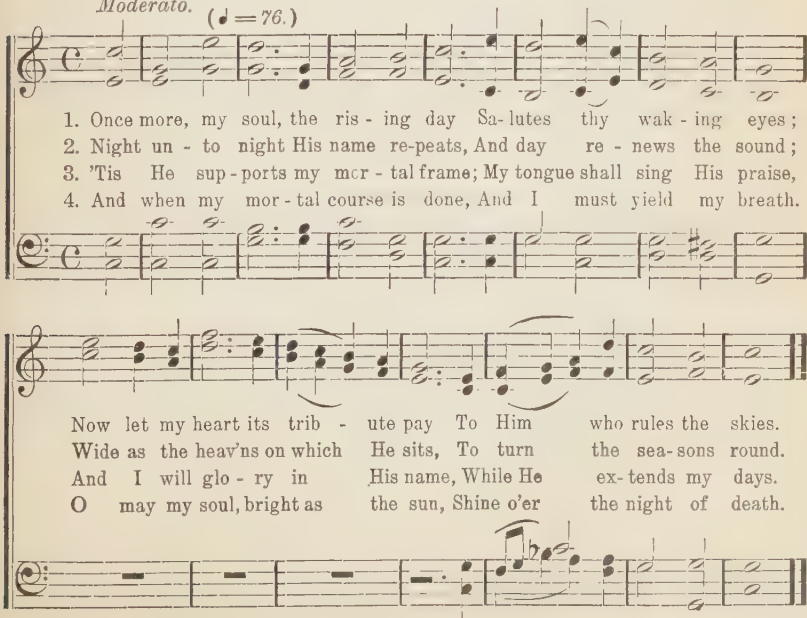
## No. 170. Once More, My Soul, the Rising Day.

Isaac Watts.

( C. M. )

Mrs. Lavinia Careless.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 76.)



1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes ;  
2. Night un - to night His name re - peats, And day re - news the sound ;  
3. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame ; My tongue shall sing His praise,  
4. And when my mor - tal course is done, And I must yield my breath.

Now let my heart its trib - ute pay To Him who rules the skies.  
Wide as the heav'n's on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.  
And I will glo - ry in His name, While He ex - tends my days.  
O may my soul, bright as the sun, Shine o'er the night of death.




# No. 171. Take Courage, Saints, and Faint Not by the Way.

James Crystal.

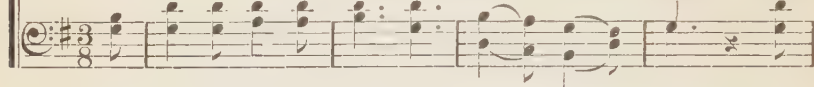

(10's.)

Edna H. Coray.



(♩. = 60.)





1. Take cour-age, Saints, and faint not by the way, Though  
 2. The dark-est hour is just be - fore the dawn, Yet  
 3. 'Tis meet that some should now and then be left To  
 4. No vain as - pir - ing can the soul af - ford; God's

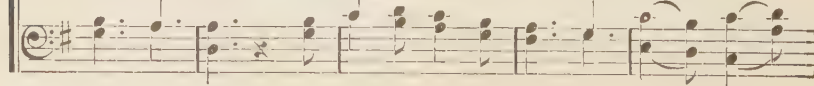
storm-clouds thick and fast be hov'r - ing nigh; The sun proclaims the  
 who shall doubt the fast ap-proach - ing morn? Or when we see the  
 blind - ly grope in life's se - ques - tered shade, To feel their breast of  
 search - ing eyes will ev - 'ry vice as - sail: The wrong must per - ish

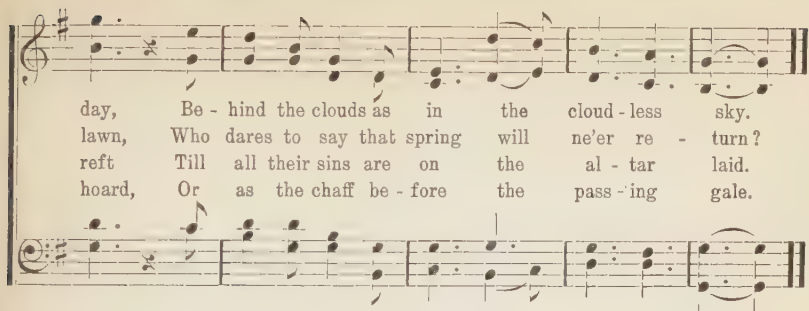
glo - ry of the day, Be - hind the clouds as in the  
 snow-clad hedge and lawn, Who dares to say that spring will  
 life and hope be - reft, Till all their sins are on the  
 like the mis - er's hoard, Or as the chaff be - fore the

cloud - less sky. The sun proclaims the glo - ry of the  
 ne'er re - turn? Or when see we the snow-clad hedge and  
 al - tar laid. To feel their breast of life and hope be -  
 pass - ing gale. The wrong must per-ish like the mis - er's



# Take Courage, Saints, and Faint Not by the Way.



day, Be - hind the clouds as in the cloud - less sky.  
lawn, Who dares to say that spring will ne'er re - turn?  
reft Till all their sins are on the al - tar laid.  
hoard, Or as the chaff be - fore the pass - ing gale.

5 God knows the proper path to lead us in,  
And what is best that we should do and know  
To win the victory over death and sin,  
And fit us for the reign of peace below.

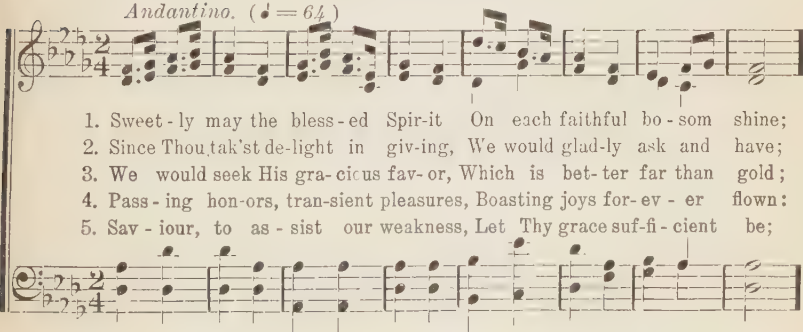
6 Let not the heart be sad at trials here,  
But sense how e'en the Saviour suffered ill;  
He bore the cruel thorn, the galling spear,  
To glorify His Father's holy will.

## No. 172. Sweetly May the Blessed Spirit.

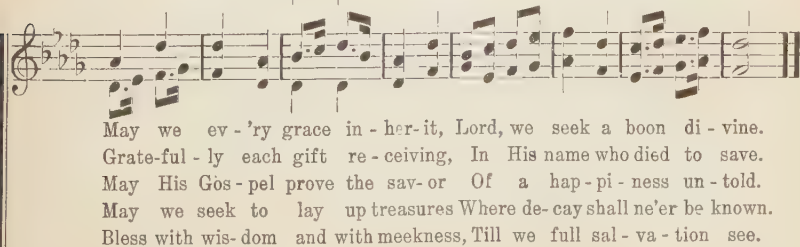
( 8's & 7's. )

Evan Stephens.

*Andantino.* (♩ = 64)



1. Sweet - ly may the bless - ed Spir - it On each faithful bo - som shine;  
2. Since Thou tak'st de - light in giv - ing, We would glad - ly ask and have;  
3. We would seek His gra - cious fav - or, Which is bet - ter far than gold;  
4. Pass - ing hon - ors, tran - sient pleasures, Boasting joys for - ev - er flown;  
5. Sav - iour, to as - sist our weakness, Let Thy grace suf - fi - cient be;



May we ev - 'ry grace in - her - it, Lord, we seek a boon di - vine.  
Grate - ful - ly each gift re - ceiving, In His name who died to save.  
May His Gos - pel prove the sav - or Of a hap - pi - ness un - told.  
May we seek to lay up treasures Where de - cay shall ne'er be known.  
Bless with wis - dom and with meekness, Till we full sal - va - tion see.



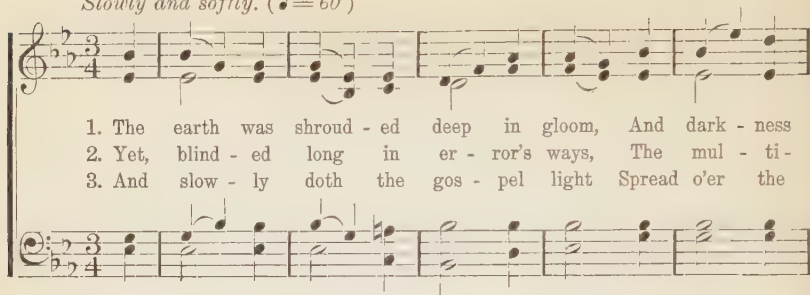
# No. 173. The Earth was Shrouded Deep in Gloom.

Evan Stephens.

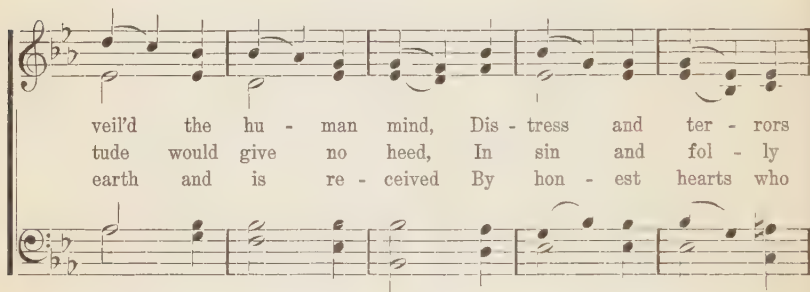
(6-8's.)

Mozart.

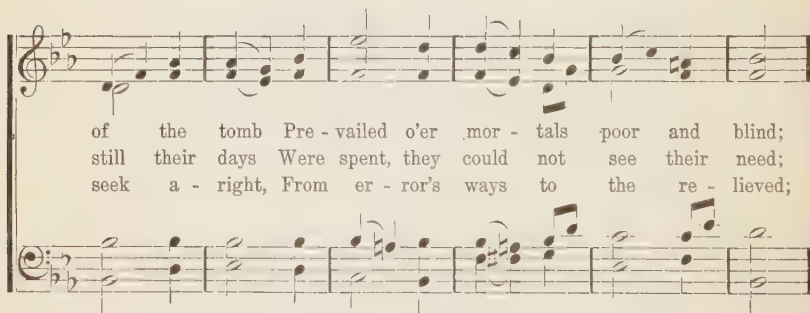
*Slowly and softly. (♩ = 60)*



1. The earth was shroud - ed deep in gloom, And dark - ness  
 2. Yet, blind - ed long in er - ror's ways, The mul - ti -  
 3. And slow - ly doth the gos - pel light Spread o'er the

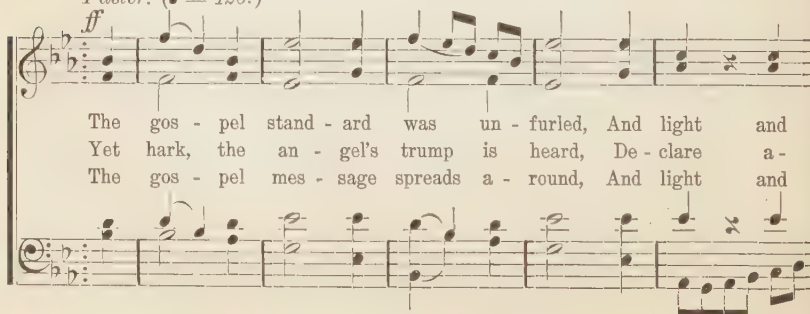


veil'd the hu - man mind, Dis - tress and ter - rors  
 tude would give no heed, In sin and fol - ly  
 earth and is re - ceived By hon - est hearts who



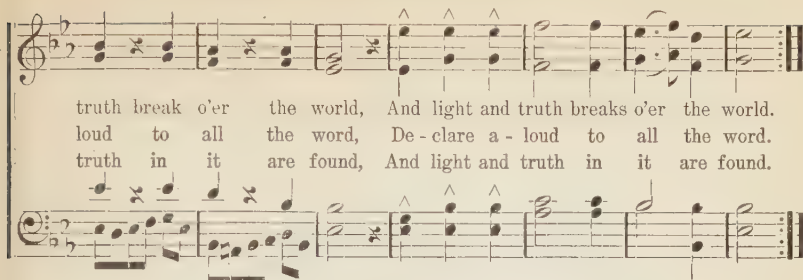
of the tomb Pre - vailed o'er mor - tals poor and blind;  
 still their days Were spent, they could not see their need;  
 seek a - right, From er - ror's ways to the re - lieved;

*Faster. (♩ = 126.)*



**ff**  
 The gos - pel stand - ard was un - furled, And light and  
 Yet hark, the an - gel's trump is heard, De - clare a -  
 The gos - pel mes - sage spreads a - round, And light and

## The Earth was Shrouded Deep in Gloom.



truth break o'er the world, And light and truth breaks o'er the world.  
 loud to all the word, De - clare a - loud to all the word.  
 truth in it are found, And light and truth in it are found.

## No. 174. Though in the Outward Church Below.

(6-8's.)

Music No. 173.

- 1 Though in the outward Church below  
 Both wheat and tares together grow,  
 Ere long will Jesus weed the crop,  
 And pluck the tares in anger up.  
 For soon the reaping time will come.  
 And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Will it relieve the horror there  
 To recollect their stations here—  
 How much they heard, how much they  
 knew?  
 How much among the wheat they grew?
- 3 No; this will aggravate their case;  
 They perish under means of grace;  
 To them the word of life and faith  
 Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when here we meet,  
 Strangers may think we are all wheat;  
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
 Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spared for various ends,  
 Some for the sake of praying friends,  
 Others the Lord against their will,  
 Employs, His counsels to fulfill.
- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,  
 His plan will not require them long;  
 In harvest, when He saves His own,  
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 O! awful thought, and is it so?  
 Must all mankind the harvest know?  
 Is every man a wheat or tare?  
 Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare.

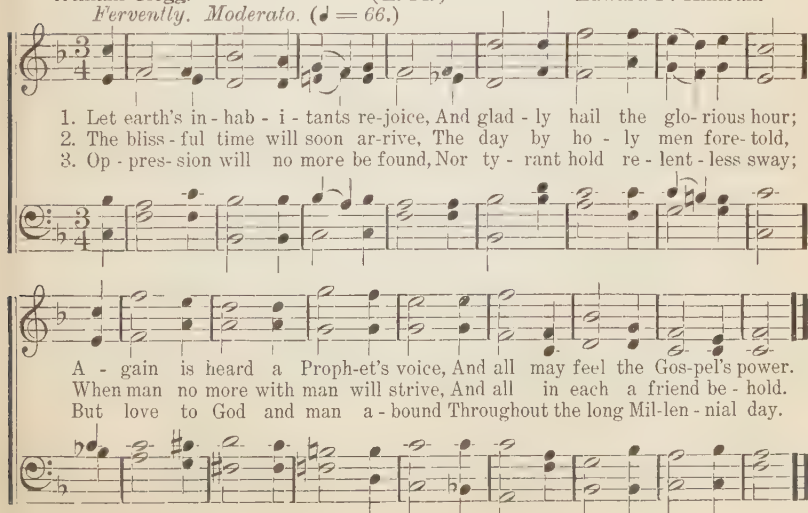
## No. 175. Let Earth's Inhabitants Rejoice.

William Clegg.

(L. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

*Fervently. Moderato.* (♩ = 66.)



1. Let earth's in - hab - i - tants re-joyce, And glad - ly hail the glo - rious hour;  
 2. The bliss - ful time will soon ar-rive, The day by ho - ly men fore-told,  
 3. Op - pres - sion will no more be found, Nor ty - rant hold re - lent - less sway;

A - gain is heard a Proph-et's voice, And all may feel the Gos-pel's power.  
 When man no more with man will strive, And all in each a friend be - hold.  
 But love to God and man a - bound Throughout the long Mil-len - nial day.

# No. 176. Come, Holy Ghost, Our Hearts Inspire.

Wesley's Collection.

(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

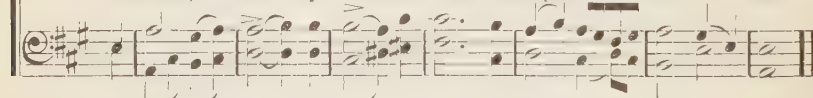
(♩ = 54.)



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our hearts in-spire, Let us Thine in-fluence prove;
2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost; for moved by Thee, The prophets moved and spoke;
3. Ex-pand thy wings, ce-les-tial dove, Brood o'er our na-ture's night;
4. God, thro' Him-self, we then shall know If Thou with-in us shine,



The source of old pro-phet-ic fire, The fount of light and love.  
Un-lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un-seal the sa-cred book.  
On our dis-or-dered spir-its move, And let there now be light.  
And sound, with all Thy Saints be-low, The depth of love di-vine.



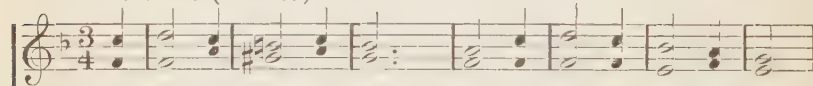
# No. 177. Farewell, Dear Friends and Brethren.

William W. Phelps.

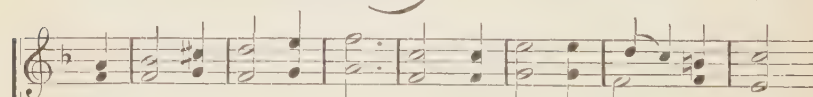
(7's & 6's.)

Geo. Careless.

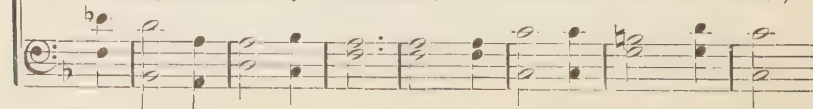
*Moderato.* (♩ = 69.)



1. Fare-well, dear friends and breth-ren, We give the part-ing hand;
2. Fare-well, dear wives and chil-dren, Who ren-der life so sweet,
3. Fare-well, ye scenes of child-hood And fan-cies of our youth;
4. Fare-well, all car-nal pleas-ures, Which gild the scenes of mirth,

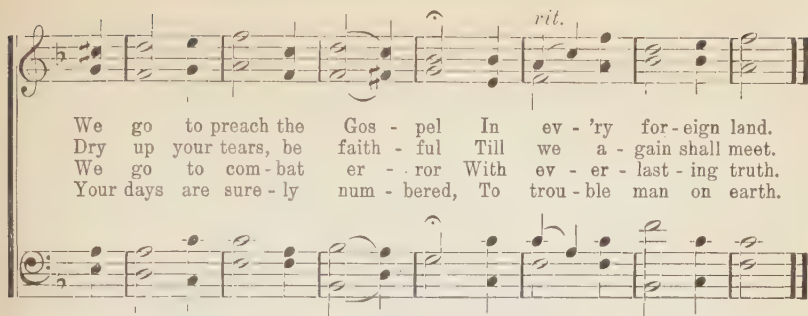


We go to preach the Gos-pel In ev-'ry for-ain land,  
Dry up your tears, be faith-ful Till we a-gain shall meet,  
We go to com-bat er-ror With ev-er-last-ing truth,  
Your days are sure-ly num-bered, To trou-ble man on earth,





## Farewell, Our Friends and Brethren.



*rit.*

We go to preach the Gos - pel In ev - 'ry for - eign land.  
 Dry up your tears, be faith - ful Till we a - gain shall meet.  
 We go to com - bat er - ror With ev - er - last - ing truth.  
 Your days are sure - ly num - bered, To trou - ble man on earth.

5 Farewell, farewell, our country;  
 Our home is now abroad,  
 To labor in the vineyard,  
 In righteousness for God.

6 The gallant ships are ready  
 To bear us o'er the sea,  
 To gather up the blessed,  
 That Zion may be free.

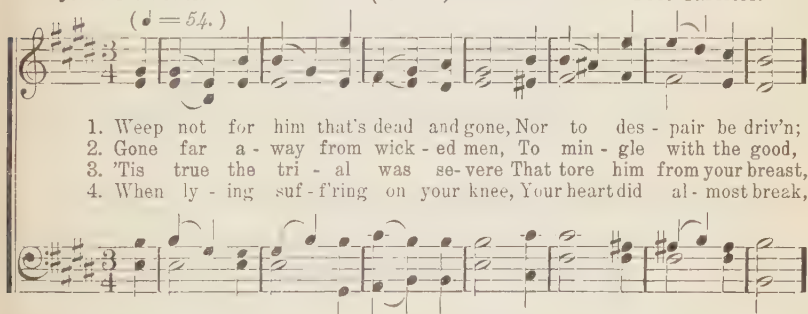
## No. 178. Weep Not for Him That's Dead and Gone.

John Clements.

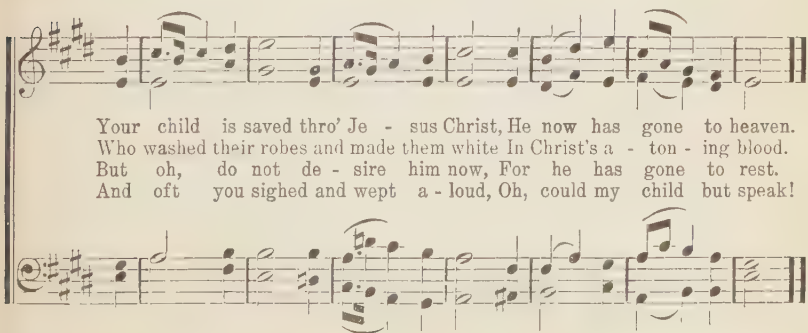
( C. M. )

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 54.)



1. Weep not for him that's dead and gone, Nor to des - pair be driv'n;  
 2. Gone far a - way from wick - ed men, To min - gle with the good,  
 3. 'Tis true the tri - al was se - vere That tore him from your breast,  
 4. When ly - ing suf - f'ring on your knee, Your heart did al - most break,



Your child is saved thro' Je - sus Christ, He now has gone to heaven.  
 Who washed their robes and made them white In Christ's a - ton - ing blood.  
 But oh, do not de - sire him now, For he has gone to rest.  
 And oft you sighed and wept a - loud, Oh, could my child but speak!

5 And still you mourn his absence now,  
 And think you are bereaved;  
 Sister, look up, thy God is good!  
 Woman, thy child is saved!

6 Shed not for him the bitter tear,  
 Nor yield to sore regret;  
 'Tis but the casket that lies here,  
 The gem is sparkling yet.



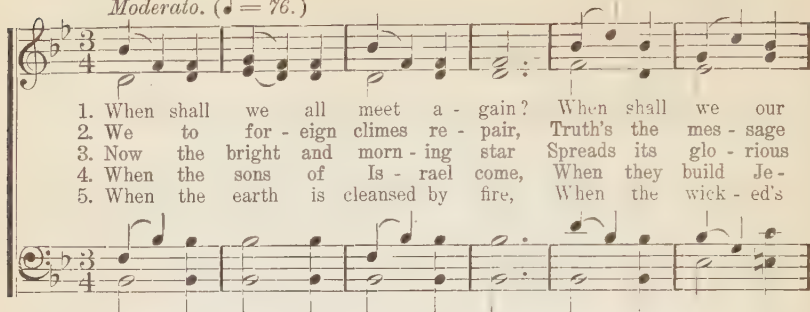
# No. 179. When Shall We All Meet Again?

Parley P. Pratt.

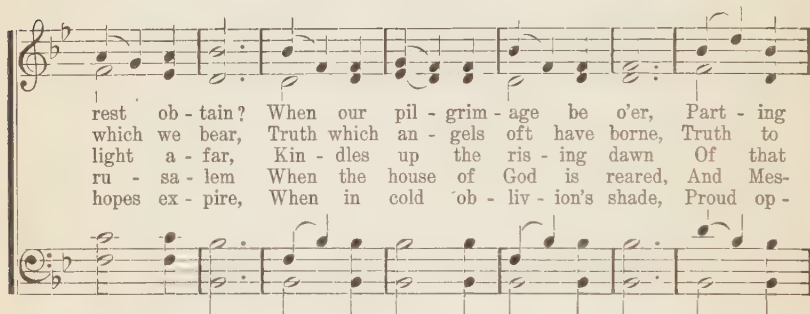
(6-7's.)

Thomas C. Griggs.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 76.)

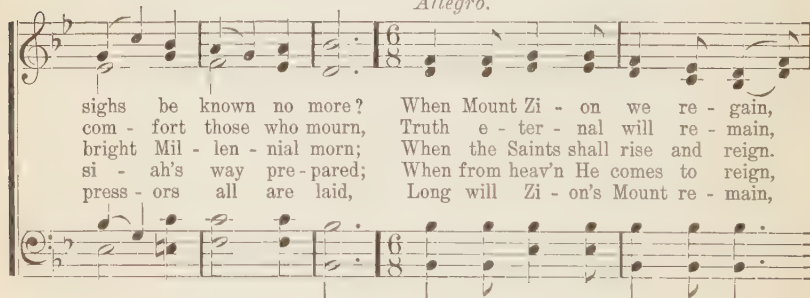


1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we our  
 2. We to for - eign climes re - pair, Truth's the mes - sage  
 3. Now the bright and morn - ing star, Spreads its glo - rious  
 4. When the sons of Is - rael come, When they build Je -  
 5. When the earth is cleansed by fire, When the wick - ed's



rest ob - tain? When our pil - grim - age be o'er, Part - ing  
 which we bear, Truth which an - gels oft have borne, Truth to  
 light a - far, Kin - dles up the ris - ing dawn Of that  
 ru - sa - lem When the house of God is reared, And Mes -  
 hopes ex - pire, When in cold 'ob - liv - ion's shade, Proud op -

*Allegro.*



sighs be known no more? When Mount Zi - on we re - gain,  
 com - fort those who mourn, Truth e - ter - nal will re - main,  
 bright Mil - len - nial morn; When the Saints shall rise and reign.  
 si - ah's way pre - pared; When from heav'n He comes to reign,  
 press - ors all are laid, Long will Zi - on's Mount re - main,



There may we all meet a - gain, There may we, may  
 On its rock we'll meet a - gain, On its rock we'll  
 In the clouds we'll meet a - gain, In the clouds we'll  
 Then may we all meet a - gain, Then may we, may  
 There may we all meet a - gain, There may we, may

# When Shall We All Meet Again ?

*Andante.*

we all meet a - gain, gain, May we all meet a - gain.  
 meet, we'll meet a - gain, gain, On its rock we'll meet a - gain.  
 meet, we'll meet a - gain, gain, In the clouds we'll meet a - gain.  
 we all meet a - gain, gain, May we all meet a - gain.  
 we all meet a - gain, gain, May we all meet a - gain.

## No. 180. Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide.

Henry F. Lyte.

( 10's. )

William Henry Monk.

(♩ = 84.)

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -  
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
 round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
 shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

# No. 181. Ye Wondering Nations, Now Give Ear.

TENOR AND ALTO.

(C. M.)

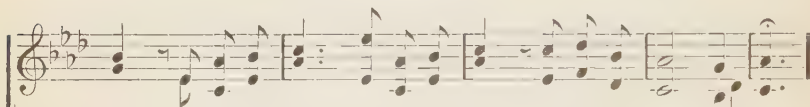
Evan Stephens.

*Andante.* (♩ = 60.)



1. Ye won'dring na - tions now give ear Un - to the an - gel's
2. The things of worth in a - ges gone, Its pag - es clear un -
3. The meek and hum - ble shall re-joice, The wise shall un - der -

*Inst.*



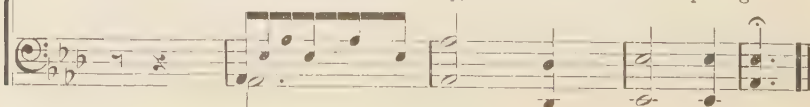
cry, For lo! from heav'n he does ap - pear, To bring sal - va - tion nigh - fold,  
And things to come, now roll - ing on, The wise may well be - hold.  
stand; All Is - rael now shall know His voice, And gath - er to their land.



He brought the an - cient rec - ord forth Unloosed the might - y seal;  
Its ope - ning won - ders burst to view, All glorious and sub - lime,  
The great and glo - rious lat - ter - day, Breaks forth in ra - diance bright,



His glo - ry soon shall fill the earth, And won - drous things re - veal.  
Point out the path that men pur - sue, Down to the end of time.  
And darkness gross now flees a - way, Be - fore the Gos - pel light.



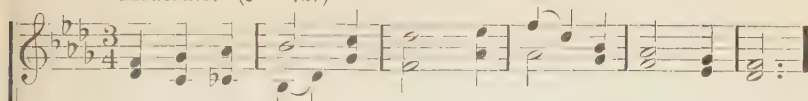
# No. 182. To Him Who Made the World.

William W. Phelps.

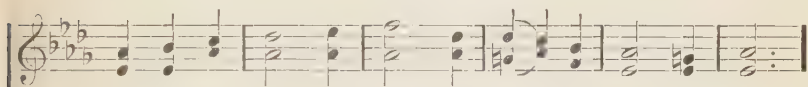
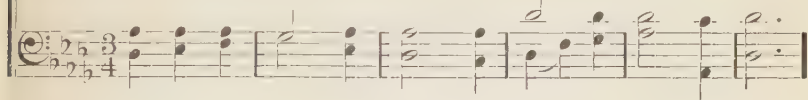
(4-6's & 2-8's.)

Geo. Careless.

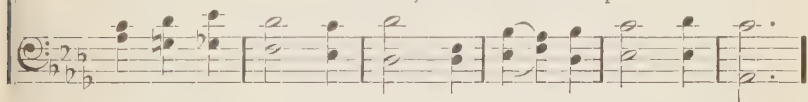
*Moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 72$ .)



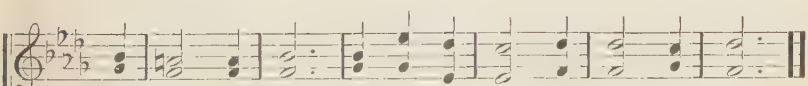
1. To Him who made the world, The sun, the moon, and stars,
2. Our hope in things to come, The Spir - it's quick-'ning pow'rs
3. When He comes down from heav'n, And earth a - gain is blest,



And all that in them is, With days and months and years;  
Should turn our hearts to Him Who makes His bless - ings ours,  
Then all the ran - somed heirs, Will find their prom - ised rest.



To Him who died, That we might live, To Him who died,  
That we may sing Of things a - bove, That we may sing  
With all the just We then may sing, With all the just



That we might live, Our thanks and songs We free - ly give.  
Of things a - bove, And al - ways know That God is love.  
We then may sing, God is with us And we with Him.



# No. 183. Adieu to the City Where Long I Have Wandered.

Parley P. Pratt.

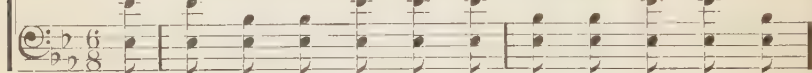
( 12's & 11's. )

John Tullidge.

(♩ = 84.)



1. A - dieu to the cit - y where long I have wan - dered
2. With tears of com - pas - sion, in si - lence re - tir - ing,
3. How oft - en at eve - ning your halls have re - sound - ed
4. When em - pires shall trem - ble at Is - rael's re - turn - ing,



To tell them of judg - ments and warn them to flee;  
 The last ray of hope for your safe - ty ex - pir - ing,  
 With th' pure tes - ti - mon - y that mak - eth men free!  
 And earth shall be cleansed by the spir - it of burn - ing,



How oft - en in sor - row their woes I have pon - dered!  
 A feel - ing of pit - y this bos - om in - spir - ing,  
 While the meek were re - joic - ing, the proud were con - found - ed,  
 When proud men shall per - ish, and priests with their learn - ing—



Per - haps in af - flic - tion they'll think up - on me.  
 Sing this la - men - ta - tion, and think up - on me.  
 The poor had the Gos - pel; they'll think up - on me.  
 Sing this la - men - ta - tion, and think up - on me.



# No. 184. Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah.

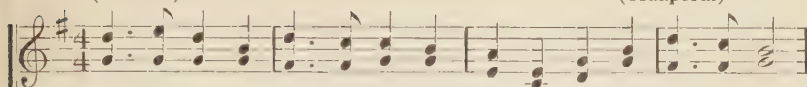
Robert Robinson.

(8's, 7's & 4.)

Annie F. Harrison.

(♩ = 69.)

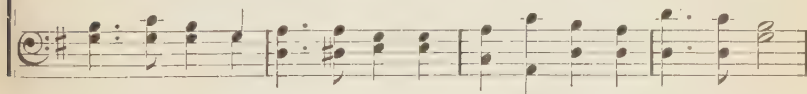
(Adapted.)



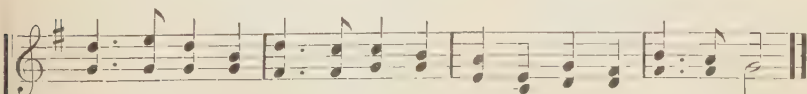
1. Guide us, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Guide us to the prom - ised land,
2. O - pen, Je - sus, Zi - on's fountains, Let her rich - est bless - ings come,
3. When the earth be - gins to trem - ble, Bid our fear - ful tho'ts be still;



We are weak, but Thou art a - ble—Hold us with Thy pow'r - ful hand.  
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Guard us to this ho - ly home.  
When Thy judgments spread destruction, Keep us safe on Zi - on's hill.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - iour comes.  
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!  
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.

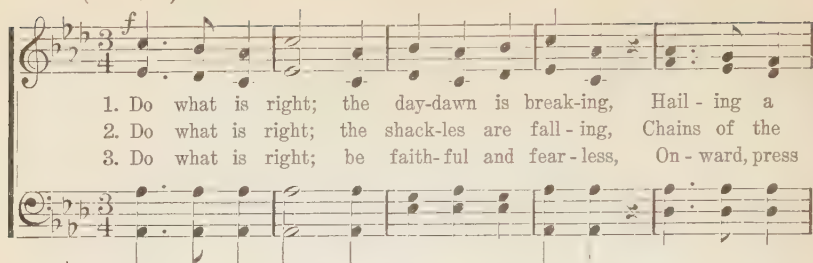


Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - iour comes.  
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!  
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.

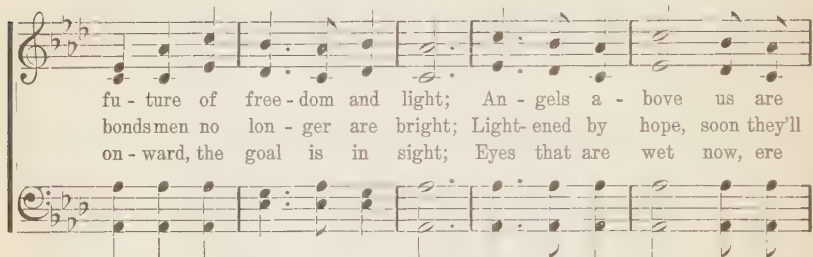




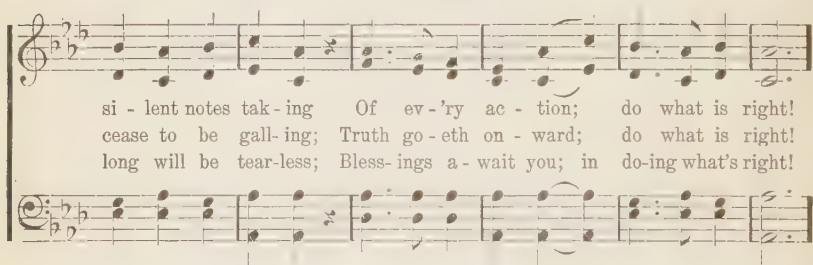
(♩ = 72.)



1. Do what is right; the day-dawn is break-ing, Hail-ing a  
 2. Do what is right; the shack-les are fall-ing, Chains of the  
 3. Do what is right; be faith-ful and fear-less, On-ward, press

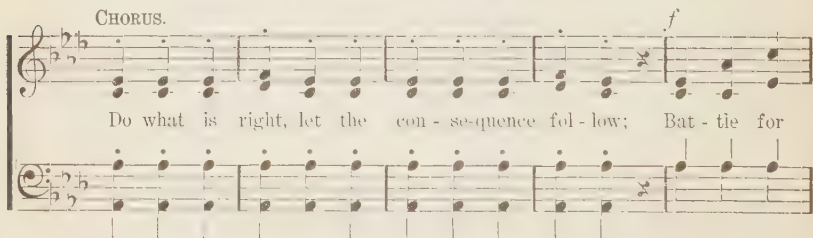


fu-ture of free-dom and light; An-gels a-bove us are  
 bondsmen no lon-ger are bright; Light-ened by hope, soon they'll  
 on-ward, the goal is in sight; Eyes that are wet now, ere

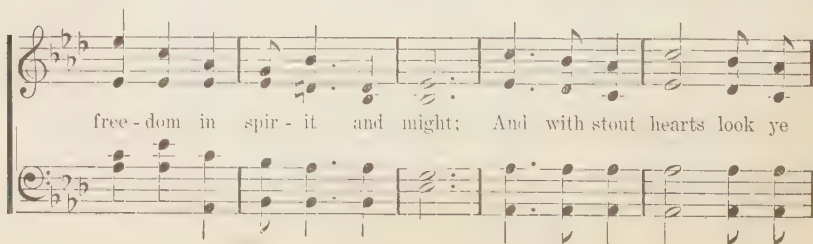


si-lent notes tak-ing Of ev-'ry ac-tion; do what is right!  
 cease to be gall-ing; Truth go-eth on-ward; do what is right!  
 long will be tear-less; Bless-ings a-wait you; in do-ing what's right!

## CHORUS.



Do what is right, let the con-sequence fol-low; Bat-tle for



free-dom in spir-it and night; And with stout hearts look ye

# Do What Is Right.

forth till to-mor-row; God will pro-tect you; then do what is right!

## No. 186. The Time is Nigh, the Happy Time.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 72.)

1. The time is nigh, the hap - py time, That great ex -  
 2. The proph - e - cies must be ful - filled, Though earth and  
 3. The blend - ed im - age soon shall fall - Brass, sil - ver,  
 4. In one sweet sym - pho - ny of praise, The Jews and  
 5. From east to west, from north to south, The Sav - iour's

pect - ed bless - ed day, When count - less thou - sands  
 hell should dare op - pose; The stone out of the  
 i - ron, gold and clay; And su - per - sti - tion's  
 Gen - tiles will u - nite; And in - fi - del - i -  
 king - dom shall ex - tend, And ev - 'ry man in

of our race shall dwell with Christ and Him o - bey.  
 moun - tain cut, Though un - ob - served a king - dom grows.  
 dread - ful reign To light and lib - er - ty give way.  
 ty o'er - come, Re - turn a - gain to end - less night.  
 ev - 'ry place Shall meet a broth - er and a friend.

# No. 187. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

Lowell Mason.

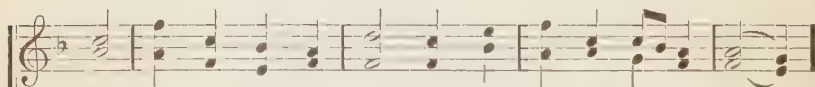
(♩ = 50.)



1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;  
Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?  
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?  
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;  
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
The heath - en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.  
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.  
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



Isaac Watts.

Handel.

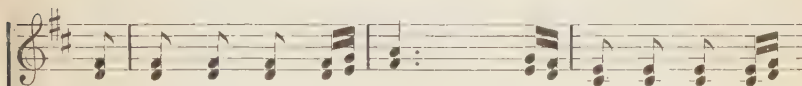
(♩ = 56.)



1. Joy to the world! the Lord will come And earth re -  
 2. Re - joice! re - joice! when Je - sus reigns, And Saints their  
 3. No more will sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in -  
 4. Re - joice! re - joice! in the Most High! While Is - rael



ceive her King: Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,  
 songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 fest the ground; He'll come and make the bless - ings flow  
 spreads a - broad Like stars that glit - ter in the sky,



And Saints and an - gels sing, And Saints and an - gels  
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing  
 Far as the curse was found, Far as the curse was  
 And ev - er wor - ship God, And ev - er wor - ship



1. And Saints and an - gels sing, And



sing, And Saints and Saints and an - gels sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 found, Far as, far as the curse was found.  
 God, And ev - er, and ev - er wor - ship God.



Saints and an - gels sing,

# No. 189. Deseret, Deseret! 'Tis the Home of the Free.

William Willes.

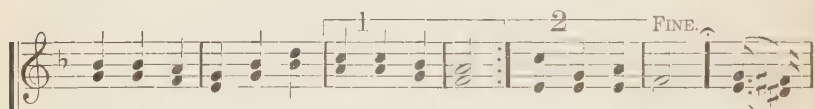
(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

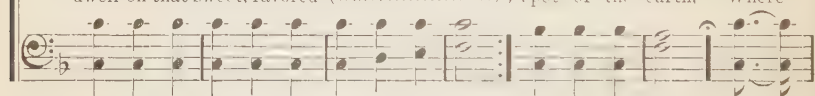
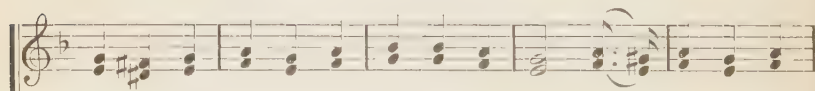
*Moderato.* (♩ = 104.)





1. { Des - e - ret, Des - e - ret! 'tis the home of the free, And  
 { Where the Saints are se - cure from op - pres-sion and strife, And en-  
 2. { Des - e - ret, Des - e - ret! she has long been op - pressed, But  
 { She feels like a gi - ant, refreshed with new wine, And en-  
 3. { Des - e - ret, Des - e - ret! O, I love to be there, With my  
 { Nor re - gret I've for - sak - en the land of my birth, To

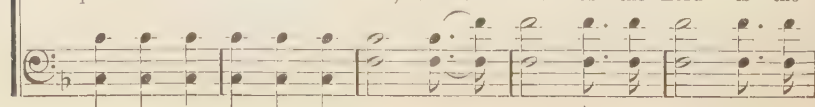
1. dear - er than all oth - er lands 'tis to me; }  
 joy to the full the rich (*Omit*.....) } blessings of life. 'Tis a  
 now, for a while, she is tak - ing her rest, }  
 joys from Je - ho - vah His (*Omit*.....) } blessings be - nign. There are  
 breth - ren and sis - ters, each blessing to share, }  
 dwell on that sweet, favored (*Omit*.....) } spot of the earth, Where

land that for a - ges has lain as a waste, Where the sav - age has  
 hearts that can feel for an - oth - er's deep woe, And with char - i - ty  
 men full of wis - dom and hon - or pre - side, With all the full

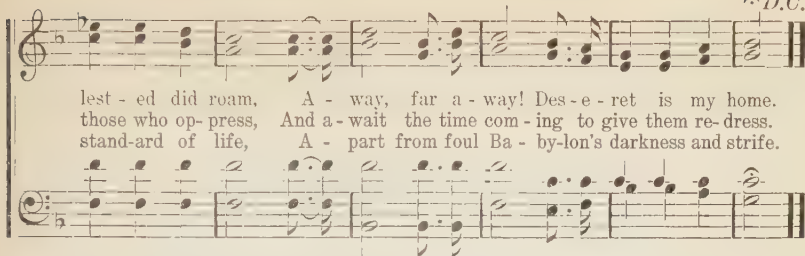



wan - dered, by dark - ness de - based, Where the wolf and the bear un - mo -  
 bless - ings on oth - ers be - stow, Re - turn good for e - vil to  
 quo - rums of Priesthood be - side; Where the law of the Lord is the



# Deseret, Deseret! 'Tis the Home of the Free.

*^ D.C.*



lest - ed did roam, A - way, far a - way! Des - e - ret is my home.  
those who op - press, And a - wait the time com - ing to give them re - dress.  
stand - ard of life, A - part from foul Ba - by - lon's darkness and strife.

4 Deseret, Deseret! she's the pride of the world,  
Where the banner of freedom is widely unfurled,  
Where oppression is hated and liberty loved,  
And truth and sincerity highly approved;  
Where labor is honored nor the workmen oppressed;  
Where youth is instructed and old age is blessed;  
Where society frowns upon vice and deceit,  
And criminals find heaven's laws they must meet.

5 Deseret, Deseret shows the pattern to all,  
That they may take warning ere Babylon fall,  
And flee to the mountains when trouble shall come,  
To be free from the plagues in this beautiful home,  
O, how my heart yearns for the time to draw near,  
When earth will be freed from oppression and fear,  
And the truth reign triumphant o'er sea and o'er land,  
And Jesus as King of the nations will stand!

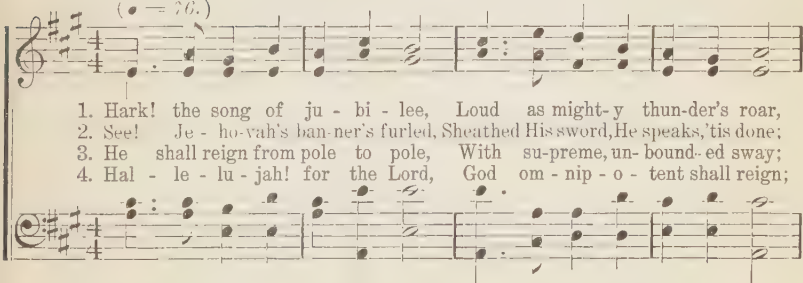
## No. 190. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

Montgomery.

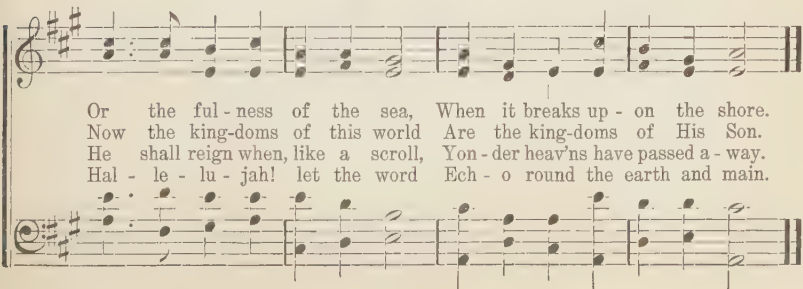
(7's.)

John S. Lewis.

(• = 16.)



1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - der's roar,  
2. See! Je - ho - vah's ban - ner's furl'd, Sheathed His sword, He speaks, 'tis done;  
3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With su - preme, un - bound - ed sway;  
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord, God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;



Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.  
Now the king - doms of this world Are the king - doms of His Son.  
He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yon - der heav'n's have passed a - way.  
Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.



## No. 191.

## O Say, What is Truth?

John Jaques.

(P. M)

Ellen Knowles Melling.

(♩ = 66.)



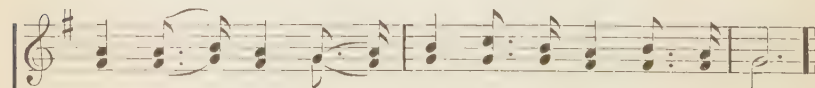
1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fair - est gem That the  
 2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the bright - est prize To which  
 3. The scep - tre may fall from the des - pot's grasp, When with  
 4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first, For the



rich - es of worlds can pro - duce; And price - less the val - ue of  
 mor - tals or Gods can as - pire; Go search in the depths where it  
 winds of stern jus - tice he copes; But the pil - lar of truth will en -  
 lim - its of time it steps o'er: Though the heav - ens de - part, and the



truth will be when The proud mon - arch's cost - li - est  
 glit - ter - ing lies, Or as - cend in pur - suit to the  
 dure to the last, And its firm root - ed bul - warks out -  
 earth's foun - tains burst, Truth, the sum of ex - ist - ence, will



di - a - dem Is count - ed but dross and ref - use.  
 loft - iest skies; 'Tis an aim for the no - blest de - sire.  
 stand the rude blast, And the wreck of the fell ty - rant's hopes.  
 weath - er the worst, E - ter - nal, unchanged, ev - er - more.



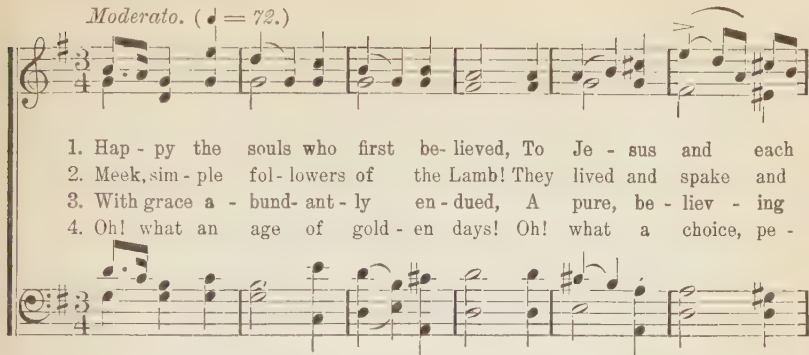
# No. 192. Happy the Souls Who First Believed.

Wesley's Collection.

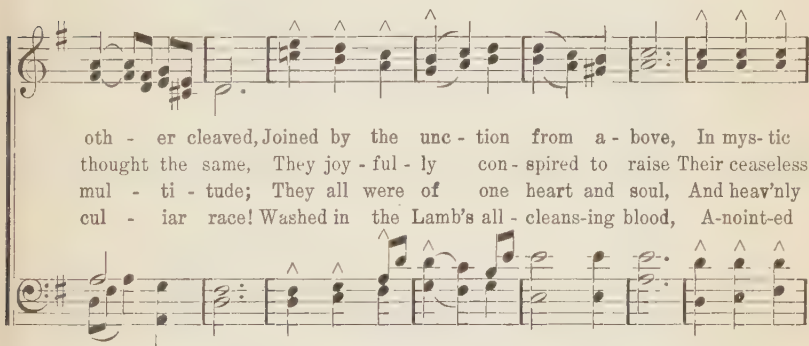
( L. M. )

Evan Stephens.

*Moderato.* ( ♩ = 72. )



1. Hap - py the souls who first be - lieved, To Je - sus and each  
 2. Meek, sim - ple fol - lowers of the Lamb! They lived and spake and  
 3. With grace a - bund - ant - ly en - dued, A pure, be - liev - ing  
 4. Oh! what an age of gold - en days! Oh! what a choice, pe -



oth - er cleaved, Joined by the unc - tion from a - bove, In mys - tic  
 thought the same, They joy - ful - ly con - spired to raise Their ceaseless  
 mul - ti - tude; They all were of one heart and soul, And heav'nly  
 cul - iar race! Washed in the Lamb's all - cleans - ing blood, A - noint - ed



fel - low - ship of love, In mys - tic fel - low - ship of love.  
 sac - ri - fice of praise, Their ceaseless sac - ri - fice of praise.  
 love in - spired the whole, And heav'nly love in - spired the whole.  
 Kings and Priests to God, A - noint - ed Kings and Priests to God.

5 Where shall we wander now to find  
 Successors they have left behind?  
 The faithful whom we seek in vain,  
 Are 'minished from the sons of men.

6 Ye different sects who all declare,  
 "Lo! here is Christ!" or "Christ is there!"  
 Your stronger poofs divinely give,  
 And show me where true Christians live.

# No. 193. O, Give Me Back My Prophet Dear.

John Taylor.

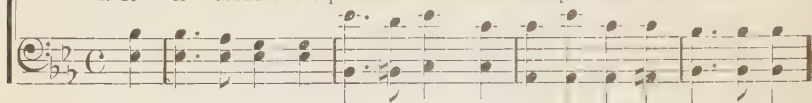
(L. M. D.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 63.)



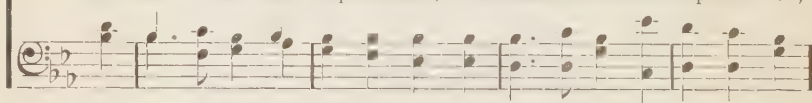
1. O, give me back my Proph-et dear, And Pa - tri-arch, O give them back,
2. Ye men of wisdom, tell me why— No guilt, no crime in them were found—
3. It is because they strove to gain, Be-yond the grave a heav'n of bliss,
4. It is because the priests of Baal Were des-per-ate their craft to save,



The Saints of Lat - ter - days to cheer, And lead them in the Gos - pel track!  
 Their blood doth now so loud - ly cry, From pris - on walls and Carthage ground?  
 Be - cause they made the Gos - pel plain And led the Saints to right-eous-ness;  
 And when they saw it doomed to fall, They sent the Prophets to their grave.



But O, they're gone from my embrace, From earthly scenes their spir-its fled,  
 Your tongues are mute, but pray attend, The se - cret I will now re - late,  
 It is because God called them forth, And led them by His own right hand,  
 Like scenes the an-cient Proph-ets saw, Like these the an-cient Proph-ets fell,



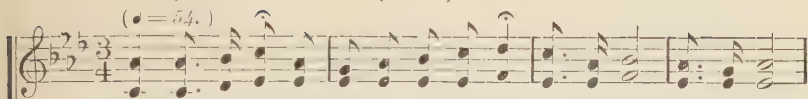
Two of the best of A-dam's race, Now lie entombed a - mong the dead.  
 Why those whom God to earth did lend, Have met the suffering mar-tyrs' fate.  
 Christ's coming to pro - claim on earth, And gath - er Is - rael to their land.  
 And, till the res - ur - rec-tion dawn, Proph-et and Pa - tri-arch farewell.



William Clayton.

(P. M.)

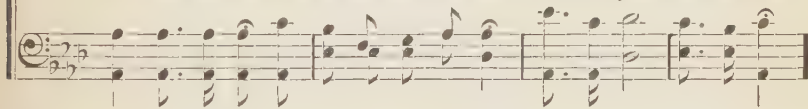
(♩ = 54.)



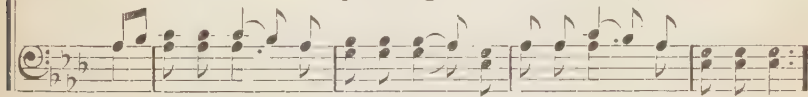
1. Come; come, ye Saints, no toil nor la-bor fear, But with joy wend your way;
2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right;
3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a-way, in the West;
4. And should we die be-fore our journey's through, Hap-py day! all is well!



Tho' hard to you this jour-ney may ap-pear, Grace shall be as your day.  
 Why should we think to earn a great re-ward, If we now shun the fight?  
 Where none shall come to hurt or make a-fraid; There the Saints will be blessed,  
 We then are free from toil and sor-row too; With the just we shall dwell!



'Tis bet-ter far for us to strive Our use-less cares from us to drive;  
 Gird up your loins, fresh courage take, Our God will nev-er us for-sake;  
 We'll make the air with mu-sic ring—Shout praises to our God and King;  
 But if our lives are spared a-gain To see the Saints, their rest ob-tain,



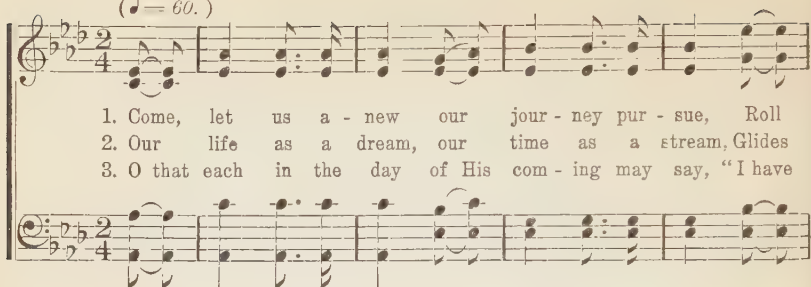
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—All is well! all is well!  
 And soon we'll have this tale to tell—All is well! all is well!  
 A-bove the rest each tongue will tell—All is well! all is well!  
 O how we'll make this cho-rus swell—All is well! all is well!



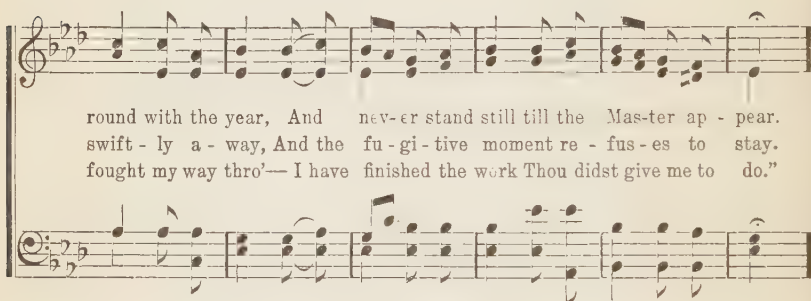
Wesley's Collection.

(P. M.)

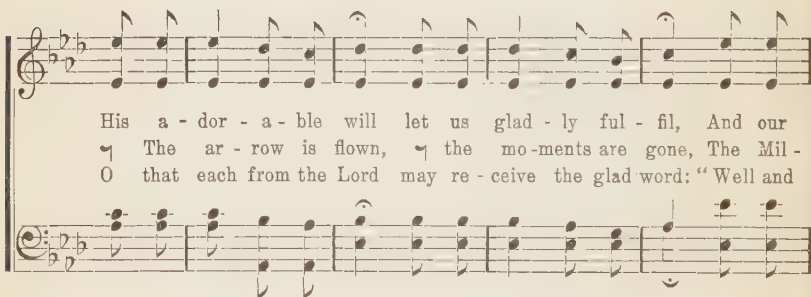
(♩ = 60.)



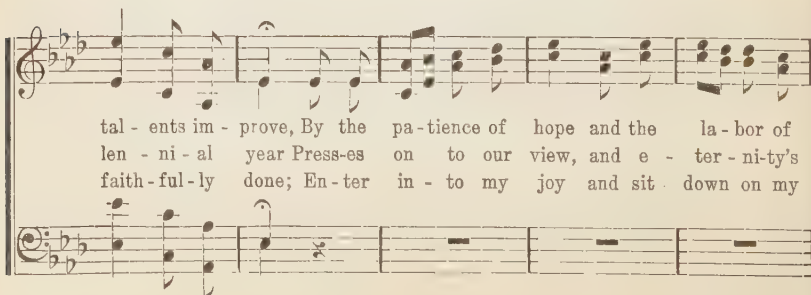
1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll  
 2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides  
 3. O that each in the day of His com - ing may say, "I have



round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.  
 swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fus - es to stay.  
 fought my way thro'—I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

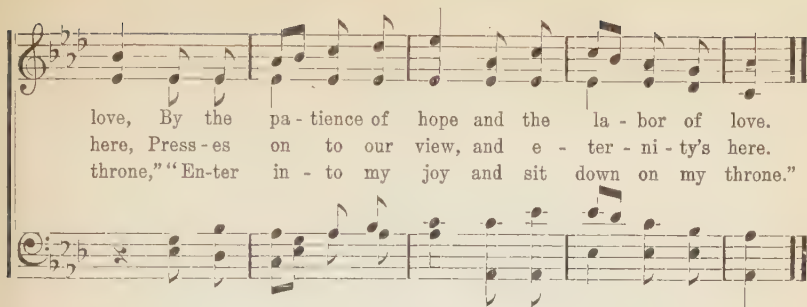


His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our  
 ♪ The ar - row is flown, ♪ the mo - ments are gone, The Mil -  
 O that each from the Lord may re - ceive the glad word: "Well and



tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of  
 len - ni - al year Press - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's  
 faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my

## Come, Let Us Anew.



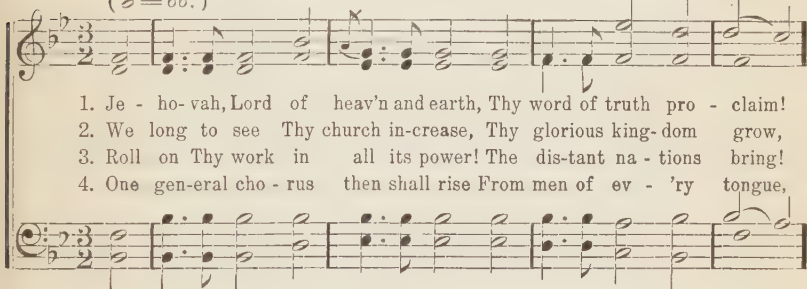
love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.  
 here, Press - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.  
 throne," "En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne."

## No. 196. Jehovah, Lord of Heaven and Earth.

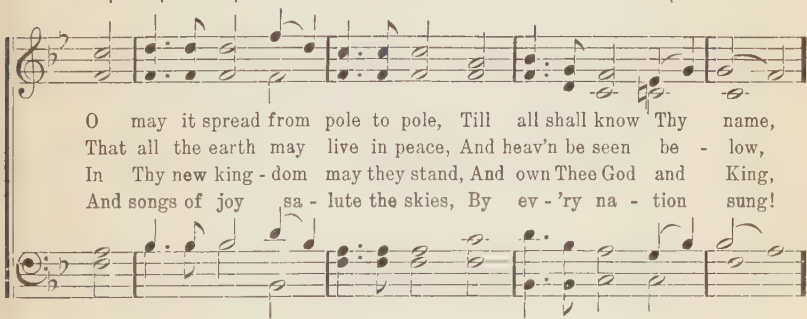
( C. M. )

Norwegian Air.

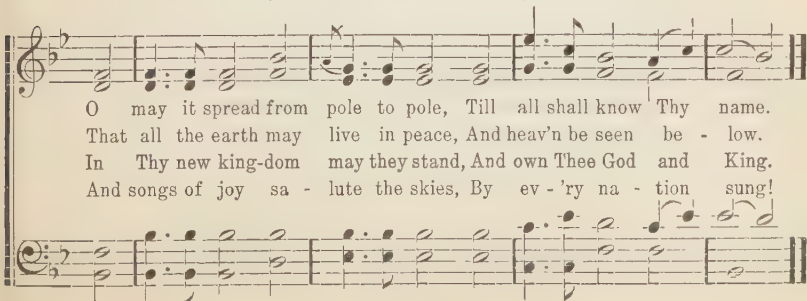
(♩ = 66.)



1. Je - ho - vah, Lord of heav'n and earth, Thy word of truth pro - claim!  
 2. We long to see Thy church in - crease, Thy glorious king - dom grow,  
 3. Roll on Thy work in all its power! The dis - tant na - tions bring!  
 4. One gen - eral cho - rus then shall rise From men of ev - 'ry tongue,



O may it spread from pole to pole, Till all shall know Thy name,  
 That all the earth may live in peace, And heav'n be seen be - low,  
 In Thy new king - dom may they stand, And own Thee God and King,  
 And songs of joy sa - lute the skies, By ev - 'ry na - tion sung!



O may it spread from pole to pole, Till all shall know Thy name.  
 That all the earth may live in peace, And heav'n be seen be - low.  
 In Thy new king - dom may they stand, And own Thee God and King.  
 And songs of joy sa - lute the skies, By ev - 'ry na - tion sung!



# No. 197. When Restless On My Bed I Lie.

(L. M.)

Ann Fellows.

(♩ = 60.)

1. When rest - less on my bed I lie, And court - ing  
 2. If hushed the breeze and calm the tide, Soft will the  
 3. If loud the wind, the tem - pest high And dark - ness  
 4. Tossed on the deep and swell - ing wave, O mark my

sleep, which still will fly, Then shall re - flec - tion's  
 stream of mem - 'ry glide, All the past, a  
 wraps the sul - len sky, I muse on life's tem -  
 tremb - ling soul and save! Give to my view that

bright - er pow'r Il - lume the lone - ly mid - night hour.  
 gen - tle train, Waked by re - mem - b'rance, live a - gain.  
 pest - ous sea, And sigh, O Lord, to come to Thee.  
 har - bor near, Where Thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

# No. 198. Behold Thy Sons and Daughters, Lord.

Parley P. Pratt.

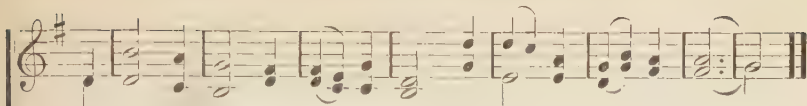
(C. M.)

William Gardiner

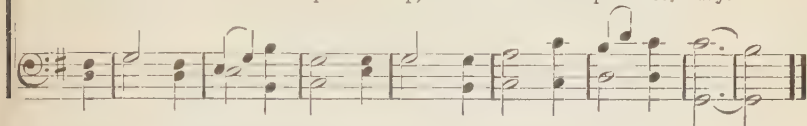
(♩ = 66.)

1. Be - hold Thy sons and daughters, Lord, On whom we lay our hands;  
 2. Oh, now send down the heav'nly dove, And o - ver-whelm their souls  
 3. Seal them by Thine own spir - it's pow'r, Which pu - ri - fies from sin;  
 4. In - crease their faith, con - firm their hope, And guide them in the way;

# Behold Thy Sons and Daughters, Lord.



They have ful-filled the Gos-pel word, And bowed at Thy com-mands.  
 With peace and joy and per-fect love, As lambs with-in Thy fold.  
 And may they find, from this good hour, They are a-do-pt-ed in.  
 With com-fort bear their spir-its up, Un-til the per-fect, day.



## No. 199. How Will the Saints Rejoice to Tell.

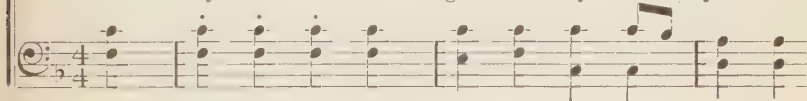
(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

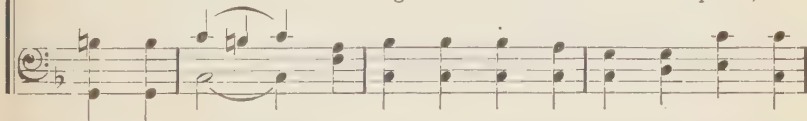
(♩ = 100.)



1. How will the saints re-joice to tell And count their  
 2. There they will see, up-on that land, Fair Zi-on  
 3. There no more sick-ness, pain or woe Shall mar their  
 4. O may I see that glo-rious day And join with



suf-frings o'er,..... When they up-on Mount Zi-on dwell And  
 from a-bove,..... And meet with E-noch's ho-ly band, And  
 peace-ful rest,..... For God shall wipe a-way their tears, And  
 all the blest..... To sing a-loud the Sav-iour's praise, And



view the land-scape o'er,..... And view the land-scape o'er.  
 sing re-deem-ing love,..... And sing re-deem-ing love.  
 com-fort the op-pressed,..... And com-fort the op-pressed.  
 en-ter in-to rest,..... And en-ter in-to rest.



William W. Phelps.

(6's &amp; 7's, D.)

(♩ = 66.)



1. Let us pray, glad - ly pray, In the house of Je - ho - vah,
2. What a joy will be there, At the great res - ur - rec - tion,
3. We can then live in peace, And in - hab - it the moun - tains,



Till the right - eous can say, "O our war - fare is o - ver!"  
 As the Saints in the air, Meet in robes of per - fec - tion;  
 Spread a - broad and in - crease, Like the streams from the foun - tains;



Then we'll dry up our tears, Sweet - ly prais - ing to - geth - er,  
 Then the Lamb, then the Lamb, With a God's man - da - to - ry,  
 And the world will be blest With a light to re - ly on,



Thro' the great thou - sand years, Face to face with the Sav - iour.  
 As I Am That I am Fills the world with His glo - ry.  
 From the east to the west, Thro' the glo - ry of Zi - on.



# No. 201. Resting Now from Care and Sorrow.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

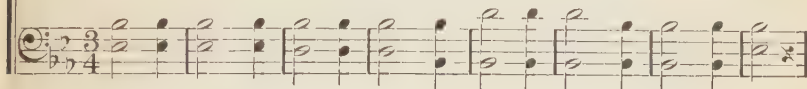
(8's & 7's, D.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

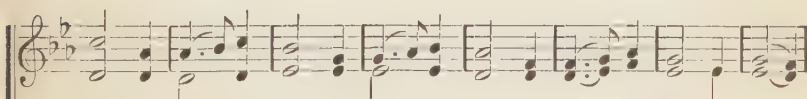
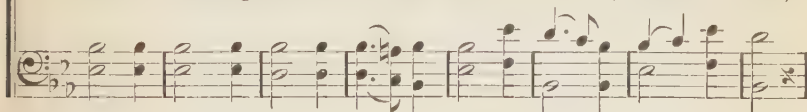
(♩ = 56.)



1. Rest-ing now from care and sor-row, Rest-ing from fa-tigue and pain;
2. All her war-fare is ac-complished; Bid her now a fond a-dieu;
3. Shall we mourn for one who's left us? Yes, our tears we needs must blend;



Faith-ful-ly she's fought life's battle—Death to such is end-less gain.  
Brief the part-ing, glad the meet-ing, That shall near-est ties re-new;  
Love's own of-f'ring, this, we owe thee, faith-ful moth-er, faith-ful friend;



God hath gathered home her spir-it, God hath ta-ken what He gave;  
True and ten-der, self de-ny-ing, One of Truth's dis-ci-ples brave—  
While we look for con-so-la-tion Un-to Him, "The strong to save"—



Friend and sis-ter, sweet-ly slum-ber In the qui-et, peace-ful grave.  
Let her sleep, she needs to slum-ber In the qui-et, peace-ful grave.  
Friend and sis-ter, sweet-ly slum-ber In the qui-et, peace-ful grave.




# No. 202. O Thou at Whose Supreme Command.

John E. Reading.


(C. M.)

John Fawcett.


(♩ = 63.)



1. O Thou at whose su-preme com-mand The hosts of dark-ness  
 2. Thou at whose word the track-less deep Must curb each flash-ing  
 3. O hear us for the pil-grim band Who o'er yon dark blue  
 4. Fa-ther of men! Al-might-y Power! Guard them from ev-'ry



fly, The hosts of dark-ness fly, Up-held by whose e-ter-nal  
 wave, Must curb each flash-ing wave, And own Thy voice when sur-ges  
 sea, Who o'er yon dark blue sea, Self-ex-iled from their na-tive  
 ill, Guard them from ev-'ry ill, And in temp-ta-tion's try-ing



hand, Thy Saints can dare to die, Thy Saints can dare to die;  
 sweep De-struction round the brave: De-struction round the brave:  
 land, Are borne to wor-ship Thee! Are borne to wor-ship Thee!  
 hour, O keep them faith-ful still! O keep them faith-ful still!

5 Be Thou their guide, till, peril past,  
 ||: Where rest and joy belong, :||  
 On Zion's distant hills, at last  
 ||: They join Thy ransomed throng. :||

6 To Thee we call, the Lofty One!  
 ||: Light of the pure and free, :||  
 O, never may their hearts be won,  
 ||: Thou God of Truth, from Thee. :||


# No. 203. The Trials of the Present Day.

Eliza R. Snow.

(3-8's & 7.)



Thomas C. Griggs.

(♩. = 63.)




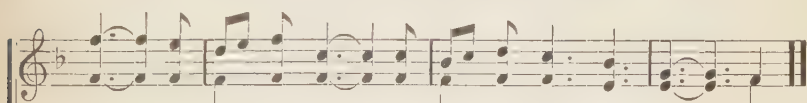
1. The tri - als of..... the pres - ent day..... Re -  
 2. For e - ven saints..... may turn a - side..... For  
 3. O'er rug - ged cliffs..... and moun - tains high..... Thro'  
 4. Why should we fear,..... though cow - ards say..... Old  
 5. Fear not, though life..... should be at stake,..... But

1. The tri - als of the pres - ent day

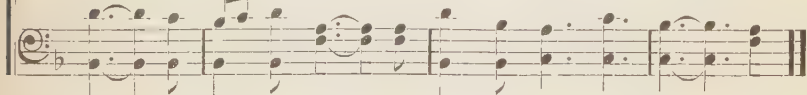



quire the Saints..... to watch and pray,..... That they may  
 fear of ills..... that may be - tide,..... Or else in -  
 sun - less vales..... the path may lie,..... Our faith and  
 A - nak's hosts..... in am - bush lay,..... Or there's a  
 think how Je - - sus for our sake..... En - dured, that

Re - quire the Saints to watch and pray,

keep the nar - row way, To the ce - les - tial glo - ry.  
 duced by world - ly pride, And lose ce - les - tial glo - ry.  
 con - fi - dence to try In the ce - les - tial glo - ry.  
 li - on in the way To the ce - les - tial glo - ry?  
 we might yet par - take Of the ce - les - tial glo - ry.



6 We here may sometimes suffer wrong,  
 But when we join with Enoch's throng,  
 We'll loudly echo victory's song  
 In the celestial glory.

7 What though by some who seem devout,  
 Our names as evil are cast out,  
 If honor clothe us round about  
 In the celestial glory.

8 Be steadfast, and with courage hold  
 The key of God's eternal mould,  
 That will the mysteries unfold  
 Of the celestial glory.

9 O let your hearts and hands be pure,  
 And faithful to the end endure,  
 That you the blessings may secure  
 Of the celestial glory.

10 With patience cultivate within  
 Those principles averse to sin,  
 And be prepared to enter in  
 To the celestial glory.

11 Then let the times and seasons fly,  
 And bring the glorious period nigh  
 When Zion shall be raised on high  
 In the celestial glory.



# No. 204. When Joseph Saw His Brethren Moved.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 72.)



1. When Jo - seph saw his breth - ren moved With keen - est
2. The mys - ter - y he did un - fold, Then fell up -
- 3 "Twas God that sent me by com - mand To save you
4. What min - gled feel - ings seized their breast! Sur - prise and
5. Lo! this a strik - ing type shall be Of Jo - seph's



sor - row and dis - tress, He could no lon - ger  
on their necks in tears— I am your broth - er  
from the fam - ine sore, To bring you in - to  
grief, and joy and love, And shame and sor - row  
rem - nant long un - known The Gen - tles shall their



hide his love, No more his feel - ings could sup - press.  
whom you sold; Dis - miss your doubts, dis - pel your fears.  
E - gypt's land, Where you shall nev - er hun - ger more."  
and dis - tress, In turn d'd then their feel - ings move.  
glo - ry see, When to their breth - ren they are known.



6 A curse, a by-word they have been,  
Afflicted by the Gentile race,  
Despoiled and driven, sold and slain.  
Or brought to shame and deep disgrace.

7 But lo! their origin revealed  
Brings blessings on the Gentile world;  
Their ancient records long concealed,  
Are, like a banner, now unfurled.

# No. 205. Before all Lands in East or West.

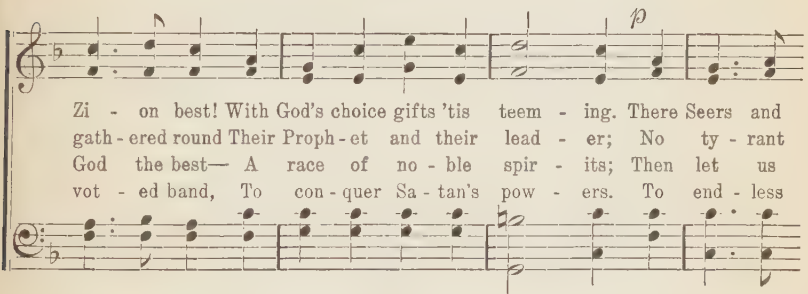
Alexander Ross.

( 2-8's & 7's. )

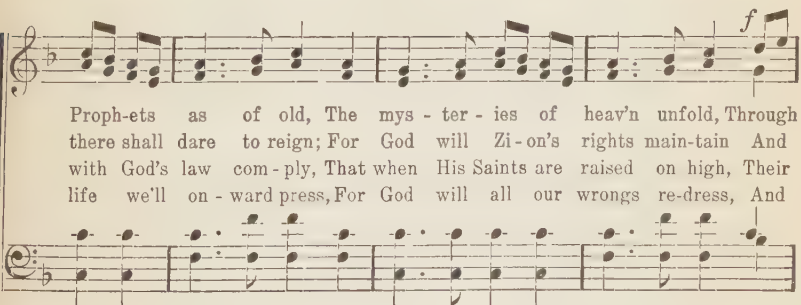
(♩ = 84.)



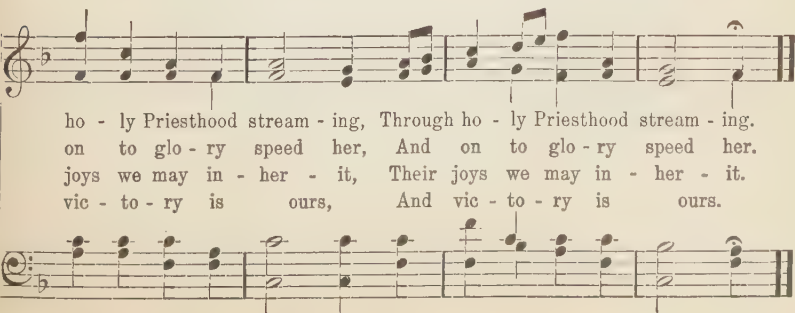
1. Be - fore all lands in east or west, We love the land of  
 2. 'Mong Zi - on's homesteads joys a - bound, True souls of worth are  
 3. Be - fore all peo - ple, east or west, We love the Saints of  
 4. We'll glad - ly join with heart and hand, A chos - en, true, de -



Zi - on best! With God's choice gifts 'tis teem - ing. There Seers and  
 gath - ered round Their Proph - et and their lead - er; No ty - rant  
 God the best— A race of no - ble spir - its; Then let us  
 vot - ed band, To con - quer Sa - tan's pow - ers. To end - less



Proph - ets as of old, The mys - ter - ies of heav'n unfold, Through  
 there shall dare to reign; For God will Zi - on's rights main - tain And  
 with God's law com - ply, That when His Saints are raised on high, Their  
 life we'll on - ward press, For God will all our wrongs re - dress, And



ho - ly Priesthood stream - ing, Through ho - ly Priesthood stream - ing.  
 on to glo - ry speed her, And on to glo - ry speed her.  
 joys we may in - her - it, Their joys we may in - her - it.  
 vic - to - ry is ours, And vic - to - ry is ours.

# No. 206. Come, Go With Me, Beyond the Sea.

Cyrus H. Wheelock.

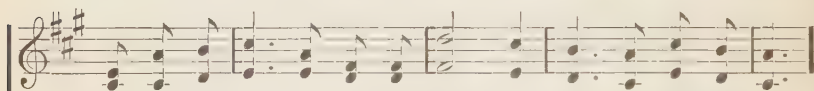
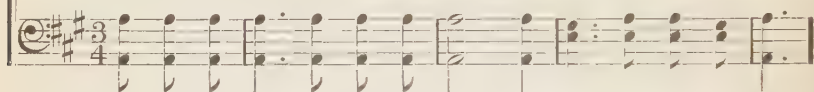
(P. M.)

Arr. by Thomas C. Griggs.

(♩ = 56.)



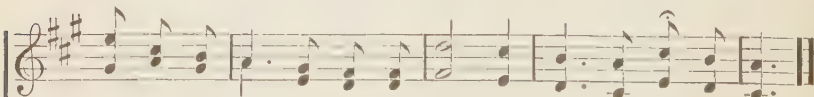
1. Come, go with me, be-yond the sea, Where hap - pi - ness is true,
2. Up - on those ev - er - last - ing hills, And in the val - leys fair,
3. There Is - rael's sons, so long op - pressed, Are free and hap - py too;
4. There, too, are Proph - ets, Priests and Seers Who have the Priesthood's pow'rs,



Where Joseph's land, blest by God's hand, In - vit - ing waits for you.  
 Be - side the murmuring mountain rills, We'll bow in hum - ble pray'r,  
 And daughters in true vir - tue dressed, A - wait to wel - come you.  
 To guide our souls thro' end - less years, And light our dark - est hours;



With joy - ful hearts you'll un - der - stand The blessings that a - wait you there.  
 And praise our God in joy - ful strains, That we are safe - ly gathered there.  
 To greet you with a kindred hand, And with you ev - 'ry blessing share.  
 Yea, truth, which light - ed Enoch's band, Is free - ly giv - en to them there.



I know it is the prom - ised land, My home, my home is there.



# No. 207. Though Nations Rise, and Men Conspire.

Mary Ann Morton.

( C. M. )

Evan Stephens.

( ♩ = 84. )



1. Though na-tions rise, and men con-spire Their ef-forts will be vain;
2. He will make bare His might-y arm, His mes-sen-gers shall come,
3. Armed with His truth: be-fore our face The peo-ple feel dis-mayed,



Je - ho - vah mocks their vile de - sire His Zi - on to de - fame.  
To gath - er home His Saints as sheaves Un - to the har - vest home.  
And all their treasures and their wealth Je - ho - vah's pur - pose aid.



In vain they'll look and strive to show De - file-ment in her laws;.....  
Let Zi-on's con-verts now a-rise; Our Fa-ther's will de - fend,.....  
Thrice happy Saints, who bow beneath The ban-ner of the Lord;.....



The thought of God they ne'er can know While they op - pose His cause.  
And arm them for each glo-rious war, Till vic-t'ry's tri-umphs end.  
Ce-les-tial crowns your brows shall wreath—En - du - rance' sure re - ward.

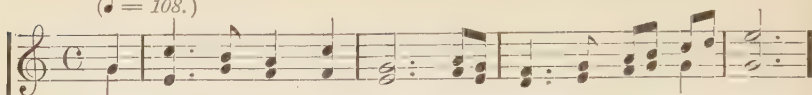


Emily H. Woodmansee.

(6's. D.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

(♩ = 108.)



1. Come, Saints of lat - ter days, U - nite in cheer - ful songs;  
 2. Look down, ye bards and seers, Who sang in a - ges past,  
 3. Let Zi - on's foes com - bine To hold her sons in thrall;



Come, sing our Fa - ther's praise— To whom all praise be - longs.  
 The Zi - on of your dreams Es - tab - lished is at last.  
 Zi - on by help di - vine, Will tri - umph o - ver all.



Sing, for..... the joy - ful time, By proph - ets long fore - told,  
 Zi - on..... is famed a - far, And more..... re - nowned shall be;  
 God, in ..... His own good time, Will crown..... the pure and true;



The age of truths sub - lime..... Our mor - tal eyes be - hold.  
 Be - hold! the ris - ing star..... Whose bright - ness kings shall see.  
 God will be glo - ri - fied,..... What - e'er the na - tions do.

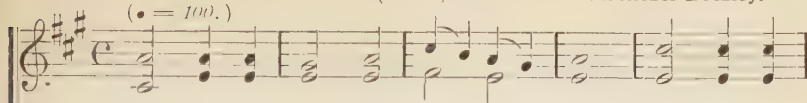


# No. 209. How Great the Joy, That Promised Day.

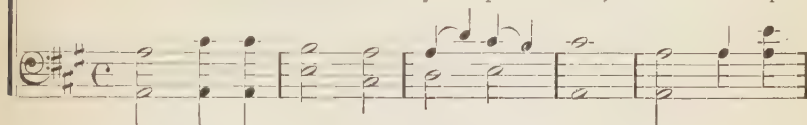
(L. M.)

Ebenezer Beezley.

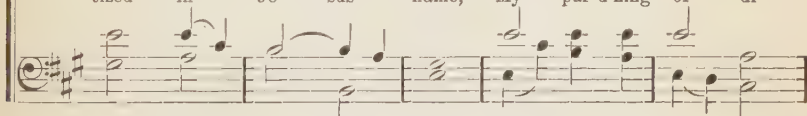
(• = 100.)



1. How great the joy, that prom-ised day, When the dis-
2. The gifts dis-pensed that hap-py hour, At-tend-ed
3. En-dowed thus with the pow'r of God, The Sav-iour's
4. He that be-lieves what you pro-claim, And is bap-



ci-ples met to pray! Thro' the whole house the  
with con-vinc-ing pow'r, And ev-'ry soul as-  
words they spread a-broad: Go and de-clare the  
tized in Je-sus' name, My par-d'ning or-di-



Spir-it came, And crowned their heads like tongues of flame.  
sem-bled there In his own tongue the truth did hear.  
glo-rious theme; My Gos-pel shall man-kind re-deem.  
nance shall have, And feel the Gos-pel's pow'r to save.



5 The honest soul, though learned or rude,  
Shall by these tidings be subdued,  
And shall receive the Comforter,  
That by your hands I will confer.

6 Satan shall tremble at his loss,  
And man, enraged, defend his cause;  
But ye shall win your widening way;  
Till nations shall the truth obey.



# No. 210. When Dark and Drear the Skies Appear.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

(L. M. D.)

Jos. J. Daynes.


(♩ = 66.)





1. When dark and drear the skies ap - pear, And doubt and  
 2. With jeal - ous zeal God guards our weal, And lifts our  
 3. The dir - est woe that mor - tals know Can ne'er the





dread would thee en - thrall, Look up, nor fear, the  
 way - ward thoughts a - bove, When storms as - sail life's  
 hon - est heart ap - pall, Who holds the trust - that

day is near, And Prov - i - - dence is o - ver all.  
 bark so frail, We seek the ha - ven of His love.  
 God is just, And Prov - i - - dence is o - ver all.

From heav'n a - bove, His light and love, God giv - eth  
 And when our eyes tran - scend the skies, His gra - cious  
 Should foes in - crease to mar our peace, Frus - trat - ed



# When Dark and Drear the Skies Appear.

free - ly when we call. Our ut - most need is  
pur - pose is com - plete. No more the night dis -  
all their plans shall fall. Our ut - most need is

oft de - creed, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.  
tracts our sight— The clouds are all be - neath our feet.  
oft de - creed, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.

## No. 211. I Saw a Mighty Angel Fly.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 72.)

1. I saw a might-y an - gel fly, To earth he bent his way,  
2. Truth is the ti-dings which he bears—The Gos - pel's joy - ful sound,  
3. He cries, and with a mighty voice; Ye na - tions lend an ear,  
4. He cries; let ev - 'ry ear at - tend, And thrones and em - pires all!  
5. Fear God, and wor - ship Him who made The heav - ens, earth and sea!

A mes - sage bear - ing from on high, To cheer the sons of day.  
To calm our doubts, to chase our fears And make our joys a - bound.  
And isles and con - ti - nents re - joice, The great Re - deem - er's near!  
Fear God, and make the Lord your friend, The King, the Lord of all!  
Fear Him on whom your sins were laid—Who died to make you free.

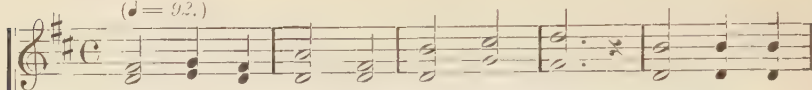
# No. 212. In Ancient Times a Man of God.

Parley P. Pratt.

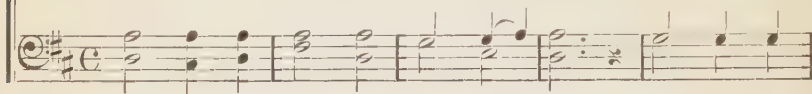
(L. M.)

Wm. C. Clive.

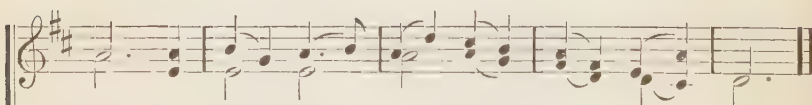
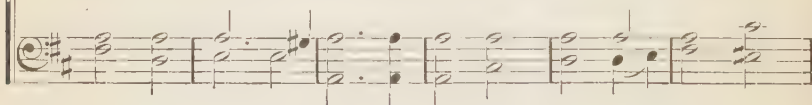
(♩ = 92.)



1. In an - cient times a man of God Came preach - ing
2. He said, Re - pent, the time's ful - filled, The Son of
3. With wa - ter I bap - tize you now For the re -
4. Thus was Mes - si - ah's way pre - pared. When first He



in the wil - der - ness; He did bap - tize in Jor - dan's  
 God will soon ap - pear; Make straight His paths as He hath  
 mis - sion of your sin; But He, the Spir - it shall be -  
 came un - to His own; And by this means, when He ap -



flood, Re - quir - ing fruits of right - eous - ness.  
 willed, For lo! His king - dom now is near.  
 stow, To wit - ness to your souls with - in.  
 peared, To His dis - ci - ples He was known.



5 E'en so, in this, the latter day,  
 Before He comes on earth to reign,  
 His servants must prepare His way,  
 And all His paths make straight again.

6 Come, then, ye erring ones who stray,  
 Arise, return unto your fold;  
 Come, be baptized without delay,  
 And thus pursue the path of old.

## No. 213.

## Israel, Israel, God is Calling.

Richard Smyth.

(8's, 7's. D.)

Charles C. Converse.

(♩ = 53.)

1. Is-rael, Is-rael, God is call-ing— Call-ing thee from lands of woe:  
2. Is-rael, Is-rael, God is speak-ing; Hear your great De-liv-'er's voice!  
3. Is-rael, an-gels are de-scend-ing From ce-lestial worlds on high,  
4. Is-rael! Is-rael! canst thou lin-ger Still in error's gloom-y ways?

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The notation is in a simple, folk-like style.

Bab - y - lon the great is fall - ing,  
Now a glorious morn is break - ing,  
And to man their pow'r ex - tend - ing,  
Mark how judgment's pointing fin - ger  
God shall all her tow'rs o'er - throw.  
For the peo - ple of His choice,  
That the Saints may homeward fly,  
Jus - ti - fies no vain de - lays.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are two repeat signs (double bars with dots) in the middle and at the end of the system.

Come to	Zi - on, come to	Zi - on	Ere His floods of an - ger flow.
Come to	Zi - on, come to	Zi - on,	And with - in her walls re - joice.
Come to	Zi - on, come to	Zi - on,	For your com - ing Lord is nigh.
Come to	Zi - on! come to	Zi - on!	Zi - on's walls shall ring with praise.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. This is followed by a half note C5, then a quarter note D5, and a quarter note E5. The melody then descends: a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B-flat4. This is followed by a half note A4, then a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The system concludes with a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4, ending with a double bar line.

[illegible]

Come to Zi - on, come to	Zi - on	Ere His floods of an - ger flow.
Come to Zi - on, come to	Zi - on,	And with - in her walls re - joice.
Come to Zi - on, come to	Zi - on,	For your com - ing Lord is nigh.
Come to Zi - on! come to	Zi - on!	Zi - on's walls shall ring with praise.

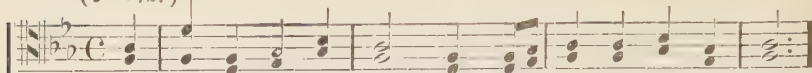
MALE VOICES.

William W. Phelps.

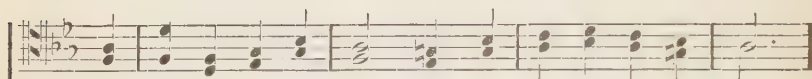
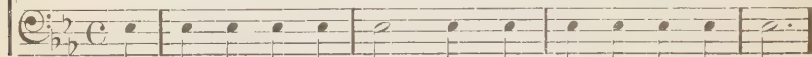
(7's &amp; 6's.)

John Tullidge.

(♩ = 72.)



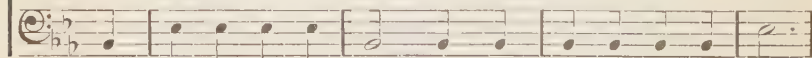
1. Come, all ye sons of Zi - on, And let us praise the Lord;
2. Come, ye dis-persed of Ju - dah, Join in the theme and sing,
3. Re - joice, re-joyce, O Is - rael, And let your joys a - bound!
4. Then gath-er up for Zi - on, Ye Saints throughout the land,



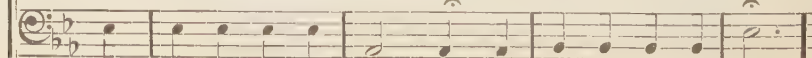
His ran-somed are re - turn - ing, Ac - cord - ing to His word;  
 With har-mo - ny un - ceas - ing, The prais-es of our King,  
 The voice of God shall reach you Wher - ev - er you are found,  
 And clear the way be - fore you, As God shall give com - mand.



In sa - cred song and glad - ness They walk the nar - row way,  
 Whose arm is now ex - tend - ed, On which the world may gaze,  
 And call you back from bond - age, That you may sing His praise  
 Though wick-ed men and dev - ils Ex - ert their pow'r, 'tis vain,



And thank the Lord who brought them To see the lat - ter day.  
 To gath - er up the right - eous In these the lat - ter days.  
 In Zi - on and Je - ru - salem, In these the lat - ter days.  
 Since He who is e - ter - nal Has said you shall ob - tain.



## No. 215.

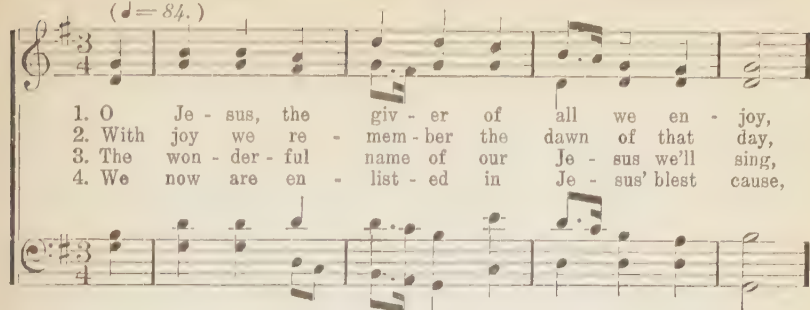
## O Jesus, the Giver.

William W. Phelps.

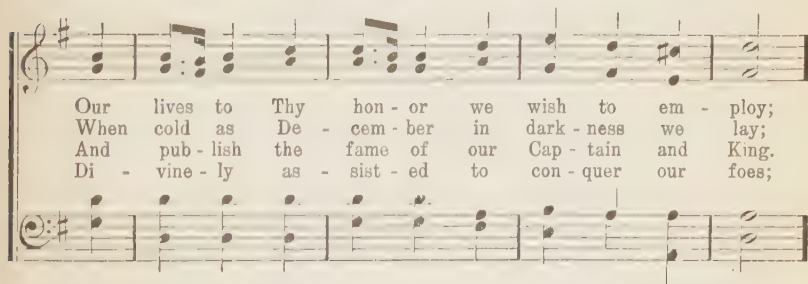
(4-11's.)

Ralph Bradshaw.

(♩ = 84.)



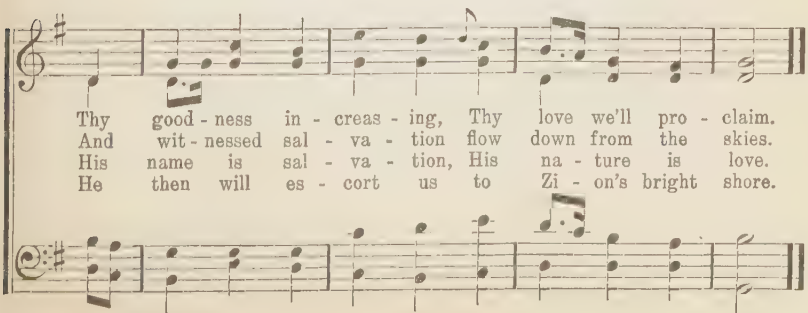
1. O Je - sus, the giv - er of all we en - joy,  
 2. With joy we re - mem - ber the dawn of that day,  
 3. The won - der - ful name of our Je - sus we'll sing,  
 4. We now are en - list - ed in Je - sus' blest cause,



Our lives to Thy hon - or we wish to em - ploy;  
 When cold as De - cem - ber in dark - ness we lay;  
 And pub - lish the fame of our Cap - tain and King.  
 Di - vine - ly as - sist - ed to con - quer our foes;



With prais - es un - ceas - ing we'll sing of Thy name;  
 The sweet in - vi - ta - tion we heard with sur - prise,  
 With sweet ex - al - ta - tion His good - ness we prove;  
 His grace will sup - port us till con - flicts are o'er,



Thy good - ness in - creas - ing, Thy love we'll pro - claim.  
 And wit - nessed sal - va - tion flow down from the skies.  
 His name is sal - va - tion, His na - ture is love.  
 He then will es - cort us to Zi - on's bright shore.



# No. 216. The Morning Flowers Display Their Sweets.

Wesley's Collection.

(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 66.)



1. The morn - ing flow'rs dis - play their sweets, And gay their
2. Nipped by the wind's un - kind - ly blast, Parched by the
3. So blooms the hu - man face di - vine, When youth its
4. Or worn by slow - ly roll - ing years, Or broke by



silk - en leaves un - fold, As care - less of the  
sun's di - rec - ter ray, The mo - men - ta - ry  
pride of beau - ty shows; Fair - er than spring in  
sick - ness in a day, The fad - ing glo - ry



noon - tide heats, As fear - less of the eve - ning cold.  
glo - ries waste, The short - lived beau - ties die a - way.  
col - ors shine, And sweet - er than the vir - gin rose.  
dis - ap - pears, The short - lived beau - ties die a - way.



5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
Revive with everlasting bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven but recompense our pains;  
Perish the grass and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

# No. 217. Happy the Man Who Finds the Grace.

Wesley's Collection.

(L. M.)

James Leach.

(♩ = 60.)



1. Hap - py the Man who finds the grace, The bless-ings of God's  
2. Hap - py be - yond de - scrip - tion he Who knows, "The Sav - iour  
3. Wis - dom di - vine! Who tells the price Of wis-dom's cost - ly  
4. Her hands are filled with length of days True rich - es and im -



cho - sen race, The wis-dom com - ing from a - bove, The faith that  
died for me," The gift un-speak - a - ble ob - tains, The heav'n - ly  
mer - chan - dise? Wis - dom to sil - ver we pre - fer, And gold is  
mor - tal praise; Rich - es of Christ on all be - stowed, And hon - or



sweet - ly works by love, The faith that sweet - ly works by love.  
un - der - stand - ing gains, The heav'n - ly un - der - stand - ing gains.  
dross com - pared to her, And gold is dross com - pared to her.  
that de - scends from God, And hon - or that de - scends from God.



5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy who his guest retains;  
He owns, and will forever own,  
Wisdom and Christ and Heaven are one.

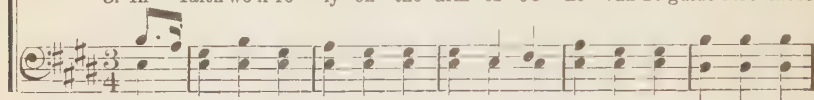
William W. Phelps.

(12's &amp; 11's.)

(♩ = 80.)



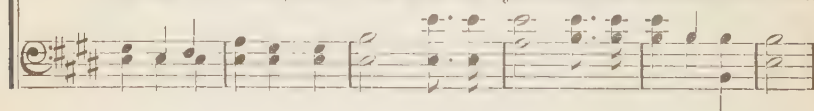
1. Now let us re-joice in the day of sal - va - tion, No lon - ger as
2. We'll love one an - oth - er, and nev - er dis - sem - ble, But cease to do
3. In faith we'll re - ly on the arm of Je - ho - vah To guide thro' these



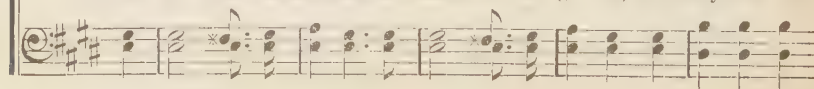
stran - gers on earth need we roam, Good ti - dings are sound - ing to  
e - vil, and ev - er be one; And when the un - god - ly are  
last days of trou - ble and gloom, And, af - ter the scour - ges and



us and each nation, And short - ly the hour of re - demp - tion will come:  
fear - ing, and tremble, We'll watch for the day when the Sav - iour will come:  
har - vest are o - ver, We'll rise with the just when the Sav - iour doth come.



When all that was promised the Saints will be giv - en, And none will mo -  
When all that was promised the Saints will be giv - en, And none will mo -  
Then all that was promised the Saints will be giv - en, And they will be



## Now Let Us Rejoice.

lest them from morn un - til ev'n,      And earth will ap - pear as the  
 lest them from morn un - til ev'n,      And earth will ap - pear as the  
 crown'd with the an - gels of heav'n,      And earth will ap - pear as the

gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.  
 gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.  
 gar - den of E - den, And Christ and His peo - ple will ev - er be one.

## No. 219.      The Day is Past and Gone.

John Leland.

(S. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Andante.* (♩ = 66.)

1. The day is past and gone.      The ev'n - ing shades ap - pear,  
 2. We lay our gar - ments by,      While we re - tire to rest;  
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night,      Se - cure from all our fears,  
 4. And when we ear - ly rise,      And view the bril - liant sun,  
 5. And when our days are past,      And we from time re - move,

*rit. e dim.*      *rit. e dim.*      *pp*

O may we all re - mem - ber well      The night of death draws near.  
 So death will soon dis - robe us all      Of what is here pos - sessed.  
 May angels guard us while we sleep      Till morn - ing light ap - pears.  
 May we set out to win the prize,      And af - ter glo - ry run.  
 O may we in Thy king - dom rest,      Where all is peace and love.

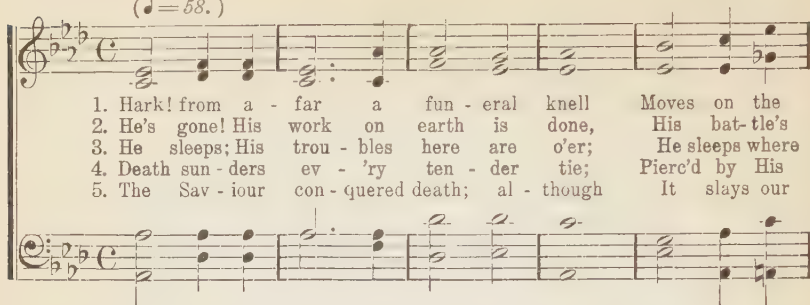
# No. 220. Hark! From Afar a Funeral Knell.

Eliza R. Snow

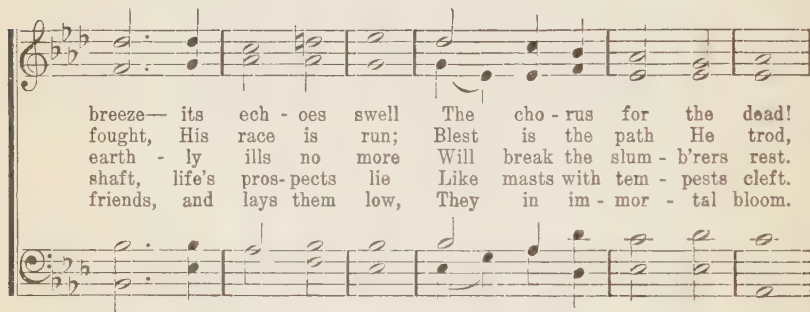
(2-8's & 6's.)

Geo. Careless.

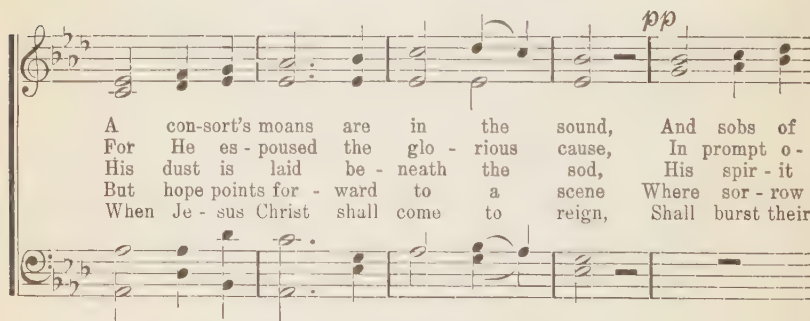
(♩ = 58.)



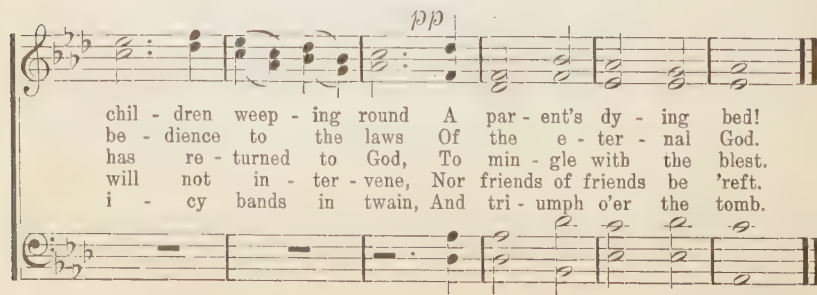
1. Hark! from a - far a fun - eral knell Moves on the  
 2. He's gone! His work on earth is done, His bat-tle's  
 3. He sleeps; His trou - bles here are o'er; He sleeps where  
 4. Death sun - ders ev - 'ry ten - der tie; Pierc'd by His  
 5. The Sav - iour con - quered death; al - though It slays our



breeze— its ech - oes swell The cho - rus for the dead!  
 fought, His race is run; Blest is the path He trod,  
 earth - ly ills no more Will break the slum - b'ers rest.  
 shaft, life's pros - pects lie Like masts with tem - pests cleft.  
 friends, and lays them low, They in im - mor - tal bloom.



A con-sort's moans are in the sound, And sobs of  
 For He es - poused the glo - rious cause, In prompt o -  
 His dust is laid be - neath the sod, His spir - it  
 But hope points for - ward to a scene Where sor - row  
 When Je - sus Christ shall come to reign, Shall burst their



chil - dren weep - ing round A par - ent's dy - ing bed!  
 be - dience to the laws Of the e - ter - nal God.  
 has re - turned to God, To min - gle with the blest.  
 will not in - ter - vene, Nor friends of friends be 'reft.  
 i - cy bands in twain, And tri - umph o'er the tomb.

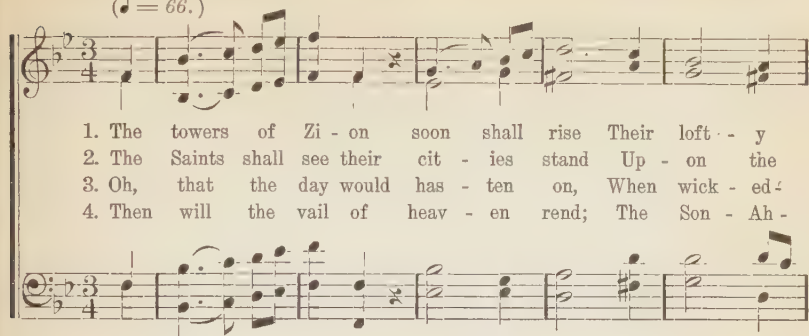
# No. 221. The Towers of Zion Soon Shall Rise.

William W. Phelps.

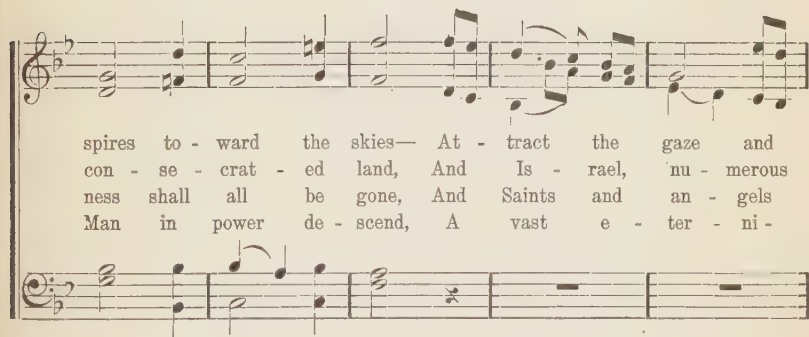
( L. M. )

William C. Clive.

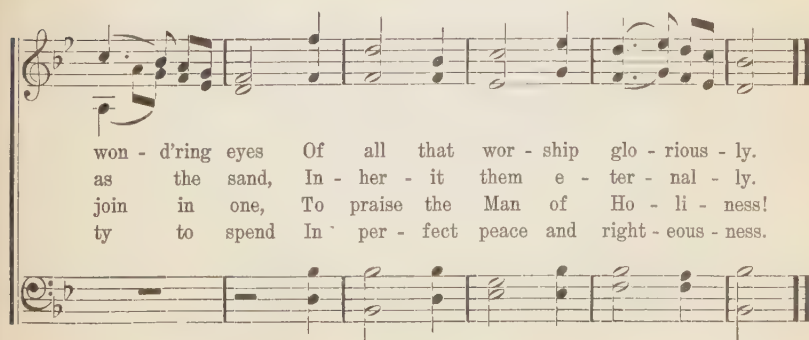
(♩ = 66.)



1. The towers of Zi - on soon shall rise Their loft - y  
 2. The Saints shall see their cit - ies stand Up - on the  
 3. Oh, that the day would has - ten on, When wick - ed -  
 4. Then will the vail of heav - en rend; The Son - Ah -



spires to - ward the skies— At - tract the gaze and  
 con - se - crat - ed land, And Is - rael, nu - merous  
 ness shall all be gone, And Saints and an - gels  
 Man in power de - scend, A vast e - ter - ni -



won - d'ring eyes Of all that wor - ship glo - rious - ly.  
 as the sand, In - her - it them e - ter - nal - ly.  
 join in one, To praise the Man of Ho - li - ness!  
 ty to spend In - per - fect peace and right - eous - ness.

5 Exalt the name of Zion's God,  
 Praise ye His name in songs aloud,  
 Proclaim His majesty abroad,  
 Ye banner-bearing messengers.

6 Cry to the nations far and near,  
 To come and in the glory share  
 Which on Mount Zion will appear;  
 When earth shall rest from wickedness.



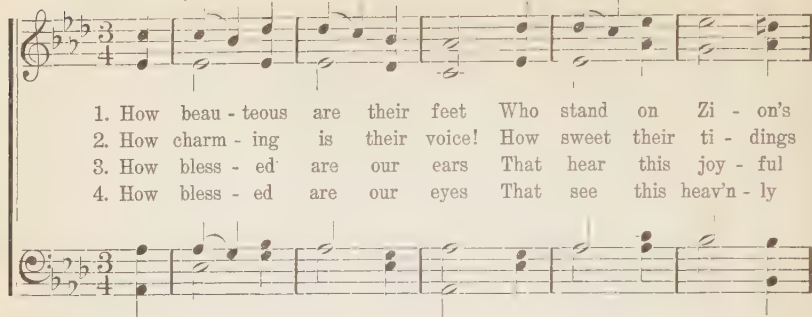
# No. 222. How Beauteous Are Their Feet.

Isaac Watts.

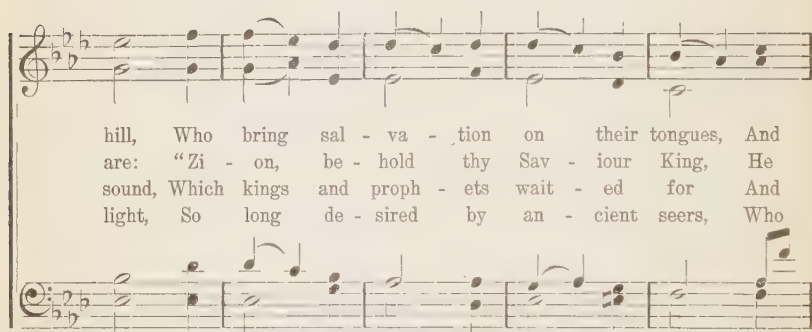
(S. M.)

Geo. Careless.

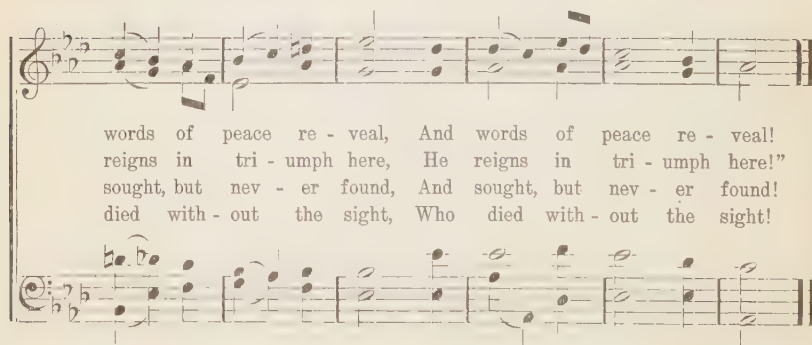
*Moderato.* (♩ = 76.)



1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's  
 2. How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings  
 3. How bless - ed are our ears That hear this joy - ful  
 4. How bless - ed are our eyes That see this heav'n - ly



hill, Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And  
 are: "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour King, He  
 sound, Which kings and proph - ets wait - ed for And  
 light, So long de - sired by an - cient seers, Who



words of peace re - veal, And words of peace re - veal!  
 reigns in tri - umph here, He reigns in tri - umph here!"  
 sought, but nev - er found, And sought, but nev - er found!  
 died with - out the sight, Who died with - out the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
 Through all the earth abroad:  
 Let every nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

# No. 223. Stars of Morning, Shout for Joy.

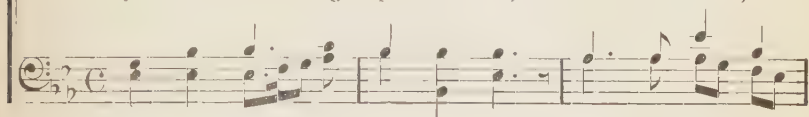
(3-7's & 4.)

Thos. Durham

*Con spirito.* (♩ = 92.)



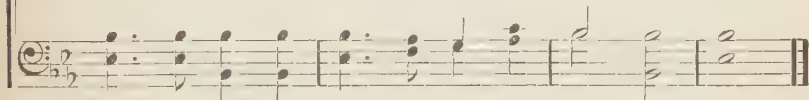
1. Stars of morn - ing shout for joy, Sing re - demp-tion's
2. Eth - i - o - pia, stretch thy hand; Come, ye tribes of
3. Bend Thy bow and come, good Lord, Send Thy Spir - it
4. My be - liev - ing spir - it fill, Faith de - mands, it



mys - te - ry; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly cry,  
 ev - 'ry land, Count - less as the o - cean's sand,  
 with Thy word, Be Thy sav - ing work re - stored,  
 is Thy will, All things now are pos - si - ble,



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly cry, And praise the Lamb!  
 Count - less as the o - cean's sand, To praise the Lamb.  
 Be Thy sav - ing work re - stored, Thou bleed - ing Lamb.  
 All things now are pos - si - ble, It shall be done.



5 Thus may we each moment feel,  
 Love Him, serve Him, praise Him still,  
 ||: Till we meet on Zion's hill, :||  
 To praise the Lamb.

6 Saviour, let Thy kingdom come,  
 Now the man of sin consume,  
 ||: Bring the blest Millenium, :||  
 Exalted Lamb!

# No. 224. When Earth in Bondage Long Had Lain.

Parley P. Pratt.

(L. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

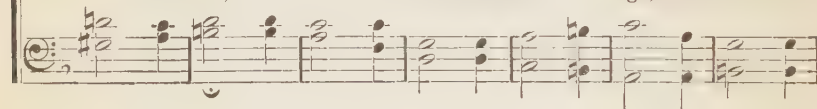
*p* ( $\text{♩} = 88$ .)



1. When earth in bond - age long had lain, And dark - ness o'er the
2. He comes to show the Gos - pel plan In ful - ness to be -
3. Re - stored the Priest-hood, long since lost, In truth and pow'r as



na - tions reigned, And all man's pre - cepts proved in vain, A per - fect  
night - ed man: Lol from Cu - mor - ah's an - cient hill, There comes a  
at the first; Thus men com - mis - sioned from on high, Came forth and



*rit.*

*a tempo. cres.*



sys - tem to ob - tain, A voice re - sound - ed from on  
rec - ord of God's will. Trans - la - ted by the pow'r of  
did re - pent - ance cry, Bap - tiz - ing those who did be -

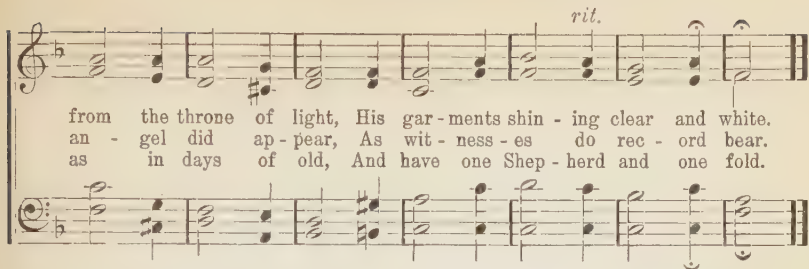


high, Hark! hark! it is the an - gel's cry, De - scend - ing  
God, His voice bears rec - ord to His word; A - gain an  
lieve, That they the Spir - it might re - ceive, In ful - ness,



# When Earth In Bondage Long Had Lain.

*rit.*



from the throne of light, His gar - ments shin - ing clear and white.  
 an - gel did ap - pear, As wit - ness - es do rec - ord bear.  
 as in days of old, And have one Shep - herd and one fold.

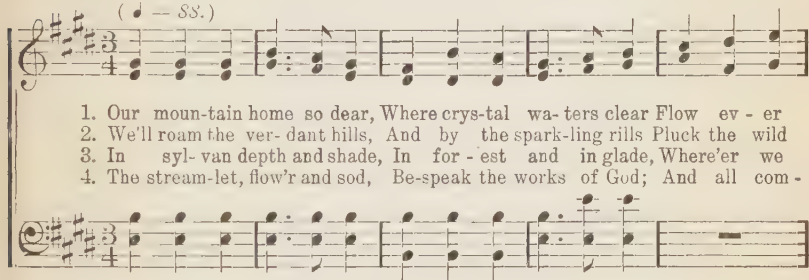
## No. 225. Our Mountain Home so Dear.

Emiline B. Wells.

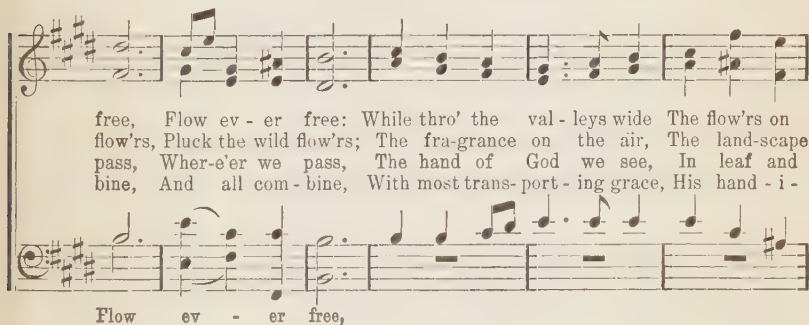
(8's & 7's, D.)

Evan Stephens.

(♩ - SS.)



1. Our moun - tain home so dear, Where crys - tal wa - ters clear Flow ev - er  
 2. We'll roam the ver - dant hills, And by the spark - ling rills Pluck the wild  
 3. In syl - van depth and shade, In for - est and in glade, Where'er we  
 4. The stream - let, flow'r and sod, Be - speak the works of God; And all com -



free, Flow ev - er free: While thro' the val - leys wide The flow'rs on  
 flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs; The fra - grance on the air, The land - scape  
 pass, Where'er we pass, The hand of God we see, In leaf and  
 bine, And all com - bine, With most trans - port - ing grace, His hand - i -

Flow ev - er free,



ev - 'ry side, Bloom - ing in state - ly pride, Are fair to see.  
 bright and fair, And sun - shine ev - 'ry - where, Make pleas - ant hours.  
 bud and tree, Or bird and hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.  
 work to trace, Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In art di - vine.

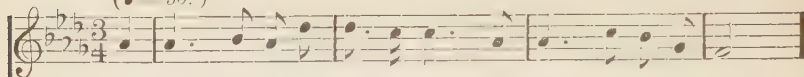
# No. 226. What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?

Henry W. Naisbitt.

( C. M. D. )

Ebenezer Beesley.

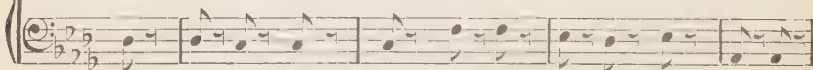
(♩ = 50.)



1. What voice salutes the start-led ear, And wakes the stricken heart,
2. This doth not spring from earthly soil, Nor from its wis-dom grow;
3. Here, where the o - pen bier sustains The friend just passed a-way,
4. And so we thank Thee, Father, God; Thy voice will raise the dead,



Yet seems to chide each childish fear, And life a-gain im-part?  
 'Tis not e-voked by student's toil, Tho' years hath crown'd with snow.  
 We know that glad re - lief obtains From its encum-bering clay.  
 E'en tho' a thorn-y path they trod, Or were by Cal-v'ry led;



Is it an ech-o of the past, To which we si-lent cling?  
 No! rich ex-perience bids this swell, Di-vine its precious ring—  
 While by the read-y grave we stand, Ex-ult-ing faith we bring—  
 'Twas there Thy Son, our Saviour, went, And man by this can sing:



# What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?

CHORUS.

"O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

## No. 227. Lord, Let Thy Holy Spirit Now.

Edward L. Sloan.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 72.)

1. Lord, let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it now Shine forth in  
2. Speak thro' Thy serv - ants, Lord, and may Thy truth each

ev - 'ry heart, That, as to wor - ship Thee we've met, We  
bo - som swell, While ev - 'ry lip and ev - 'ry heart U -

may re - joic - ing part, We may re - joic - ing part.  
nite Thy love to tell, U - nite Thy love to tell.



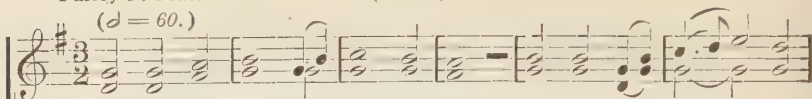
# No. 228. Creation Speaks with Awful Voice.

Parley P. Pratt.

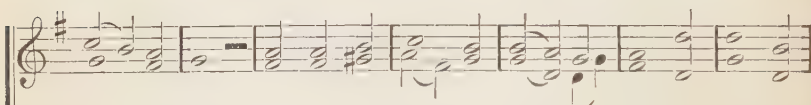
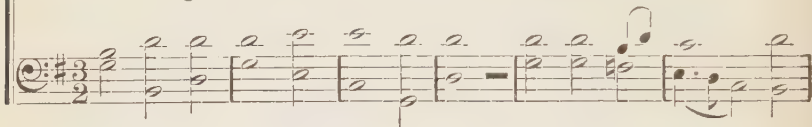
(L. M.)

Shoel.

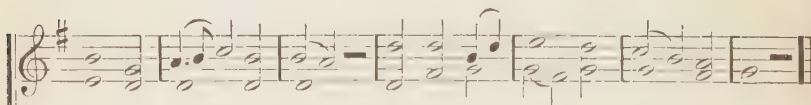
(♩ = 60.)



1. Cre - a - tion speaks with aw - ful voice, Hark! 'tis a u - ni -
2. For sick-ness, sor - row, pain and death, With aw - ful tyr - an -
3. But hark! a - gain a voice is heard Re-sound-ing through the
4. No lon - ger let cre - a - tion mourn; Ye sons of sor - row,



ver - sal groan Re - ech - oes thro' the vast ex - tent Of worlds un -  
ny have reigned, While all e - ter - ni - ty has shed Her tears of  
sol - emn gloom; A might - y con - qu'ror has ap - peared, In tri - umph  
dry your tears; Life! life! e - ter - nal life is ours! Dis - miss your



numbered, called to mourn, Of worlds un - num - bered, called to mourn.  
sor - row o'er the slain, Her tears of sor - row o'er the slain.  
ris - ing from the tomb, In tri - umph ris - ing from the tomb.  
doubts, dis - pel your fears, Dis - miss your doubts, dis - pel your fears.



5 The King shall soon in clouds descend,  
With all the heavenly host above;  
The dead shall rise and hail their friends,  
And always dwell with those they love.

6 No tear, no sorrow, death nor pain,  
Shall e'er be known to enter there;  
But perfect peace, immortal bloom,  
Shall reign triumphant everywhere.

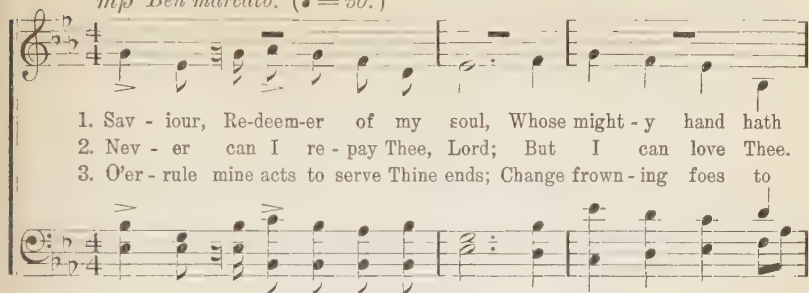
# No. 229. Saviour, Redeemer of My Soul.

Orson F. Whitney.

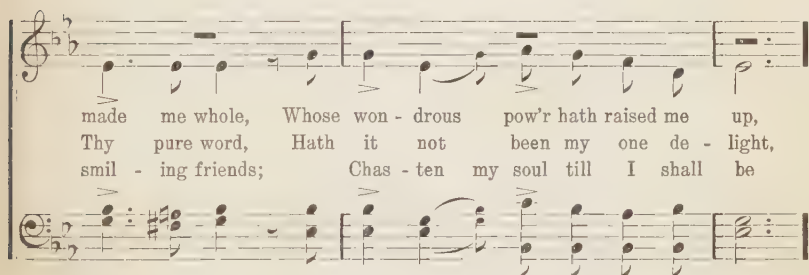
(6-8's.)

Evan Stephens.

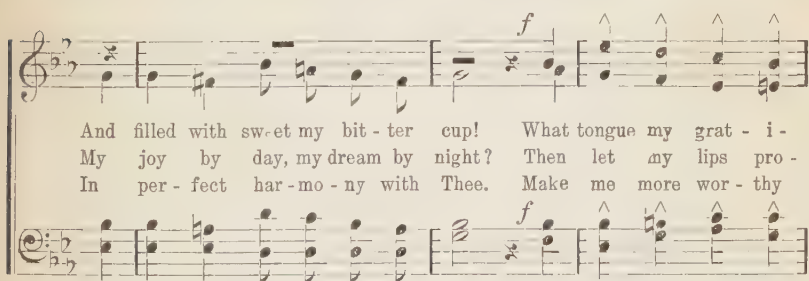
*mp Ben marcato.* ( $\text{♩} = 50.$ )



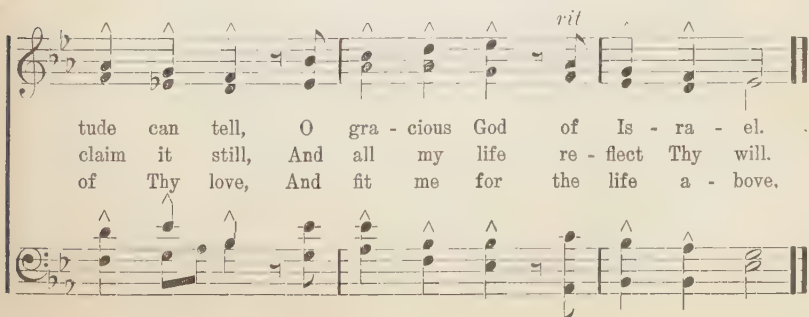
1. Sav - iour, Re-deem-er of my soul, Whose might - y hand hath  
 2. Nev - er can I re - pay Thee, Lord; But I can love Thee.  
 3. O'er - rule mine acts to serve Thine ends; Change frown - ing foes to



made me whole, Whose won - drous pow'r hath raised me up,  
 Thy pure word, Hath it not been my one de - light,  
 smil - ing friends; Chas - ten my soul till I shall be



And filled with sw-et my bit - ter cup! What tongue my grat - i -  
 My joy by day, my dream by night? Then let my lips pro -  
 In per - fect har - mo - ny with Thee. Make me more wor - thy



tude can tell, O gra - cious God of Is - ra - el.  
 claim it still, And all my life re - flect Thy will.  
 of Thy love, And fit me for the life a - bove.

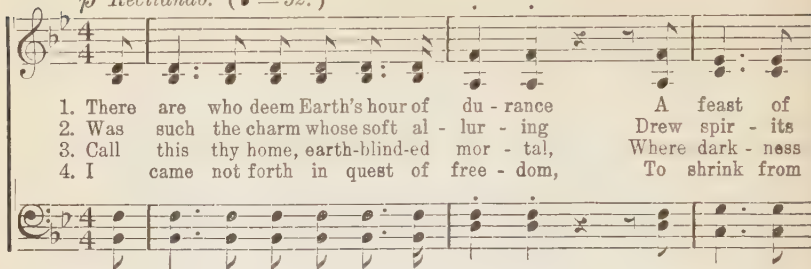
# No. 230. There Are Who Deem Earth's Hour of Durance.

Orson F. Whitney.

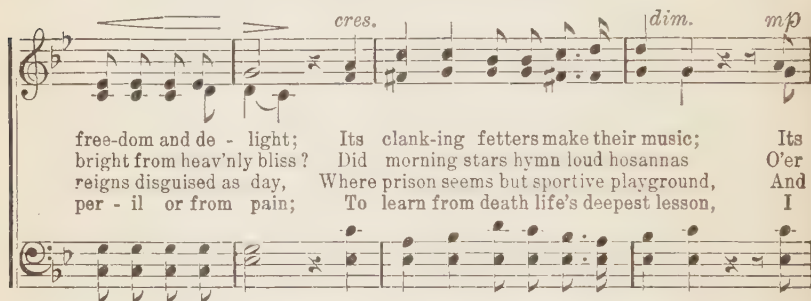
(P. M.)

Tracy Y. Cannon.

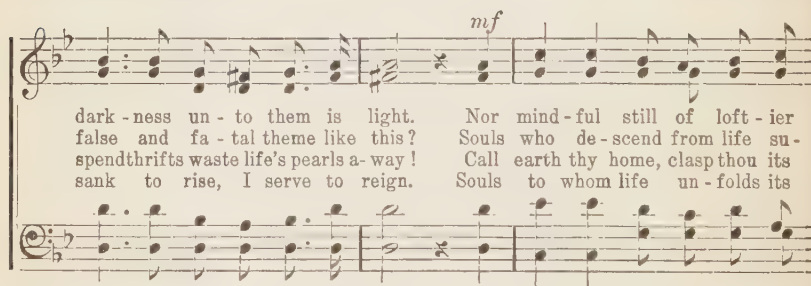
*p Recitando.* (♩ = 52.)



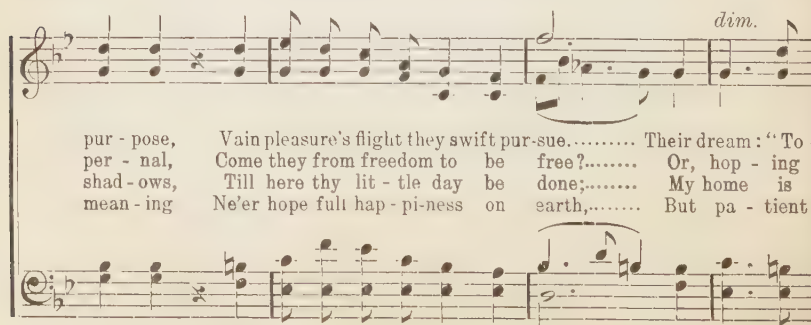
1. There are who deem Earth's hour of du - rance A feast of  
2. Was such the charm whose soft al - lur - ing Drew spir - its  
3. Call this thy home, earth-blind-ed mor - tal, Where dark - ness  
4. I came not forth in quest of free - dom, To shrink from



free-dom and de - light; Its clank-ing fetters make their music; Its  
bright from heav'nly bliss? Did morning stars hymn loud hosannas O'er  
reigns disguised as day, Where prison seems but sportive playground, And  
per - il or from pain; To learn from death life's deepest lesson, I

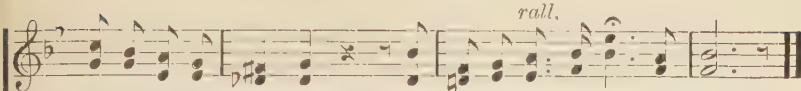


dark - ness un - to them is light. Nor mind - ful still of loft - ier  
false and fa - tal theme like this? Souls who de - scend from life su -  
spendthrifts waste life's pearls a - way! Call earth thy home, clasp thou its  
sank to rise, I serve to reign. Souls to whom life un - folds its

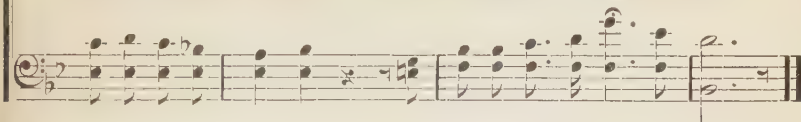


pur - pose, Vain pleasure's flight they swift pur-sue..... Their dream: "To -  
per - nal, Come they from freedom to be free?..... Or, hop - ing  
shad - ows, Till here thy lit - tle day be done;..... My home is  
mean - ing Ne'er hope full hap - pi-ness on earth,..... But pa - tient

# There Are Who Deem Earth's Hour of Durance.



day; there comes no mor-row "— That tinkling lie with sound so true.  
 rise of endless rap-ture, For time renounce e-ter-ni-ty?  
 where the starry kingdoms Roll round the Kingdom of the Sun!  
 bide the brighter mor-row That brings again ce-les-tial birth.

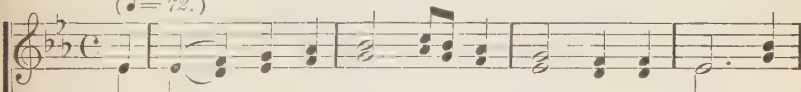


## No. 231. Redeemer of Israel.

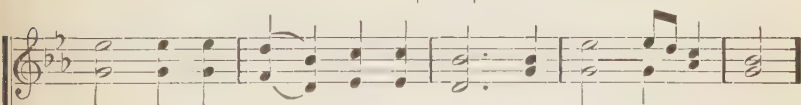
William W. Phelps.

(P. M.)

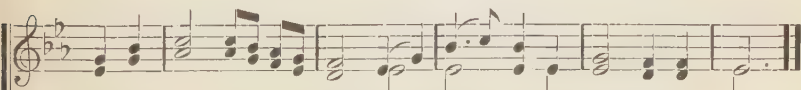
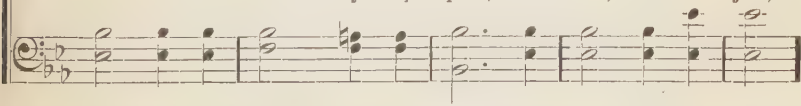
(♩ = 72.)



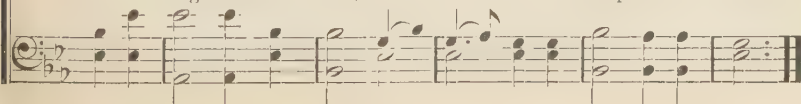
1. Re - deem - er of Is - rael, Our on - ly de - light, On  
 2. We know He is com - ing To gath - er His sheep, And  
 3. How long we have wan - dered As stran - gers in sin, And  
 4. As chil - dren of Zi - on, Good ti - dings for us, The



whom for a bless - ing we call, Our shad - ow by day,  
 lead them to Zi - on in love; For why in the val -  
 cried in the des - ert for Thee! Our foes have re - joiced  
 tok - ens al - read - y ap - pear; Fear not, and be just,



And our pil - lar by night, Our King, our De - liv - 'rer, our all!  
 ley Of death should they weep, Or in the lone wil - der-ness rove?  
 When our sor - rows they've seen, But Is - rael will short - ly be free.  
 For the king - dom is ours; The hour of re - demp-tion is near.



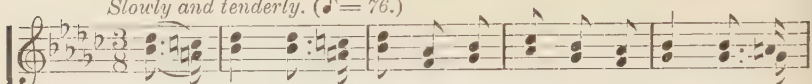
# No. 232. To the Regions of Rest Where the Blissful Abide.

Orson F. Whitney.

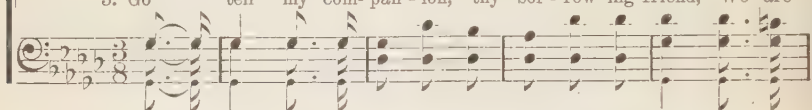
(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

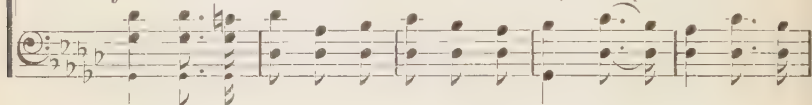
*Slowly and tenderly.* (♩ = 76.)



1. To the re - gions of rest where the bliss - ful a - bid, Rocked to
2. Dost thou dream of the sor - row be - wail - ing thee here? Of the
3. Yearns thy pure an - gel heart for love's ten - der ca - ress? For thy
4. Soft as falls from its foun - tain the life - giv - ing dew O'er the
5. Go tell my com - pan - ion, thy sor - row - ing friend, We are



sleep on the wave of e - ter - ni - ty's tide, Thou art gone in the  
once hap - py home, of the hearts sad and dreer, That were wont to brim  
lit - tle ones, left in the world moth - er - less? Is mem - 'ry im -  
sun - with - ered flow'r, till it blos - som a - new, Was the voice that gave  
joined in a u - nion that know - eth no end, And I, tho' un -



bloom of a beau - ty most rare, And a bright star has dropt from life's  
o - ver with glad - ness and glee? Tho' they ne'er knew de - light if 'twere  
mor - tal, or aught to thee now The bur - dens that erst - while thy  
an - swer, so gen - tle, so sweet, Ne'er did mu - sic of earth the rapt  
seen, shall re - main on his side, Ev - er near him to cheer him, what -



*dim. e rit.*



fir - ma - ment fair, And a bright star has dropt from life's firmament fair.  
ab - sent from thee, Tho' they ne'er knew de - light if 'twere absent from thee.  
spir - it did bow, The bur - dens that erstwhile thy spir - it did bow?  
sen - ses so greet, Ne'er did mu - sic of earth the rapt sen - ses so greet:  
ev - er be - tide, Ev - er near him to cheer him, what - ev - er be - tide.



## To the Regions of Rest Where the Blissful Abide.

- 6 And our babes, though bereft of a mother's fond care  
In the life that I left, shall they not claim a share  
Of the infinite love which the ransomed well know—  
They who lave in its waters and bask in its glow?
- 7 Deem me not with the dead—'tis from death I am free;  
And 'tis thou who art with them, if thou couldst but see.  
"Is memory immortal?" Aye, each smile and tear,  
Life's joys and life's sorrows, are all treasured here.
- 8 Ne'er grieves the glad spirit o'er pains that are past,  
Nor sighs for vain pleasures, forevermore cast  
When the summit is gained and the mystery riven  
That hides from earth's gaze all the glories of heaven.

## No. 233. The Bodies of Our Dead Are Laid.

John Nicholson.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 50.)



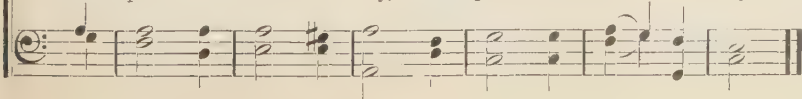
1. The bod - ies of our dead are laid In earth's in -  
2. Not so the beam - ing spir - its bright; They go not  
3. They there in ac - tive, peace - ful state, A - wait the  
4. The dead shall spring forth from the earth, Re - deemed, im -  
5. With them we'll meet in realms of love, And ev - er -



vit - ing crust, Con - firm - ing what the Lord hath said:  
'neath the sod, But up - ward take their glo - rious flight,  
fi - nal hour, When Christ will o - pen wide the gate,  
mor - tal souls, No more a - gain to taste of death,  
last - ing joy; In man - sions of the Lord a - bove,



They must re - turn to dust, They must re - turn to dust.  
To par - a - dise of God, To par - a - dise of God.  
By His re - deem - ing power, By His re - deem - ing power.  
While time e - ter - nal rolls, While time e - ter - nal rolls.  
Where peace hath no al - loy, Where peace hath no al - loy.





# No. 234. Midway of Life, In Meditative Mood.

Orson F. Whitney.

(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Andante con espressione.* (♩ = 66.)

*mp*

1. { A - lone I gazed, where man - y had be - held, While  
 2. { I lis - tened to the riv - er's plain-tive roar, And  
 "Be - hold me still," the tor - rent seemed to say, "But

*cres.*

lin - gered where in youth-ful years I stood, Spelled by the  
 foam - ing, wind-flung wa-ters surged and swelled, Whirl-ing to  
 dreamed of loved com-pan-ions gone be - fore; And o'er my  
 eyes that looked up - on me, where are they? A type of

splen - dor of a crys - tal fall, A leap - ing won - der o'er a  
 wheel and fur-row far a - way, And giv - ing pow'r where prisoned  
 dream there fell a mist of tears, Veil-ing the vis - ion of de -  
 time thy fleet-ing race must be, And mine the sym - bol of e -

*rit.* *Lento.*

moun-tain wall. }  
 light-nings play, } And giv - ing pow'r where pris-oned light-nings play.  
 part - ed years. }  
 ter - ni - ty, } And mine the sym - bol of e - ter - ni - ty.

## Midway of Life, In Meditative Mood.

- 3 "Again, again, come I into the world,  
From peak to plain my waters downward  
hurled;  
Then up to riven rain-clouds whence I fell,  
Or back to ocean's breast my source to  
swell;  
Ascending and descending o'er and o'er,  
Blessing the myriads that I blessed before.  
Say, am I not the mightier of the twain,  
And man less noble than a drop of rain?"
- 4 Then answered I the river on this wise:  
Dost thou, O stream, humanity despise?  
Long after thou hast lived thy little day,  
That greater flood shall flow, and flow al-  
way.
- From world to world life's endless river runs;  
Unmeasured are its days by earthly suns.  
Thy waters find a grave in time's sad sea;  
Man's goal the ocean of eternity.
- 5 I'll liken thee to Truth's repouring wave,  
Mighty to comfort, kindle, strengthen, save—  
A symbol of the Spirit and the Word;  
But man the very image of his Lord.  
When there shall be no sea, no peak, no  
plain,  
Eternally that Image shall remain,  
Who told thee man would come on earth  
no more?  
Earth will be heaven, man's empire ever-  
more.

## No. 235. Before Jehovah's Glorious Throne.

Wesley's Collection.

(L. M.)

Handel.

(♩ = 60.)

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's glo - rious throne, Ye na - tions  
2. His sov - 'reign power with - out our aid, Made us of  
3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the  
4. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e -

bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is  
clay and formed us men; And when like wan - d'ring  
heavens our voic - es raise; And earth with her ten  
ter - ni - ty Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy

God a - lone; He can cre - ate; He can de - stroy.  
sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.  
thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.  
truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

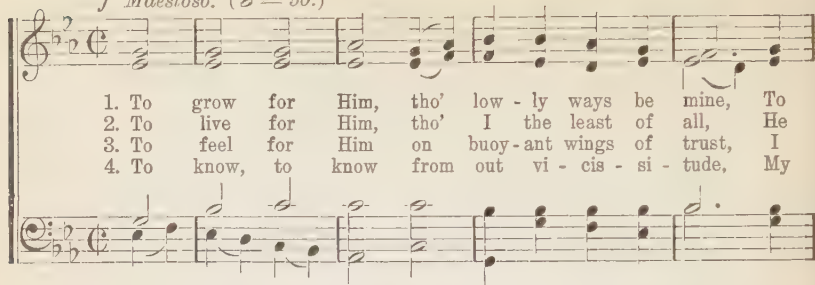
# No. 236. To Grow for Him, Tho' Lowly Ways Be Mine.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

(6-10's.)

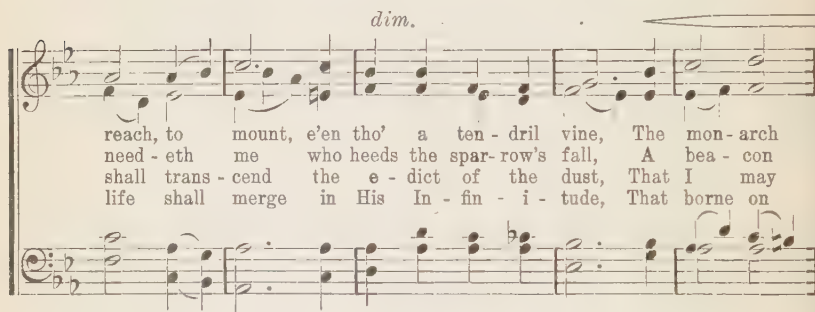
Tracy Y. Cannon.

*f* *Maestoso.* ( $\text{♩} = 50$ .)



1. To grow for Him, tho' low - ly ways be mine, To  
 2. To live for Him, tho' I the least of all, He  
 3. To feel for Him on buoy - ant wings of trust, I  
 4. To know, to know from out vi - cis - si - tude, My

*dim.*

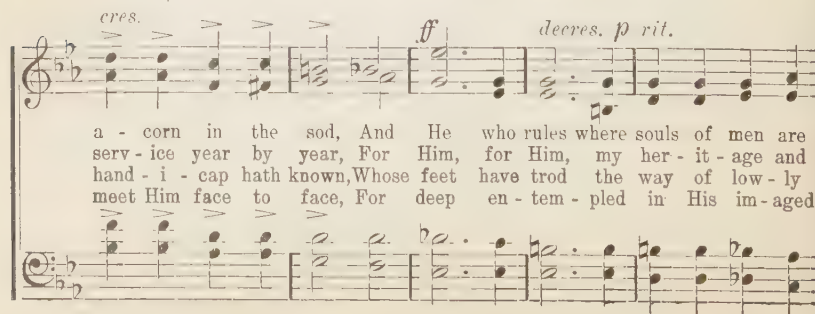


reach, to mount, e'en tho' a ten - drill vine, The mon - arch  
 need - eth me who heeds the spar - row's fall, A bea - con  
 shall trans - cend the e - dict of the dust, That I may  
 life shall merge in His In - fin - i - tude, That borne on



oak with branches flung to God Doth not de - spise the  
 I, with - in a mun - dane sphere, To kin - dle it with  
 step where He hath per - fect grown, Who task and toil and  
 more than ra - di - o of space, My soul's i - deal shall

*cres.* *f* *decres. p rit.*



a - corn in the sod, And He who rules where souls of men are  
 serv - ice year by year, For Him, for Him, my her - it - age and  
 hand - i - cap hath known, Whose feet have trod the way of low - ly  
 meet Him face to face, For deep en - tem - pled in His im - aged

# To Grow for Him, Tho' Lowly Ways Be Mine.

*a tempo. cres.*

*Allargando.*

spun, Hath mount-ed too and toiled and grown and won!  
 birth, For Him my blest pro-ba-tion here on earth!  
 ones, Nor God-li-ness de-nies un-to His sons.  
 shrine, He lives, He loves and makes me too di-vine!

# No. 237. This Earth Was Once a Garden Place.

William W. Phelps.

(P. M.)

(♩. = 50.)

1. This earth was once a gar-den place, With all her glo-ries  
 2. We read that E-noch walk'd with God, A-bove the pow'r of  
 3. Her land was good and great-ly blest, Be-yond all Is-rael's  
 4. Ho-san-na to such days to come, The Sav-iour's sec-ond

com-mon, And men did live a ho-ly race, And wor-ship  
 mam-mon, While Zi-on spread her-self a-broad, And Saints and  
 Ca-naan, Her fame was known from east to west, Her peace was  
 com-ing. When all the earth in glo-rious bloom Af-fords the

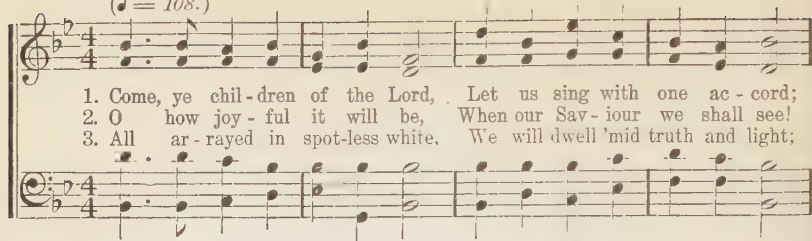
Je-sus face to face In A-dam-on-di-Ah-man.  
 an-gels sang a-loud, In A-dam-on-di-Ah-man.  
 great, and pure the rest Of A-dam-on-di-Ah-man.  
 Saints a ho-ly home, Like A-dam-on-di-Ah-man.

# No. 238. Come, Ye Children of the Lord.

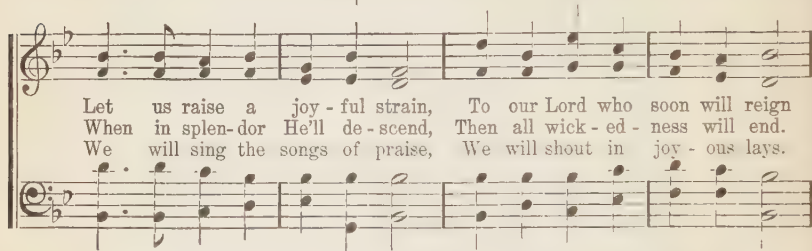
James H. Wallis.

(8-7's.)

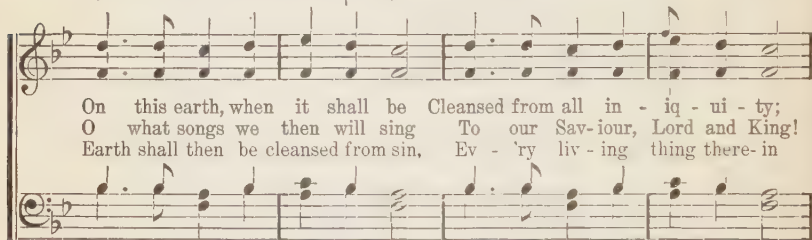
(♩ = 108.)



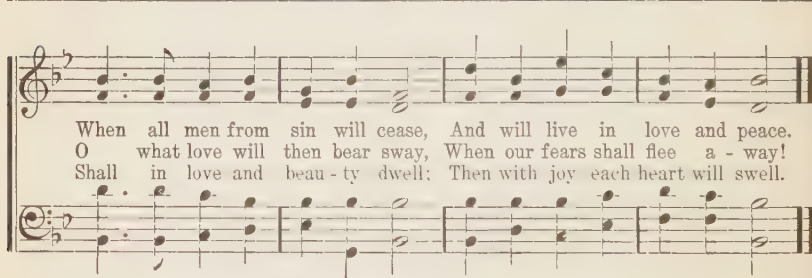
1. Come, ye chil-dren of the Lord, Let us sing with one ac-cord;  
 2. O how joy-ful it will be, When our Sav-iour we shall see!  
 3. All ar-rayed in spot-less white, We will dwell 'mid truth and light;



Let us raise a joy-ful strain, To our Lord who soon will reign  
 When in splen-dor He'll de-scend, Then all wick-ed-ness will end.  
 We will sing the songs of praise, We will shout in joy-ous lays.



On this earth, when it shall be Cleansed from all in-iq-ui-ty;  
 O what songs we then will sing To our Sav-iour, Lord and King!  
 Earth shall then be cleansed from sin, Ev-'ry liv-ing thing there-in



When all men from sin will cease, And will live in love and peace.  
 O what love will then bear sway, When our fears shall flee a-way!  
 Shall in love and beau-ty dwell: Then with joy each heart will swell.

# No. 239. Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard.

John Lyon.

(8-7's.)

Music No. 238.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Where the voice of friendship's heard,<br>Sounding like a sweet-toned bird;<br>Where the holy notes inspire,<br>With devotion's pure desire;<br>Where fond actions speak the soul;<br>Where true love doth all control;<br>Where the sons of God agree,<br>There may all the faithful be. | 2 Where the weary find a home;<br>Where the wild deer fearless roam:<br>Where the mellow fruit tree grows;<br>Where the golden harvest flows;<br>Where the bee, the grape and kine,<br>Yield their honey, milk and wine;<br>Where the curse from earth shall flee,<br>There may all the faithful be. |
|---|--|



# Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard.

3 Where the Temple-block is laid;  
Where no foe shall e'er invade;  
Where the Priesthood's power shall claim  
All that heaven and earth can name;  
Where the judge by justice rules;  
Where the couns'ors are not fools;  
Where the poor shall judgment see,  
There may all the faithful be.

4 Where the dew-distilling hills  
Drop their fatness in the rills;  
Where the river, lake and stream  
With their finny myriads teem;  
Where the shade-trees round the fold  
Shield from heat and winter's cold;  
Where all nature sings with glee,  
There may all the faithful be.

## No. 240. All-Wise, Eternal, Loving One.

James Crystal.

(L. M.)

John J. McClellan.

*Allegro moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 120$ .)

1. All - wise, E - ter - nal, Lov - ing One, (Lov - ing One,) Our  
2. We feel our weak-ness day by day, (day by day,) Un-  
3. Prone as the sparks to up - ward fly (up - ward fly) Are  
4. The arm of flesh we dare not trust, (dare not trust,) Man's  
5. O help us then to trust in Thee, (trust in Thee,) In

friend, our guide in days gone by, Sus - tain us till our  
less Thy grace our bo - soms fill; O grant us wis - dom,  
we to choose the paths of sin, But with Thy grace for-  
pur - pose turns, his love grows cold; But Thou, O Lord, un-  
life, in death, in weal or woe, And fill our hearts with

race is run..... To serve Thee with a sin - gle eye.  
Lord, we pray,..... To learn and love Thy ho - ly will.  
ev - er nigh..... The nar - row gate we en - ter in.  
chang-ing, just,..... Thy truth, Thy love were nev - er told.  
char - i - ty..... And love and peace to all be - low.



# No. 241. "Glory be to God" the Angels Sang.

Evan Stephens.

( 8's & 6's. )

Evan Stephens.


*Moderato.* (♩ = 80.)



1. "Glo - ry be to God" the an - gels sang, Long since o'er  
2. "Glo - ry be to God" a Christ is born, Be - hold the



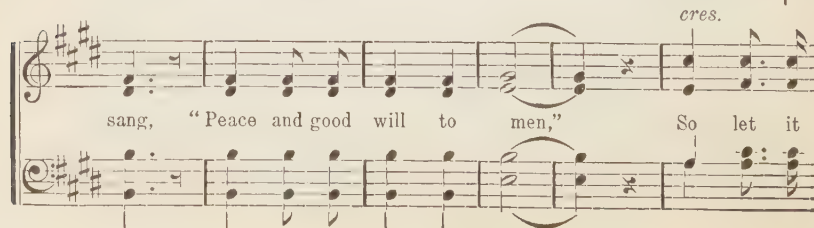
Ju - dah's plain,..... Wide o'er the world the mes - sage  
ris - ing star,..... Mil - lions re - joice this Christ - mas



rang, And ech - oed the re - frain,..... And ech - oed  
morn, And waft the ti - dings far,..... And waft the



*pp Slower.*  
the re - frain..... }  
ti - dings far..... } 3. "Peace, peace on earth" the an - gels



*cres.*  
sang, "Peace and good will to men," So let it

"Glory be to God" the Angels Sang.



be for ev - er - more, Peace ev - er - more. A - men.

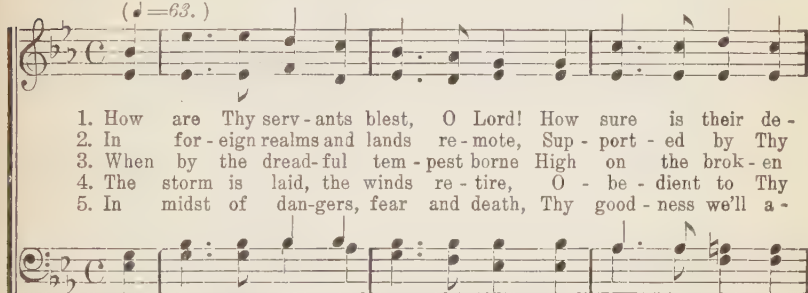
No. 242. How are Thy Servants Blest, O Lord.

Joseph Addison.

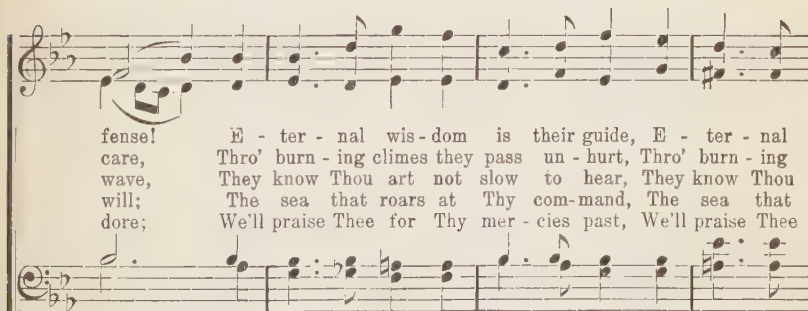
(C. M.)

Jos. J. Daynes.

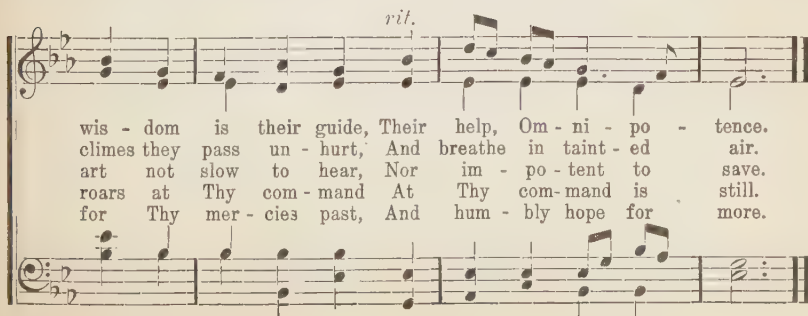
(♩ = 63.)



1. How are Thy serv-ants blest, O Lord! How sure is their de-  
 2. In for-eign realms and lands re-mote, Sup-port-ed by Thy  
 3. When by the dread-ful tem-pest borne High on the brok-en  
 4. The storm is laid, the winds re-tire, O-be-dient to Thy  
 5. In midst of dan-gers, fear and death, Thy good-ness we'll a-



fense! E - ter - nal wis-dom is their guide, E - ter - nal  
 care, Thro' burn-ing climes they pass un - hurt, Thro' burn-ing  
 wave, They know Thou art not slow to hear, They know Thou  
 will; The sea that roars at Thy com-mand, The sea that  
 dore; We'll praise Thee for Thy mer-cies past, We'll praise Thee



wis-dom is their guide, Their help, Om-ni-po-tence.  
 climes they pass un - hurt, And breathe in taint-ed air.  
 art not slow to hear, Nor im-po-tent to save.  
 roars at Thy com-mand At Thy com-mand is still.  
 for Thy mer-cies past, And hum-bly hope for more.

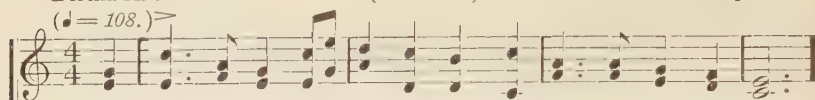
# No. 243. To Use the Gifts Thou Gavest Me.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

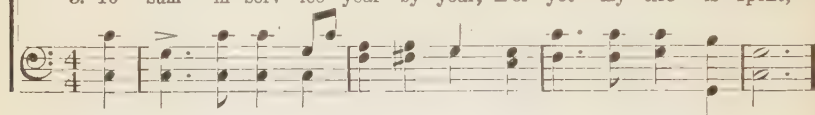
(C. M. D.)

Frank W. Asper.

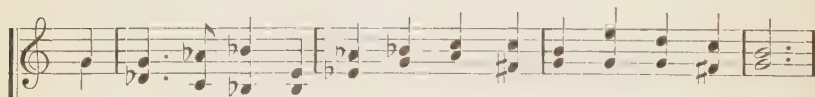
(♩ = 108.) >



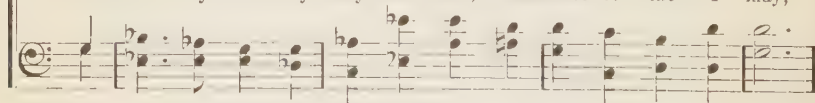
1. To use the gifts Thou gav-est me, While yet the day is mine,
2. To fit my-self with patience, Lord, And broad ca-pac-i-ty,
3. To sum in serv-ice year by year, E'er yet my life is spent,



To help some oth-er feet, dear Lord, Their steep-y way to climb,  
To bear the bur-dens of the day That Thou hast meant for me.  
Each no-ble as-pi-ra-tion, Lord, And ev-'ry good in-tent—



To use the pow-er day by day I may a-lone pos-sess,  
To take each trial I must en-dure, With no-ble for-ti-tude,  
This is my ev-'ry day rou-tine, Renounce it tho' I may,



To stir some oth-er heart I know, To find its hap-pi-ness.  
To shape my ev-'ry weak-ness, Lord, And han-di-cap for good.  
This is my part in Thy great plan, If I but live my day!



# No. 244. How Pleasant to Mingle Together.

Ruth May Fox.

(P. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

*f* Moderato. ( $\text{♩} = 42$ .)



1. How pleas-ant to min-gle to - geth - er In His house of
2. How sweet is the joy of the Spir - it, De - scend-ing as
3. And now as we pass thro' the por - tal, Each one to his



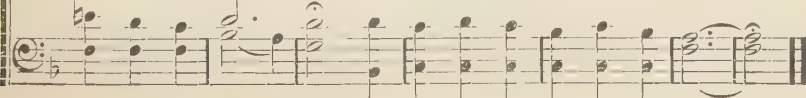
free-dom and peace;..... A band of broth - ers and  
gen - tle as dew, ..... From the throne of our Fa - ther in  
work and his way, ..... To cope with temp - ta - tion and



sis - ters, Our love and our joy to in - crease, To pray and to  
heav - en, Our hope and our faith to re - new— That won - der - ful  
sor - row, May the joy of His spir - it hold sway, To com - fort, for -



praise and a - dore Him, Whose gifts to His saints nev - er cease.  
life - giv - ing es - sence, Which helps us all ill to sub - due.  
give and en - cour - age And guard us in each com - ing day.

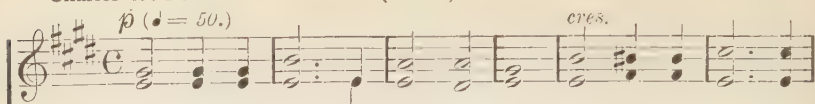


# No. 245. Death Gathers Up Thick Clouds of Gloom.

Charles W. Penrose.

(L. M.)

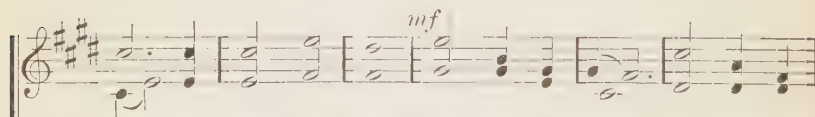
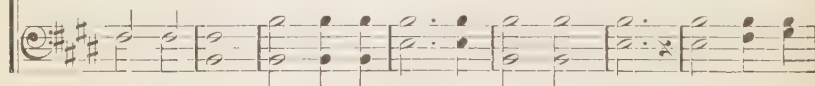
Geo. Careless.



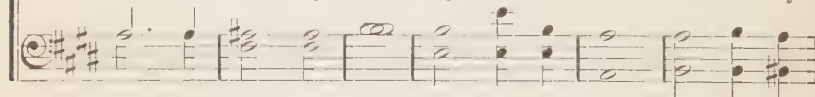
1. Death gath-ers up thick clouds of gloom, And wounds the soul with
2. "The Res-ur-rec-tion and the Life!" What hope and joy that
3. We lose a lead-ing Mas-ter Mind, But spir-it hosts be-
4. Thy work on earth was no-bly done, And peace smiles sweet-ly



an-guish deep; Gaunt sor-row sits up-on the tomb, And round the  
ti-tle brings! Death's but a myth with hor-rors rife, And flees be-  
hind the veil New strength and ad-ded wis-dom find, To make our  
on thee now, The crown ce-les-tial, thou hast won, In splendor



grave dense shad-ows creep. But Faith beams down from God's fair  
fore the King of kings. Then shall we mourn and weep to-  
mu-tual work pre-vail. Ho-san-nas greet His entrance  
waits to deck thy brow! Thy work on earth was no-bly



skies And bids the clouds and shades be-gone. We gaze with  
day, Be-cause our Chief has gone to rest? He slum-bers  
there, And Jo-seph waits with words of praise, While here sad  
done, And peace smiles sweetly on thee now, The crown ce-



# Death Gathers Up Thick Clouds of Gloom.



bright-ened, tear-dried eyes, And lo! there stands the Ho - ly One!  
not in that cold clay, He lives and moves a - mong the blest.  
thou - sands bow in pray'r, And fu - neral notes in grief we raise.  
les - tial, thou hast won, In splen - dor waits to deck thy brow!



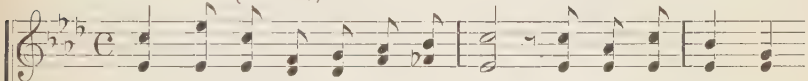
## No. 246. 'Twas the Commission of Our Lord.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

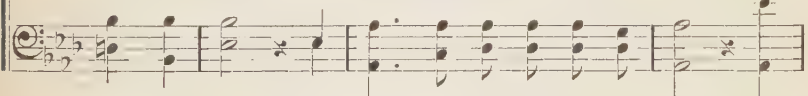
*Andante.* (♩ = 63.)



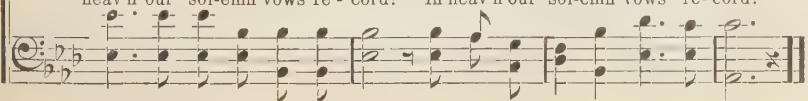
1. 'Twas the com-mis-sion of our Lord, "Go teach the na - tions,
2. He sits on the e - ter - nal hills, With grace and par - don
3. "Re - pent and be baptized," He saith, "For the re - mis - sion
4. Our souls He wash-es in His blood, As wa - ter makes the
5. Thus we en - gage ourselves to Thee, And seal our cov - 'nant



and bap - tize!" The na - tions have re - ceived the word, Since  
in His hands, And sends His cov'nant with the seals, To  
of your sins;" And thus our sense as - sists our faith, And  
bod - y clean; The Ho - ly Spir - it then from God De -  
with Thee, Lord; Oh, may the Great, E - ter - nal Three, In



He as - cend - ed to the skies, Since He as - cend - ed to the skies.  
bless the dis - tant heathen lands, To bless the dis - tant heathen lands.  
show us what the Gos - pel means, And show us what the Gos - pel means.  
scends like pur - i - fy - ing rain, Descends like pur - i - fy - ing rain.  
heav'n our sol - emn vows re - cord! In heav'n our sol - emn vows re - cord!





Charles Wesley.

(7's. D.)

Joseph P. Holbrook.

(♩ = 50.)

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me, pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;  
 Thou of life the Foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

# No. 248. Who Are These Arrayed In White?

De Courcy.

Music No. 247.

- 1 Who are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noonday sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Suff'ers in His righteous cause,  
Foll'wers of the living God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes, by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb—  
Blood that washes white as snow.  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Master day and night;  
God resides among His own,  
God doth in His Saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er;  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more;  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's director ray,  
In a milder clime they dwell—  
Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
His own flock shall always feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountains lead;  
He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their fears at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.

# No. 249. How Pleasant 'Tis to See.

Isaac Watts.

(6, 6, 8. D.)

(♩ = 92.)

1. How pleas-ant 'tis to see      Kin - dred and friends a - gree      Each  
2. 'Tis like the oint-ment shed      On Aa - ron's sa - cred head:      Di -  
3. Like fruit - ful show'rs of rain      That wa - ter all the plain,      De -

in his prop - er sta - tion move,      And each ful - fill his part,  
vine - ly rich, di - vine - ly sweet,      The oil thro' all the room  
scend-ing from sur - round - ing hills.      Such streams of pleas-ure roll

With sym - pa-thiz-ing heart,      In all the cares of life and love!  
Dif - fused a choice per - fume,      Ran thro' his robes and blest his feet.  
Thro' ev - 'ry friend - ly soul,      Where love like heav'n - ly dew dis - tils.

# No. 250. Come, We that Love the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

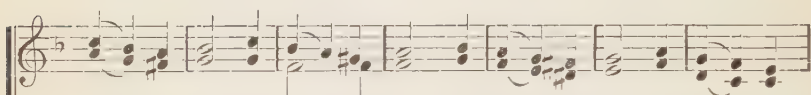
(S. M.)

William C. Clive.

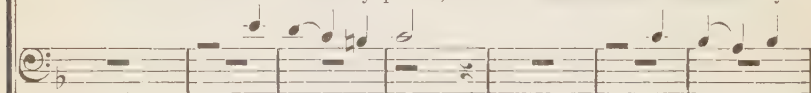
(♩ = 84.)



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But
3. The God who rules on high, And all the earth sur-veys— Who
4. This might-y God is ours, Our Fa-ther and our Love; He



in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-  
serv-ants of the heav'n-ly King, But serv-ants of the heav'n-ly  
rides up-on the storm-y sky, Who rides up-on the storm-y  
will send down His heav'n-ly pow'rs, He will send down His heav'n-ly



cord, And wor-ship at His throne, And wor-ship at His throne.  
King May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.  
sky, And calms the roar-ing seas— And calms the roar-ing seas—  
pow'rs, To car-ry us a-bove, To car-ry us a-bove.



5 There we shall see His face,

And never, never sin;

:: And from the rivers of His grace ::

:: Drink endless pleasures in. ::

6 Yes, and before we rise

To that immortal state,

:: The thoughts of such amazing bliss ::

:: Should constant joys create. ::

7 The men of grace have found

Glory begun below:

:: Celestial fruit on earthly ground, ::

:: From faith and hope may grow. ::

8 Then let our songs abound,

And every tear be dry; [ground ::

:: We're marching through Immanuel's

:: To fairer worlds on high. ::

# No. 251. Beware a Fiend in Angel Form.

Orson F. Whitney.

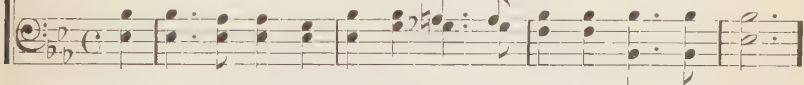
(C. M.)

LeRoy J. Robertson.

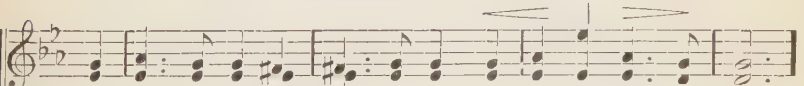
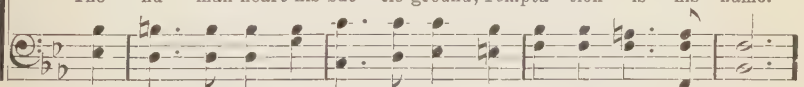
(♩ = 84.)



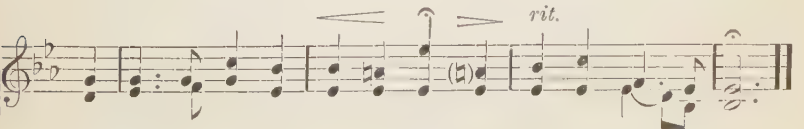
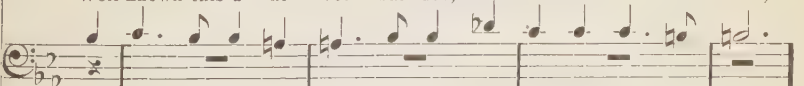
1. Be - ware a fiend in an - gel form, A de - mon in dis - guise,
2. His favor - ite wea - pon is a smile, He ne'er was known to frown;
3. More fa - tal far than gold - en lure, Than bac - cha - na - lian bowl,
4. Should he in strife the stron - ger prove, One way is o - pen - flee.
5. Well known this u - ni - ver - sal foe, World-wide his e - vil fame;



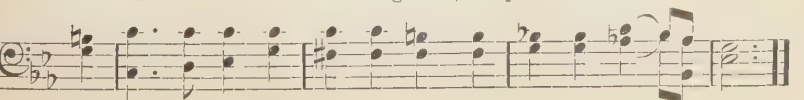
Who spreads a snare for hu - man souls, The fool - ish and the wise.  
 Nor ev - er used he vi - o - lence To throw a vic - tim down.  
 Than all be - side that charms the will And wan - tons with the soul.  
 'Tis no dis - grace when o - vermatch'd; Re - treat means vic - to - ry.  
 The hu - man heart his bat - tle - ground; Tempta - tion is his name.



He wears a mask, a win - ning mien, And seems a friend, not foe;  
 But oh, be - ware this fiend most fair, This de - mon in dis - guise,  
 Re - sist - re - pel this foe - man fell, And drive him to his lair;  
 Re - cruit thy worn and shattered strength, And in some fu - ture fray  
 Well known this u - ni - ver - sal foe, World-wide his e - vil fame;



Ap - pears de - scend - ing from a - bove, While ris - ing from be - low.  
 Whose deadliest dart a lov - ing look From soft and si - ren eyes.  
 But nev - er thou the gaunt - let hurl, Nev - er this de - mon dare.  
 Thy might shall make thee con - quer - or, The de - mon thou shalt slay.  
 The hu - man heart his bat - tle - ground; Temp - ta - tion is his name.



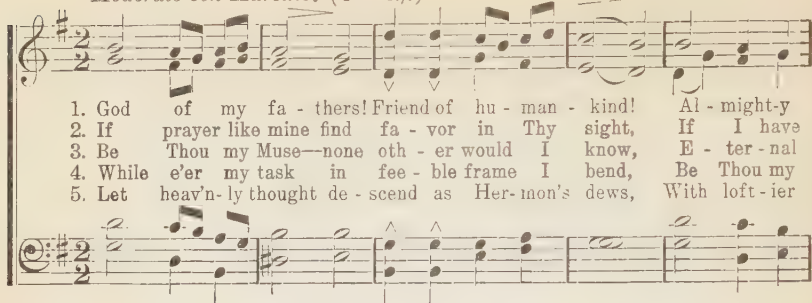
# No. 252. God of My Fathers! Friend of Humankind!

Orson F. Whitney.

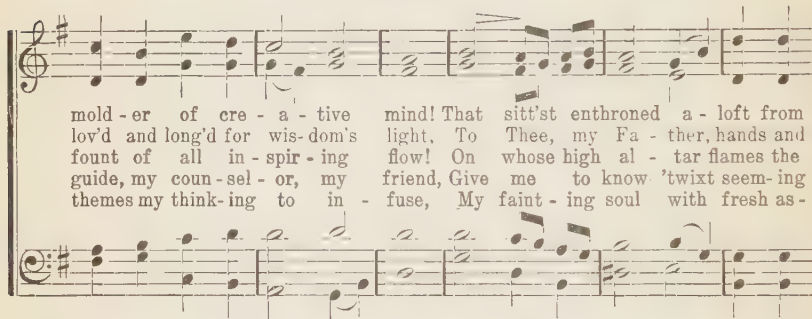
(8's & 10's.)

Evan Stephens.

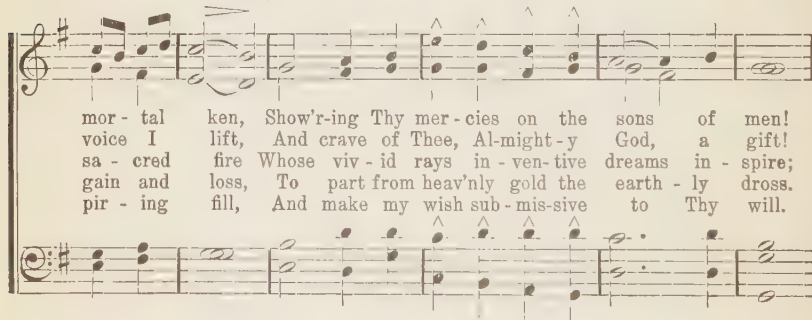
*Moderato ben Marcato.* (♩ = 84.)



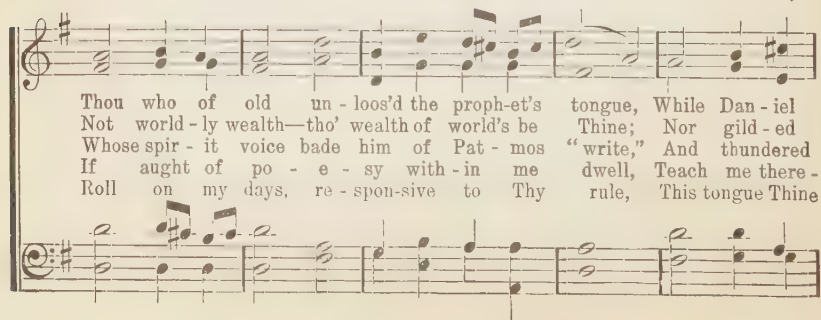
1. God of my fa - thers! Friend of hu - man - kind! Al - might-y  
 2. If prayer like mine find fa - vor in Thy sight, If I have  
 3. Be Thou my Muse—none oth - er would I know, E - ter - nal  
 4. While e'er my task in fee - ble frame I bend, Be Thou my  
 5. Let heav'n - ly thought de - scend as Her - mon's dew, With loft - ier



mold - er of cre - a - tive mind! That sitt'st enthroned a - loft from  
 lov'd and long'd for wis - dom's light, To Thee, my Fa - ther, hands and  
 fount of all in - spir - ing flow! On whose high al - tar flames the  
 guide, my coun - sel - or, my friend, Give me to know 'twixt seem - ing  
 themes my think - ing to in - fuse, My faint - ing soul with fresh as -



mor - tal ken, Show'r - ing Thy mer - cies on the sons of men!  
 voice I lift, And crave of Thee, Al - might - y God, a gift!  
 sa - cred fire Whose viv - id rays in - ven - tive dreams in - spire;  
 gain and loss, To part from heav'nly gold the earth - ly dross.  
 pir - ing fill, And make my wish sub - mis - sive to Thy will.



Thou who of old un - loos'd the proph - et's tongue, While Dan - iel  
 Not world - ly wealth—tho' wealth of world's be Thine; Nor gild - ed  
 Whose spir - it voice bade him of Pat - mos "write," And thundered  
 If aught of po - e - sy with - in me dwell, Teach me there -  
 Roll on my days, re - spon - sive to Thy rule, This tongue Thine



# God of My Fathers! Friend of Humankind!

proph - e - sies, while Da - vid sung, That say'st to all— oh, sim - ple,  
 rank, 'mong hu - man worms to shine; For wealth might fail, and rank might  
 erst - while from Si - na - i's height, Or grand - er than old o - ceans  
 with truth's glo - rious tale to tell. From off my brain re - move each  
 or - a - cle, this pen Thy tool, De - signed to soar, or doomed to

pleas - ing task! "If an - y lack for wis - dom, let him ask!"  
 pur - chased be, But not the guer - don I would win from Thee.  
 glo - rious swell, Roll'd thro' I - sa - iah's themes on Is - ra - el.  
 ham - p'ring coil, Or im - age vain that lin - gers but to soil.  
 low - ly plod, A - ma - nu - en - sis of the mind of God.

## No. 253. Go, Ye Messengers of Heaven.

John Taylor.

( 8's & 7's. )

F. Christensen.

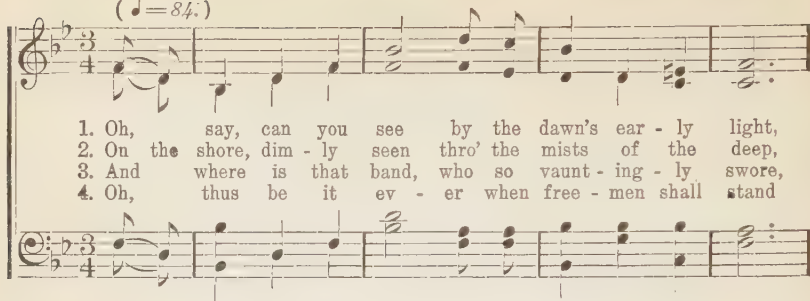
( ♩ = 72. )

1. Go, ye mes - sen - gers of heav - en, Chos - en by di - vine com - mand;  
 2. Go to is - land, vale and mountain, To ful - fil the great com - mand;  
 3. When your thousands all are gath - ered, And their pray'rs for you as - cend,  
 4. Then the song of joy and transport Will from ev - 'ry land re - sound;

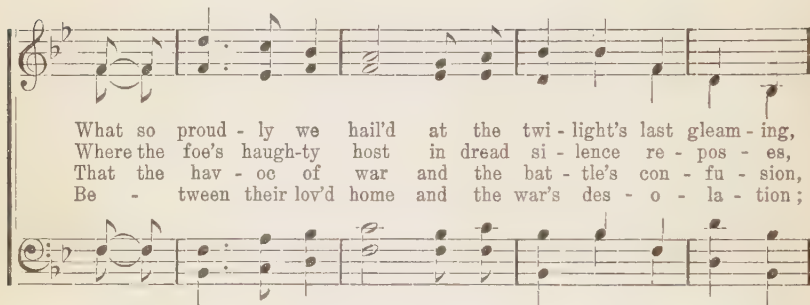
Go and pub - lish free sal - va - tion To a dark, be - nighted land.  
 Gath - er out the, sons of Ja - cob; To pos - sess the promised land.  
 And the Lord has crown'd with blessings All the la - bors of your hand.  
 Then the heathen, long in darkness, By the Sav - iour will be crown'd.



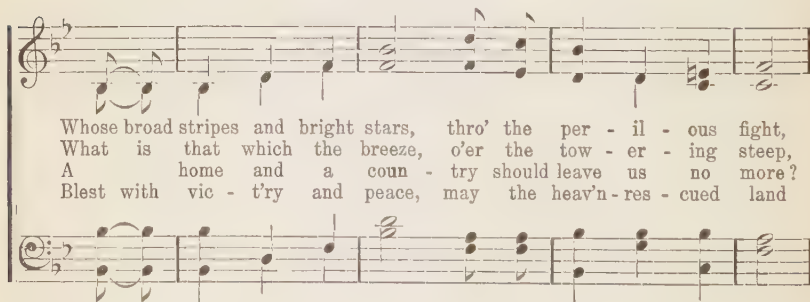
(♩ = 84.)



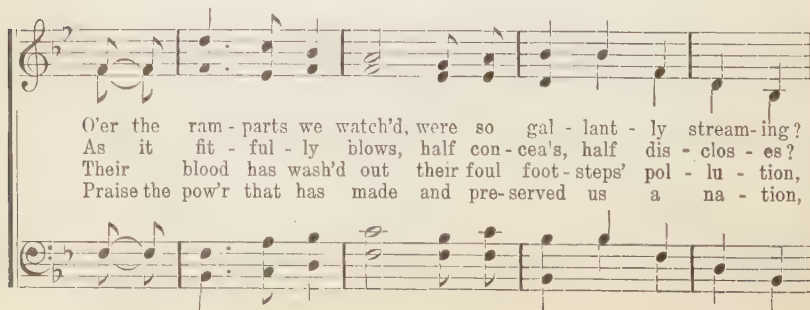
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
 3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand



What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing,  
 Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,  
 That the hav - oe of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,  
 Be - tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - la - tion;

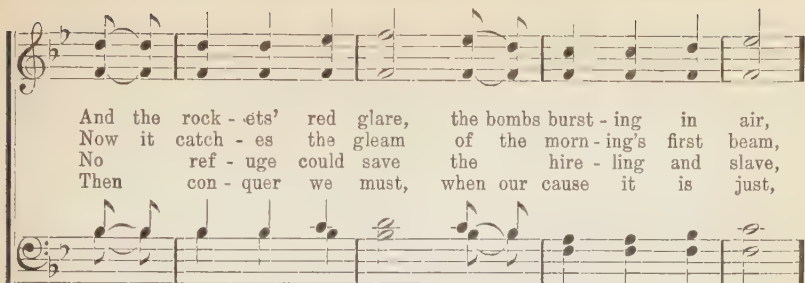


Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,  
 A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?  
 Blest with vic - try and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land

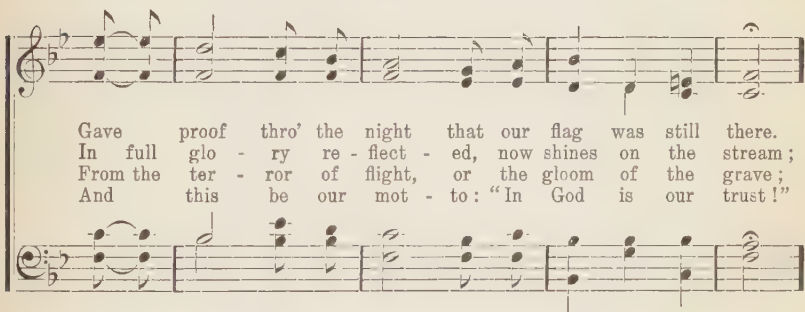


O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?  
 As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - cea's, half dis - clos - es?  
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion,  
 Praise the pow'r that has made and pre - served us a na - tion,

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

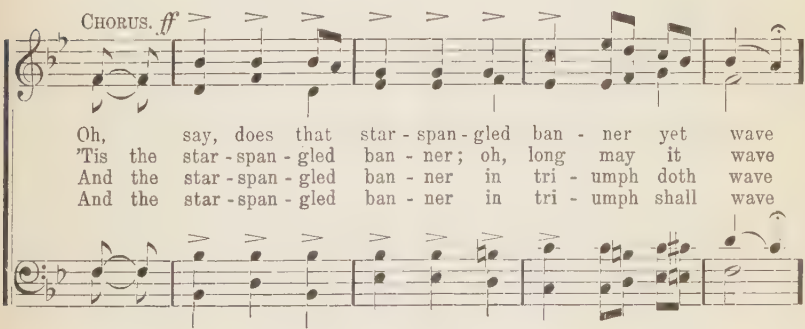


And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,  
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,  
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave,  
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

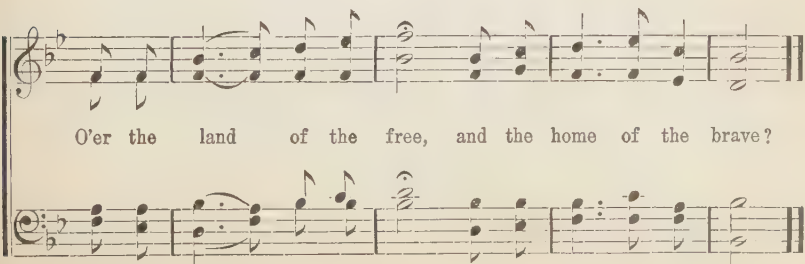


Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
 In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream;  
 From the ter - ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;  
 And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS. *ff*



Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave  
 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave  
 And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave  
 And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave



O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

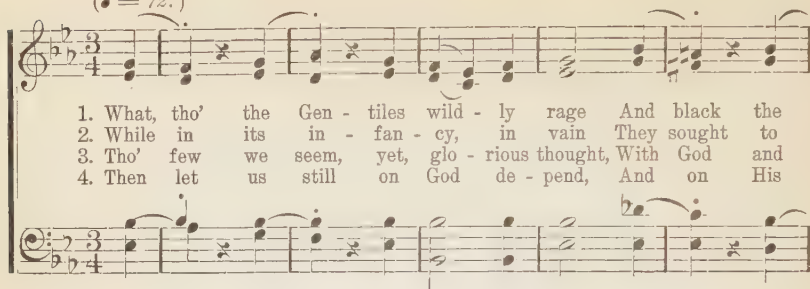
# No. 255. What, Though the Gentiles Wildly Rage?

William H. Sherman.

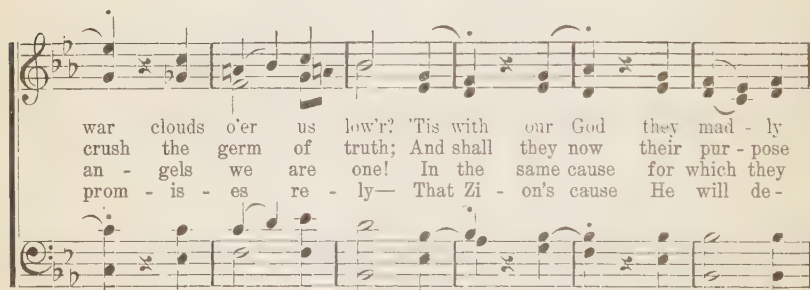
(P. M.)

A. C. Smyth.

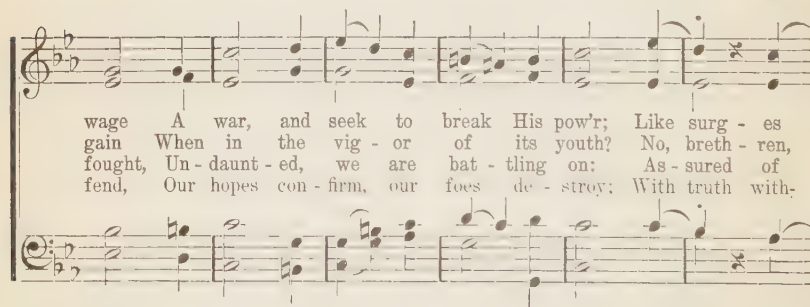
(♩ = 72.)



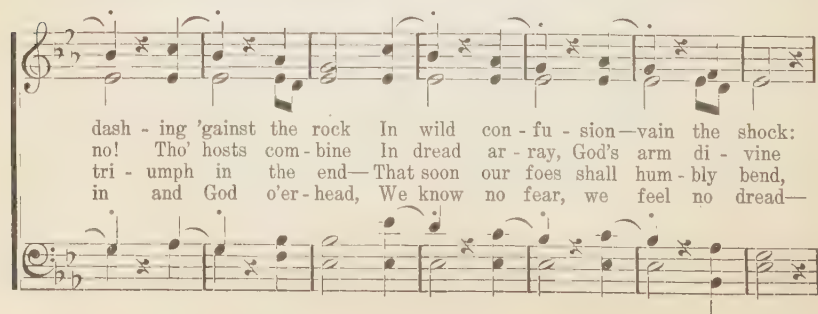
1. What, tho' the Gen - tles wild - ly rage And black the  
 2. While in its in - fan - cy, in vain They sought to  
 3. Tho' few we seem, yet, glo - rious thought, With God and  
 4. Then let us still on God de - pend, And on His



war clouds o'er us low'r? 'Tis with our God they mad - ly  
 crush the germ of truth; And shall they now their pur - pose  
 an - gels we are one! In the same cause for which they  
 prom - is - es re - ly— That Zi - on's cause He will de -



wage A war, and seek to break His pow'r; Like surg - es  
 gain When in the vig - or of its youth? No, breth - ren,  
 fought, Un - daunt - ed, we are bat - tling on: As - sured of  
 fend, Our hopes con - firm, our foes de - stroy; With truth with -



dash - ing 'gainst the rock In wild con - fu - sion—vain the shock:  
 no! Tho' hosts com - bine In dread ar - ray, God's arm di - vine  
 tri - umph in the end—That soon our foes shall hum - bly bend,  
 in and God o'er - head, We know no fear, we feel no dread—

# What, Though the Gentiles Wildly Rage?

*ff* *pp*

Sa - tan, thy reign is o'er, Sa - tan, thy reign is o'er!  
 Will shield us from their wrath, Will shield us from their wrath!  
 And vic - to - ry be won, And vic - to - ry be won!  
 The reign of peace is nigh, The reign of peace is nigh!

## No. 256. Great God, Indulge My Humble Claim.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Andante maestoso.* (♩ = 84.)

1. Great God, in - dulse my hum - ble claim; Thou art my  
 2. Thou great and good, Thou just and wise, Thou art my  
 3. With ear - ly feet I love t' ap - pear, A - mong Thy  
 4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice; While I have

hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that com -  
 Fa - ther and my God, And I am Thine by  
 Saints, and seek Thy face; Oft have I seen Thy  
 breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my

pose Thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.  
 sa - cred ties, Thy son, Thy serv - ant, bought with blood.  
 glo - ry there, And felt the pow'r of sov - 'reign grace.  
 heart re - joice Through-out the rem - nants of my days.

# No. 257. O Thou, at Whose Almighty Word.

John Newton.

(L. M.)

Tracy Y. Cannon.

*mp With dignity. (♩ = 69.)*

*cres.*

1. O Thou, at whose al-might-y word The glo-rious night from  
2. As when the walls of Jer-i-cho Down to the earth at

dark-ness sprung, The quick-ning in-flu-ence af-ford, And  
once were cast, It was Thy pow'r that brought them low, And

clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue. As when of old the wa-ters flowed  
not the trum-pets fee-ble blast. Thus we would in the means be found,

Forth from the rock, at Thy com-mand, In vain had Mo-ses  
And thus on Thee a-lone de-pend; O make the Gos-pel's

waved his rod With-out Thy won-der-work-ing hand.  
joy-ful sound Ef-fect-u-al to the prom-ised end.

## No. 258.

## Lean on My Ample Arm.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(6's &amp; 4's.)

Evan Stephens.

*mp* ( $\text{♩} = 72.$ )

1. Lean on My ample arm, Oh, thou de-pressed!  
2. Lift up thy tear-ful eyes, Sad heart, to Me;

And I will bid the storm Cease in thy breast.  
I am the sac-ri-fice Of-fered for thee.

What-e'er thy lot may be, On life's com-plain-ing sea,  
In Me thy pain shall cease, In Me is thy re-lease,

If thou wilt come to Me, Thou shalt have rest.  
In Me thou shalt have peace E-ter-nal-ly.

If thou wilt come to Me, Thou shalt have rest.  
In Me thou shalt have peace E-ter-nal-ly.



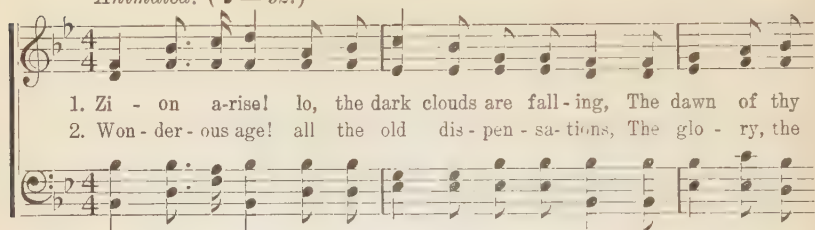
# No. 259. Zion Arise! the Dark Clouds are Falling.

Theodore F. Curtis.

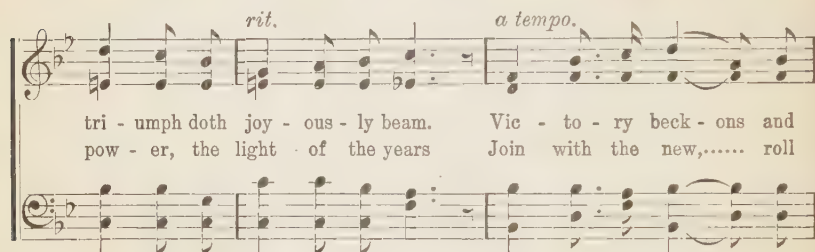
(P. M.)

Hugh W. Dougall.

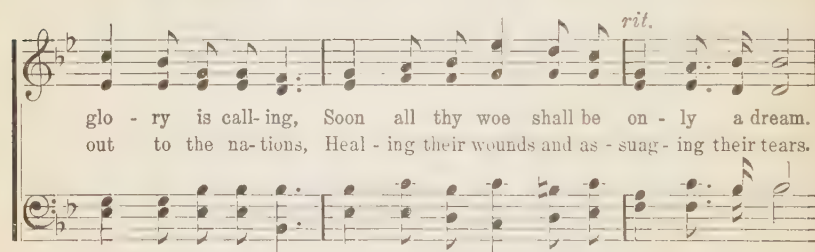
*Animated.* (♩ = 92.)



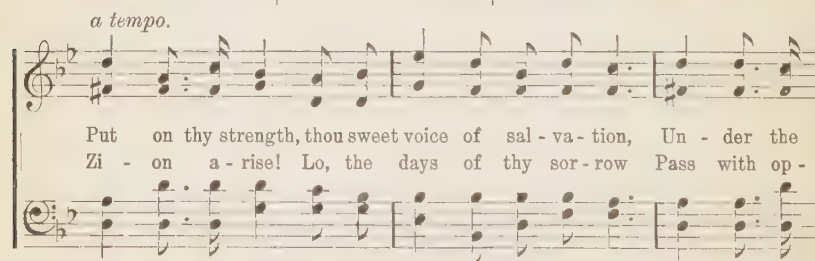
1. Zi - on a-rise! lo, the dark clouds are fall-ing, The dawn of thy  
2. Won - der - ous age! all the old dis - pen - sa - tions, The glo - ry, the



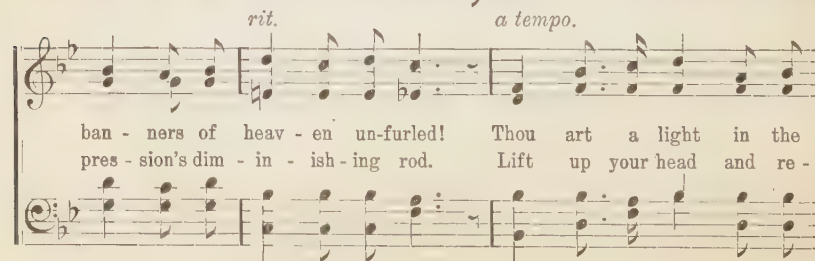
*rit.* *a tempo.*  
tri - umph doth joy - ous - ly beam. Vic - to - ry beck - ons and  
pow - er, the light of the years Join with the new,..... roll



*rit.*  
glo - ry is call-ing, Soon all thy woe shall be on - ly a dream.  
out to the na - tions, Heal - ing their wounds and as - suag - ing their tears.



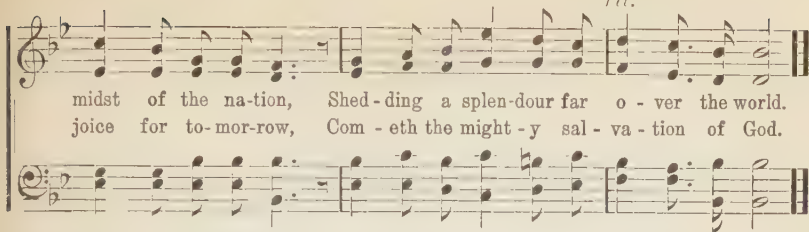
*a tempo.*  
Put on thy strength, thou sweet voice of sal - va - tion, Un - der the  
Zi - on a - rise! Lo, the days of thy sor - row Pass with op -



*rit.* *a tempo.*  
ban - ners of heav - en un - furled! Thou art a light in the  
pres - sion's dim - in - ish - ing rod. Lift up your head and re -

# Zion Arise! the Dark Clouds are Falling.

*rit.*



midst of the na-tion, Shed-ding a splen-dour far o - ver the world.  
 joice for to-mor-row, Com - eth the might - y sal - va - tion of God.

## No. 260. Sing the Sweet and Touching Story.

Emiline B. Wells.

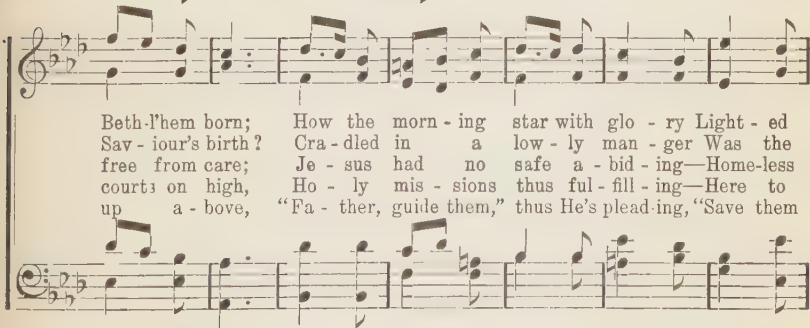
(8's & 7's.)

Geo. Careless.

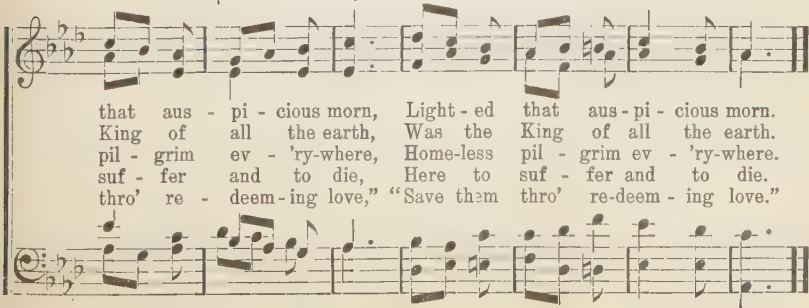
(♩ = 108.)



1. Sing the sweet and touch-ing sto - ry, Of the babe in  
 2. Whatmore beau - ti - ful and ten - der Than the bless - ed  
 3. Birds had nests the fox - es roam-ing Had their ref - uge  
 4. Come to do His Fa - ther's bid - ding, Fresh from bril - liant  
 5. Now for us He's in - ter - ced - ing In bright man - sions



Beth-l'hem born; How the morn - ing star with glo - ry Light - ed  
 Sav - iour's birth? Cra - dled in a low - ly man - ger Was the  
 free from care; Je - sus had no safe a - bid - ing—Home-less  
 courts on high, Ho - ly mis - sions thus ful - fill - ing—Here to  
 up a - bove, "Fa - ther, guide them," thus He's plead-ing, "Save them



that aus - pi - cious morn, Light - ed that aus - pi - cious morn.  
 King of all the earth, Was the King of all the earth.  
 pil - grim ev - 'ry-where, Home-less pil - grim ev - 'ry-where.  
 suf - fer and to die, Here to suf - fer and to die.  
 thro' re - deem-ing love," "Save them thro' re-deem - ing love."


# No. 261. Come, Come, My Brother, Wake! Awake!

Joseph Fielding Smith.

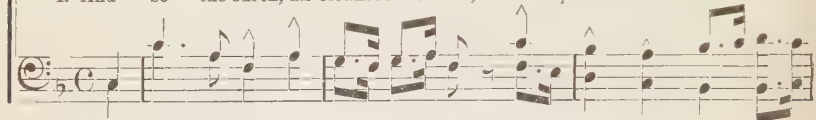
(L. M. D.)

Evan Stephens.

*f* With vigor. ( $\text{♩} = 84$ .)




1. Come, come, my broth-er, wake! a - wake! This is no time to  
 2. The field is wide, the la - b'rrers few— See how they toil al -  
 3. See how the tares a - broad have grown! See how they spread o'er  
 4. And so the earth, all cleansed from sin, Pre - pared shall be for





sleep or rest; The day is short, a - ri-e! for-sake The  
 read - y there? The Lord hath need of help from you, So  
 all the field! These by the en - e - my were sown, Who  
 Christ's long reign. If by our works we hon - or Him, E -




ways of sin and i - dle - ness. The har - vest in the  
 come, and in the bless - ing share. Heed not the cries of  
 vowed the har - vest should not yield. All these in bun - dles  
 ter - nal life we shall ob - tain. And so the earth, all

field is white; Thrust in and reap while shines the sun; Bind  
 those who mock, Who would our Mas - ter's plan de - stroy. Gath -  
 shall be bound, For by the Mas - ter they are spurned, He  
 cleansed from sin, Pre - pared shall be for Christ's long reign. If



# Come, Come, My Brother, Wake! Awake!



up the sheaves be-fore the night When toil shall cease and rest be won.  
 er the wheat in - to the shock, In faith-ful-ness your time em-ploy.  
 has de-creed that from the ground They shall be gath-ered up and burned.  
 by our works we hon-or Him, E-ter-nal life we shall ob-tain.



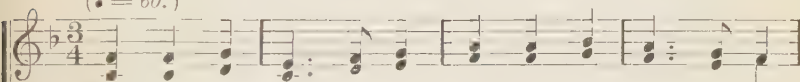
## No. 262.

## America.

S. F. Smith.

English.

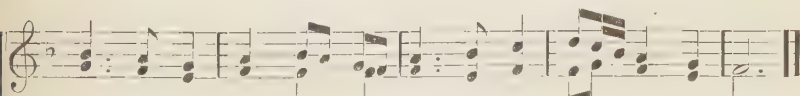
(♩ = 60.)



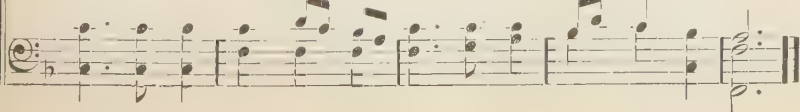
1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - ther's died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright Wi h free-dom's



pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring!  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy night, Great God, our King!



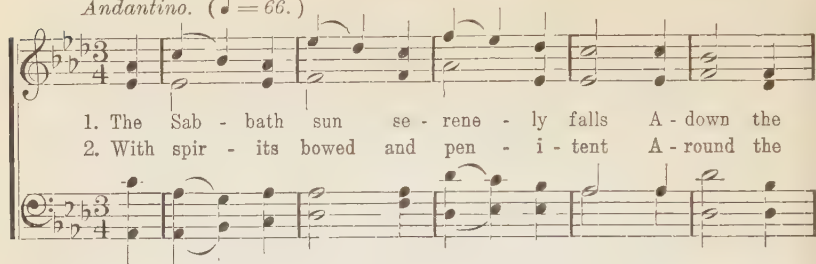
# No. 263. The Sabbath Sun Serenely Falls.

Theodore E. Curtis.

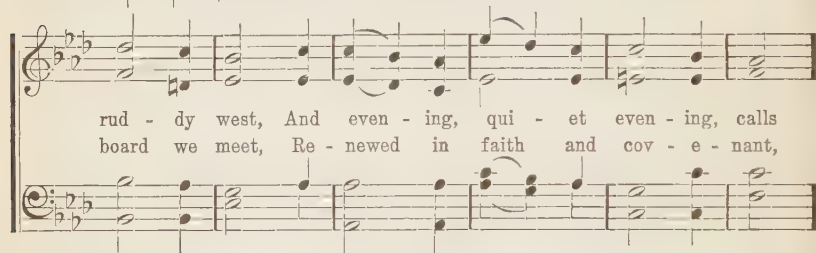
(C. M. D.)

Geo. Careless.

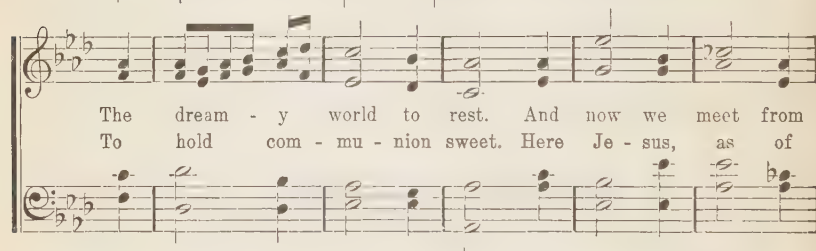
*Andantino.* (♩ = 66.)



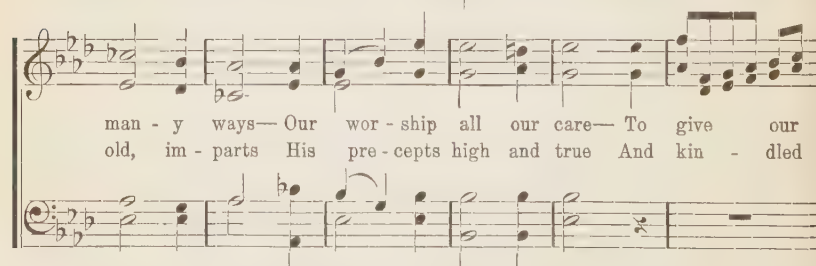
1. The Sab - bath sun se - rene - ly falls A - down the  
2. With spir - its bowed and pen - i - tent A - round the



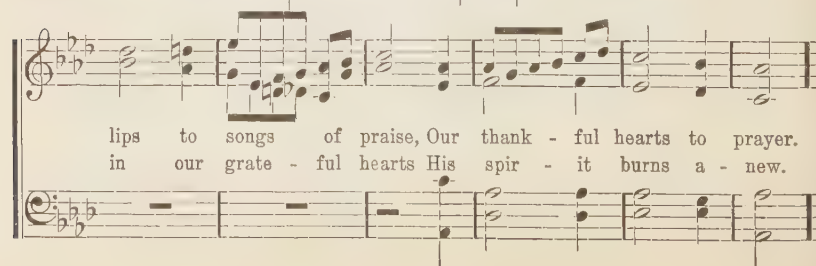
rud - dy west, And even - ing, qui - et even - ing, calls  
board we meet, Re - newed in faith and cov - e - nant,



The dream - y world to rest. And now we meet from  
To hold com - mu - nion sweet. Here Je - sus, as of



man - y ways—Our wor - ship all our care—To give our  
old, im - parts His pre - cepts high and true And kin - dled



lips to songs of praise, Our thank - ful hearts to prayer.  
in our grate - ful hearts His spir - it burns a - new.

# No. 264. The Best is Not Too Good for Me.

Joseph Fielding Smith.

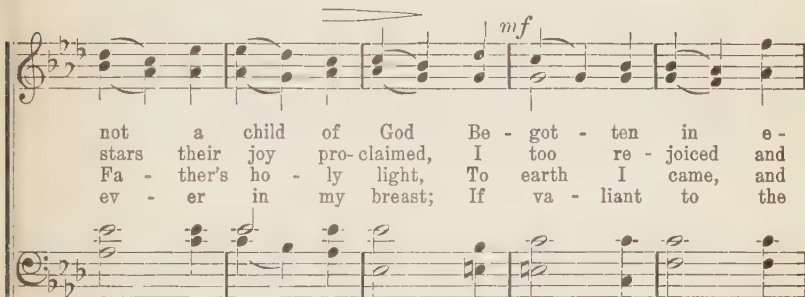
(8's.)

Tracy Y. Cannon.

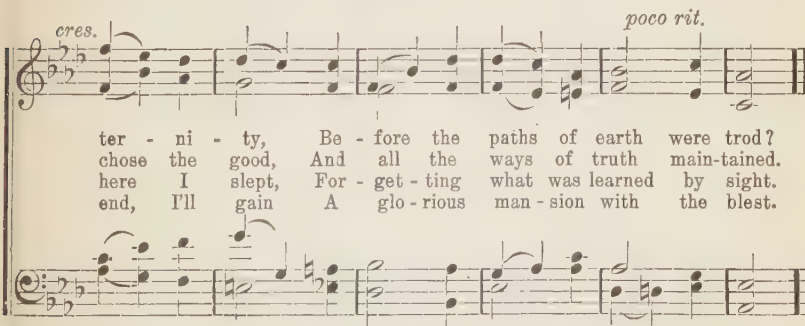
*mp Andante grazioso.* (♩=76.)



1. The best is not too good for me; For am I  
 2. Be - fore the earth's foun - da - tion stood, When morn - ing  
 3. My first es - tate there hav - ing kept, And walked in  
 4. By faith I walk on earth's broad plain, With hope for -



not a child of God Be - got - ten in e -  
 stars their joy pro - claimed, I too re - joiced and  
 Fa - ther's ho - ly light, To earth I came, and  
 ev - er in my breast; If va - liant to the



ter - ni - ty, Be - fore the paths of earth were trod?  
 chose the good, And all the ways of truth main - tained.  
 here I slept, For - get - ting what was learned by sight.  
 end, I'll gain A glo - rious man - sion with the blest.

5 In this life I must proved be;  
 So tried and tested with the pain  
 And sorrow of the world, I see  
 My life on earth is not in vain.

6 Now here the Gospel I am taught,  
 With all its saving laws and grace,  
 And with eternal blessings fraught  
 For the redeemed of every race.

7 An heir possessing all that's known —  
 The fullness of the glory, might,  
 Dominion, truth—I on a throne  
 Shall reign in Christ's celestial light.

8 O Father lead me by the hand,  
 Protect me from the wicked here,  
 And give me power that I may stand  
 Entrenched in truth, to me made clear.

9 All that Thou hast—the promise made  
 By Thy command—unto me give!  
 Then in Thy truth and unafraid,  
 O Lord, may I forever live!

10 The best is not too good for me  
 That heaven holds within its hand,  
 O may I falter not, but see  
 Thy kingdom come o'er all the land.



# No. 265. Let Us Sing of Our Salvation.

Evan Stephens.

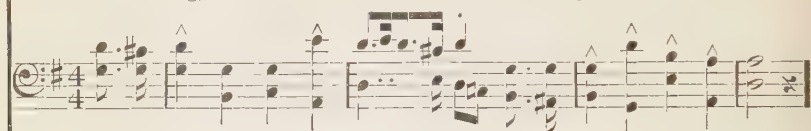
(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Cheerfully.* (♩ = 96.)



1. Let us sing of our sal - va - tion In the kingdom of our Lord,
2. Let us sing, nor heed the tri - als That be - set us by the way,
3. Let us sing, and still re - mem - ber, That our goal is great and high,



Sing the joy and con - so - la - tion In the prom - ise of His word.  
As with toil and self - de - ni - al, We press on to per - fect day.  
Of His house to be a mem - ber Thro' the end - less bye and bye.



# Let Us Sing of Our Salvation.

Let us sing, let us sing, Let us sing of our sal - va - tion.  
 Let us sing,..... let us sing,.....

L.H.

*rit.*

## No. 266. Lord, Thou Hast Searched and Seen Me Through.

Isaac Watts.

(L. M.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

(♩ = 72.)

1. Lord, Thou hast search'd and seen me thro', Thine eye commands with piercing view,  
 2. My tho'ts be-fore they are my own, Are to my God dis-tinct-ly known;  
 3. With - in Thy circling pow'rs I stand; On ev-'ry side I find Thy hand:  
 4. A - mazing knowledge, vast and great! What large extent: what lofty height!  
 5. O may these tho'ts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;

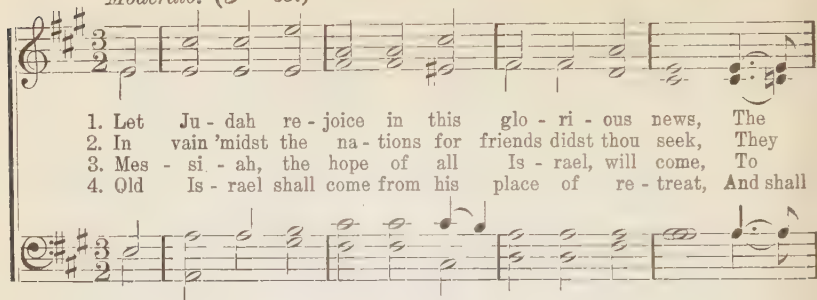
My ris-ing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.  
 He knows the words I mean to speak Ere from my op'n-ing lips they break.  
 A - wake, a-sleep, at home, a-broad, I am surround-ed with my God.  
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost.  
 Nor let my weak-er pas-sions dare Con-sent to sin, for God is there.

# No. 267. Let Judah Rejoice in This Glorious News.

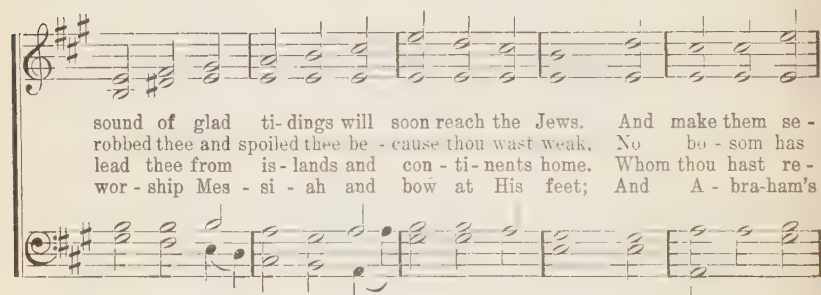
(11's & 12's. D.)

A. C. Smyth.

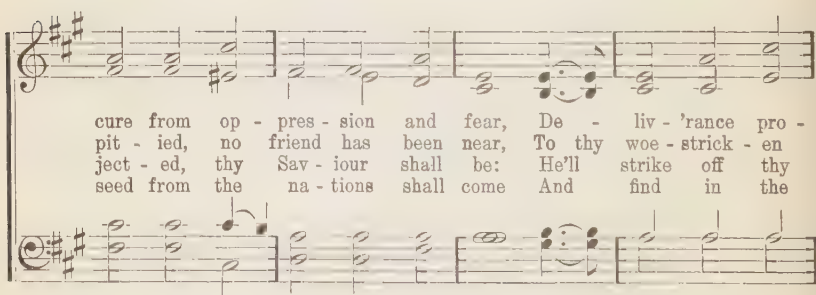
*Moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 63$ .)



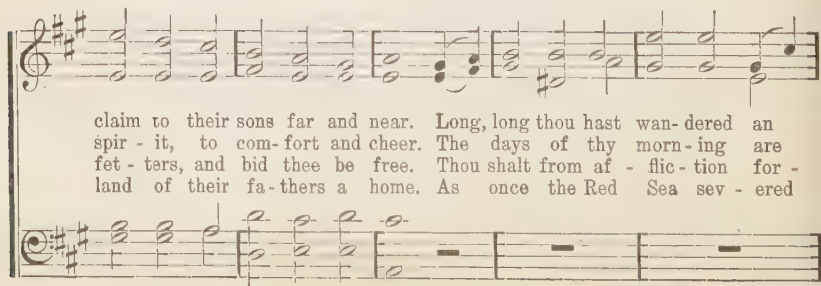
1. Let Ju - dah re - joice in this glo - ri - ous news, The  
 2. In vain 'midst the na - tions for friends didst thou seek, They  
 3. Mes - si - ah, the hope of all Is - rael, will come, To  
 4. Old Is - rael shall come from his place of re - treat, And shall



sound of glad ti - dings will soon reach the Jews. And make them se -  
 robbed thee and spoiled thee be - cause thou wast weak. No bo - som has  
 lead thee from is - lands and con - ti - nents home. Whom thou hast re -  
 wor - ship Mes - si - ah and bow at His feet; And A - bra - ham's



cure from op - pres - sion and fear, De - liv - 'rance pro -  
 pit - ied, no friend has been near, To thy woe - strick - en  
 ject - ed, thy Sav - iour shall be: He'll strike off thy  
 seed from the na - tions shall come And find in the

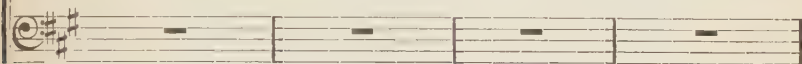


claim to their sons far and near. Long, long thou hast wan - dered an  
 spir - it, to com - fort and cheer. The days of thy morn - ing are  
 fet - ters, and bid thee be free. Thou shalt from af - flic - tion for -  
 land of their fa - thers a home. As once the Red Sea sev - ered

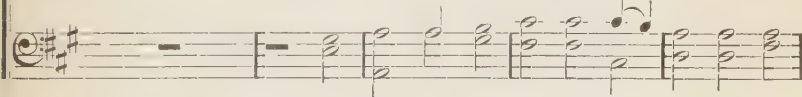
# Let Judah Rejoice in This Glorious News.



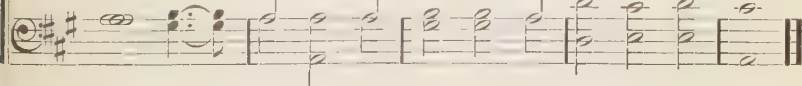
ex - ile for - lorn, And all men who have seen thee have  
near at an end, Mes - si - ah will come, thy Re -  
ev - er be free, And the sons of op - pres - sors shall  
was by the rod. So a - gain thou shalt see the pow'r



laughed thee to scorn, Thou naught but af - flic - tion and sor - row hast  
deem - er and friend, To cheer thee, and bless thee, and dry up thy  
bow down to thee: Ten men shall take hold of the skirt of the  
of thy God; Thy Mo - ses shall speak, and the wa - ters shall



seen, For heart - rend - ing and cheer - less thy path - way has been.  
tears, And to calm thy sad bo - som and chase all thy fears.  
Jew, And shall say, "We will go, for Je - ho - vah's with you."  
flow, Thy tribes shall in glo - ry on dry - land pass through.



5 Again thou shalt plant, and inhabit and eat.  
Thy soul shall be fed on the finest of wheat:  
In beautiful valleys thy herds shall lie down,  
And thou on the earth be a plant of renown.  
Thy olive shall flourish, thy fig tree shall grow,  
With wine, milk and honey thy mountains shall flow;  
Beneath fig trees and vines, in their cool spreading shade,  
Thou shalt worship thy God, and none make thee afraid.

6 Messiah will come, and His right will maintain,  
Over thee and all nations, in majesty reign;  
Thou shalt with His presence forever be blest,  
From pain and from sorrow eternally rest.  
Messiah will come, and His right will maintain,  
Over thee and all nations, in majesty reign:  
Thou shalt with His presence forever be blest,  
From pain and from sorrow eternally rest.

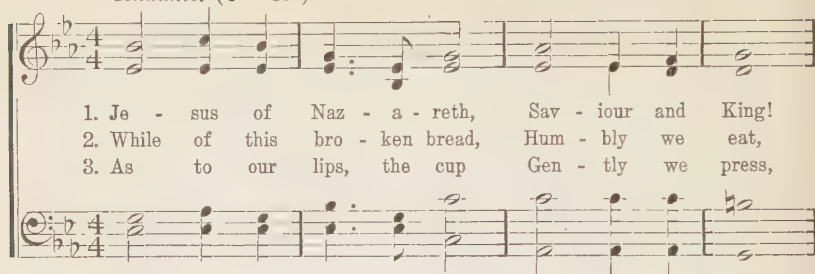
# No. 268. Jesus of Nazareth, Saviour and King.

Hugh W. Dougall.

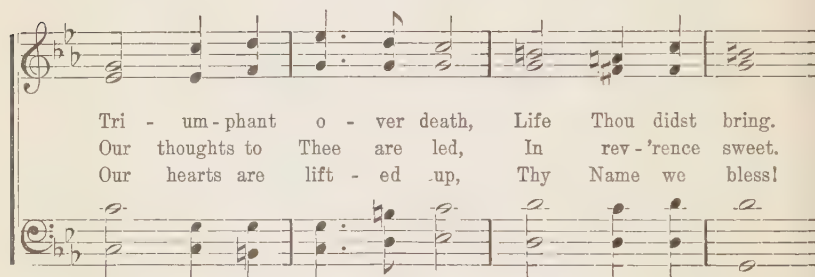
(6's & 4's.)

Hugh W. Dougall.

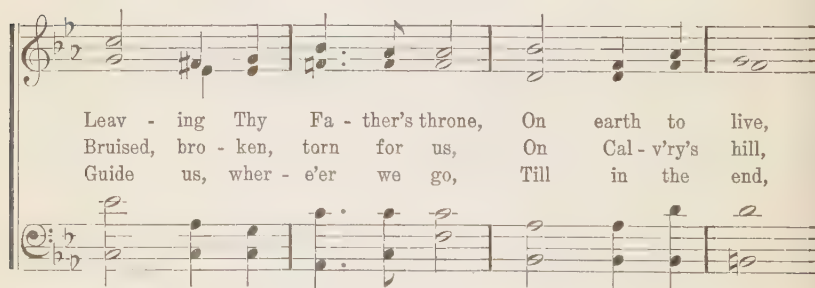
*Andante.* (♩ = 80.)



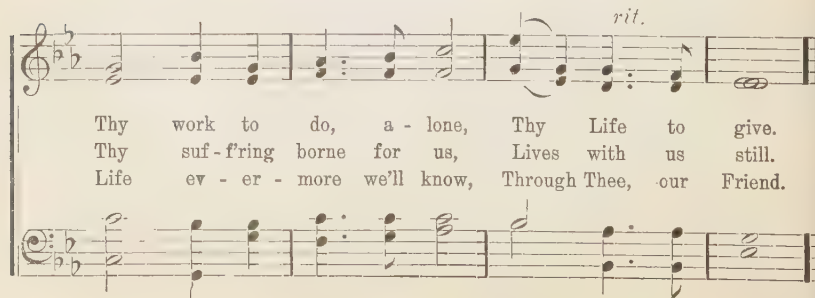
1. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, Sav - iour and King!  
 2. While of this bro - ken bread, Hum - bly we eat,  
 3. As to our lips, the cup Gen - tly we press,



Tri - um - phant o - ver death, Life Thou didst bring.  
 Our thoughts to Thee are led, In rev - 'rence sweet.  
 Our hearts are lift - ed up, Thy Name we bless!



Leav - ing Thy Fa - ther's throne, On earth to live,  
 Bruised, bro - ken, torn for us, On Cal - v'ry's hill,  
 Guide us, wher - e'er we go, Till in the end,



*rit.*  
 Thy work to do, a - lone, Thy Life to give.  
 Thy suf - f'ring borne for us, Lives with us still.  
 Life ev - er - more we'll know, Through Thee, our Friend.

# No. 269. When Sickness Clouds the Soul with Grief.

John Lyons.

(C. M. D.)

A. C. Smyth.

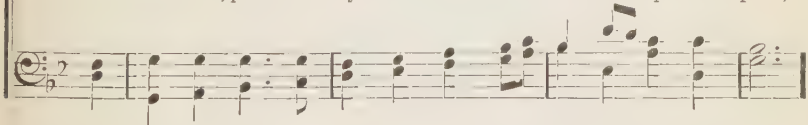
(♩ = 60.)



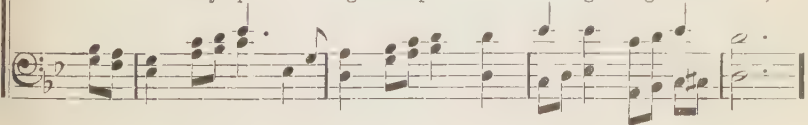
1. When sick - ness clouds the soul with grief, And wastes this mor - tal frame,
2. If sin has brought Thy scourging rod, May we Thy chast'ning prove,
3. When dark - ness and temp - ta - tions come, And worldly cares a - rise,



Thine ord'nance brings our woes re - lief, Thro' faith in Thy great name.  
And learn, from all we suf - fer here, Thy pre - cepts more to love.  
And sick - ness, pov - er - ty and death Our fond - est hopes sur - prise,



A - noint-ed with the ho - ly oil, And by Thy serv - ants blest,  
But should the en - e - my of man Dis - tract - ing cares in - trude,  
O let Thy Spir - it's light im - part Re - new - ing strength di - vine,



We wait up - on Thy prom - ised aid In all that we re - quest.  
Give faith to o - ver - come the ill, And tri - umph in the good.  
That we may rise a - bove them all, And know that we are Thine.





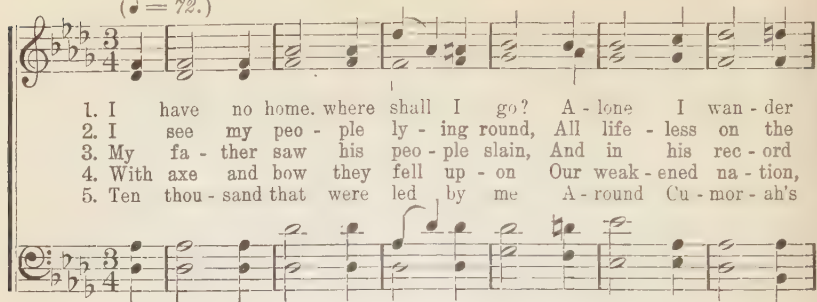
# No. 270. I Have No Home, Where Shall I Go?

Lucy Smith.

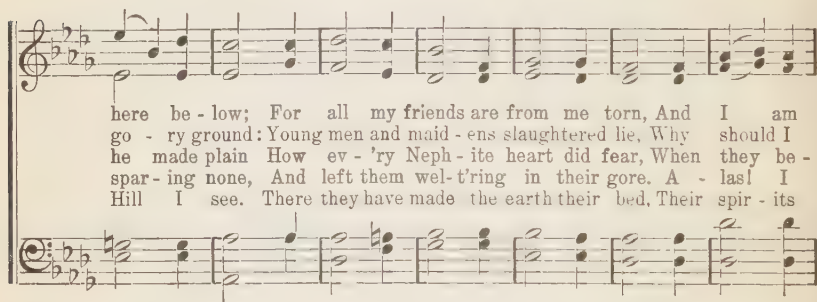
(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

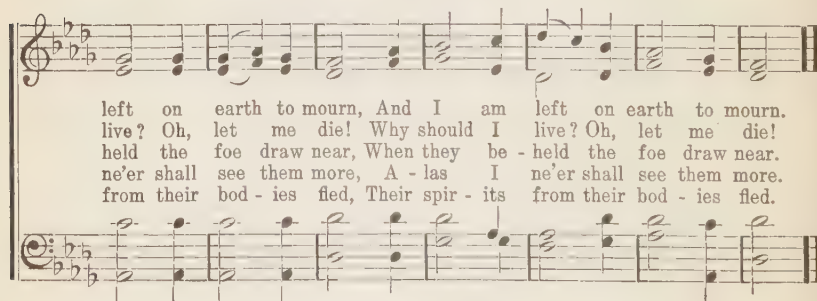
(♩ = 72.)



1. I have no home, where shall I go? A-lone I wan-der  
 2. I see my peo-ple ly-ing round, All life-less on the  
 3. My fa-ther saw his peo-ple slain, And in his rec-ord  
 4. With axe and bow they fell up-on Our weak-ened na-tion,  
 5. Ten thou-sand that were led by me A-round Cu-mor-ah's



here be-low; For all my friends are from me torn, And I am  
 go-ry ground: Young men and maid-ens slaughtered lie, Why should I  
 he made plain How ev-'ry Neph-ite hearted did fear, When they be-  
 spar-ing none, And left them wel-t'ring in their gore. A-las! I  
 Hill I see. There they have made the earth their bed, Their spir-its



left on earth to mourn, And I am left on earth to mourn.  
 live? Oh, let me die! Why should I live? Oh, let me die!  
 held the foe draw near, When they be-held the foe draw near.  
 ne'er shall see them more, A-las I ne'er shall see them more.  
 from their bod-ies fled, Their spir-its from their bod-ies fled.

6 Well might my father, in despair,  
 Cry: "All ye fair ones, once so fair!  
 How are ye fallen! how, for you,  
 The pangs of sorrow pierce me through!

7 My life is sought—where shall I flee?  
 Lord, take me home to dwell with Thee,  
 Where all my troubles will be o'er,  
 And I shall sigh and weep no more.

8 'Twas thus Moroni did lament,  
 His noble soul by by sorrow bent,  
 His friends and kindred swept away—  
 A nation crumbled to decay.

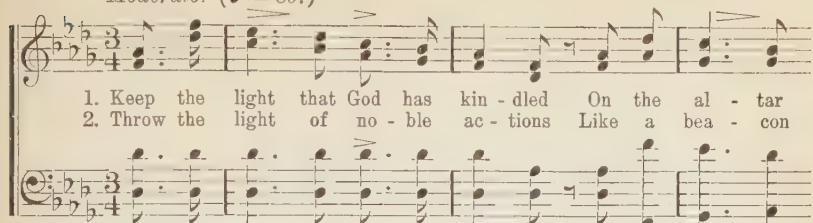
# No. 271. Keep the Light that God Has Kindled.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

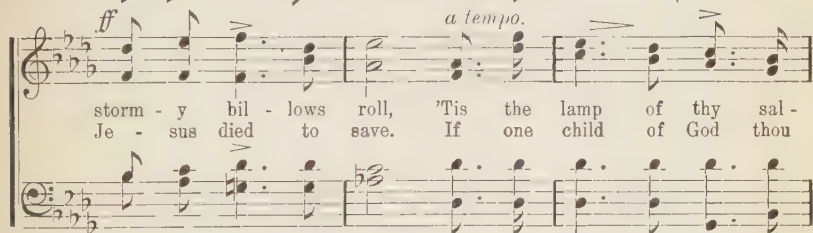
*Moderato.* (♩ = 80.)



1. Keep the light that God has kin - dled On the al - tar  
2. Throw the light of no - ble ac - tions Like a bea - con



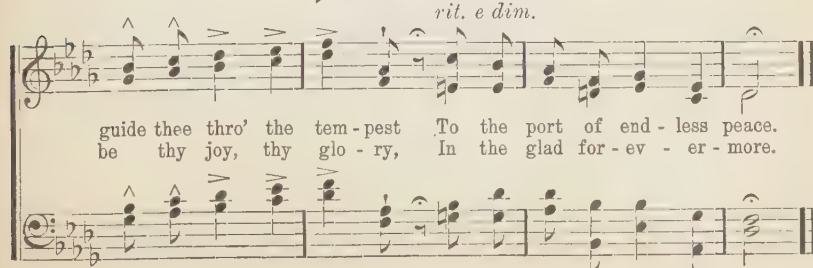
of thy soul—Keep it burn - ing, bright - ly burn - ing, While life's  
o'er the wave: Thou may'st win to mer - cy's ha - ven Souls whom



storm - y bil - lows roll, 'Tis the lamp of thy sal -  
Je - sus died to save. If one child of God thou



va - tion—Feed the flame, ne'er let it cease; And 'twill  
res - cue, Help one sin - ner gain the shore, Great shall



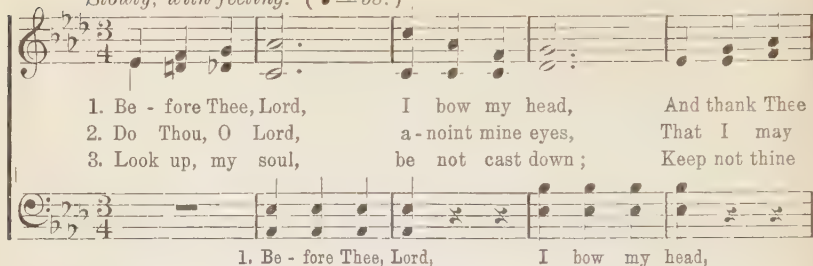
guide thee thro' the tem - pest To the port of end - less peace.  
be thy joy, thy glo - ry, In the glad for - ev - er - more.

# No. 272. Before Thee, Lord, I Bow My Head.

(L. M. 8.)

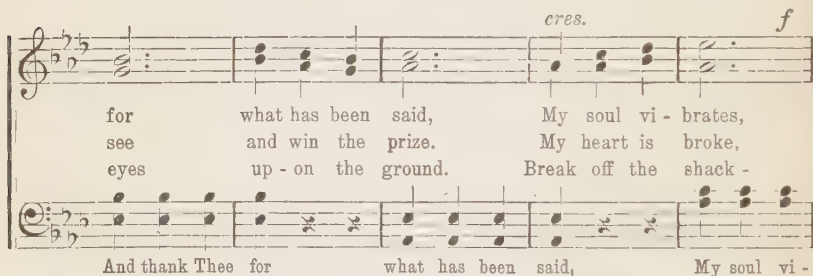
Words and Music Joseph H. Dean.

*Slowly, with feeling. (♩ = 58.)*




1. Be - fore Thee, Lord,      I bow my head,      And thank Thee  
2. Do Thou, O Lord,      a - noint mine eyes,      That I may  
3. Look up, my soul,      be not cast down;      Keep not thine

1. Be - fore Thee, Lord,      I bow my head,



for      what has been said,      My soul vi - brates,  
see      and win the prize.      My heart is broke,  
eyes      up - on the ground.      Break off the shack -

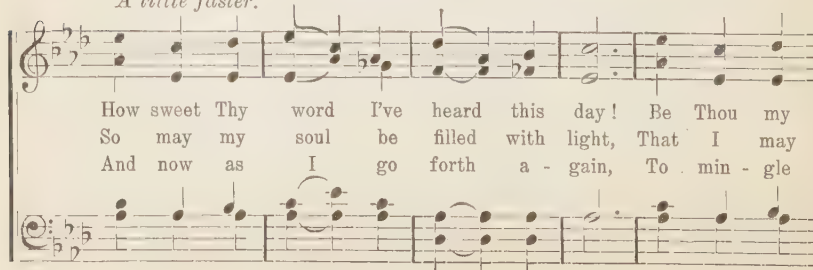
And thank Thee for      what has been said,      My soul vi -



my poor heart sings,      When Thy sweet Spir - it strikes the strings.  
mine eyes are wet,      Oh, help me, Lord,      lest I for - get.  
les of the earth,      Re - ceive my soul.      the spir - it's birth.

brates      my poor heart sings.      When Thy sweet Spirit strikes the strings.

*A little faster.*



How sweet Thy word I've heard this day! Be Thou my  
So may my soul be filled with light, That I may  
And now as I go forth a - gain, To min - gle

# Before Thee, Lord, I Bow My Head.

*rit.*..... *Slowly*

guide, oh, Lord, I pray. May I in pa-  
see and win the fight, And then at last  
with my fel - low men, Stay Thou near by

*dim.*..... *rit.*..... May I in

tience do my part, Seal Thou the word up - on my heart.  
ex - alt - ed be, In peace and rest, oh, Lord, with Thee.  
my steps to guide, That I may in Thy love a - bide.

pa - tience do my part, Seal Thou the word

## No. 273. Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

Stewart's Collection.

(7's)

Ebenezer Beezley.

(♩ = 84.)

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;  
2. For the bless - ings of the field, For the stores the gar - dens yeld,  
3. Flocks that whit - en all the plain, Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain,  
4. A'l that Sp ing, with bounteous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land,  
5. Thanks to Thee, our God, we owe, Source from whence all bless - ings flow!

Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.  
For the vine's en - liv - ning juice, For the gen - 'rous ol - ive's use.  
Clouds that drop their fat - ning d ws, Suns that tem - p - rate warmth dif fuse.  
All that lib - 'ral Au - tumn pours From its rich, o'er - flow - ing stores.  
And for these our souls shall raise Gate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.

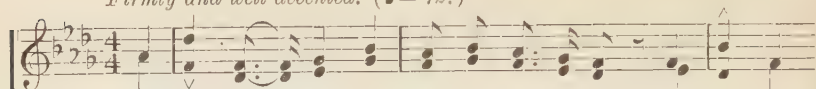
# No. 274. Speak Truth, O Oracle, Whate'er Thy Tongue !

Orson F. Whitney.

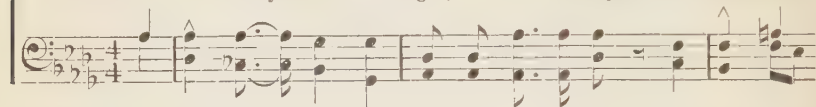
( P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Firmly and well accented. (♩ = 72.)*



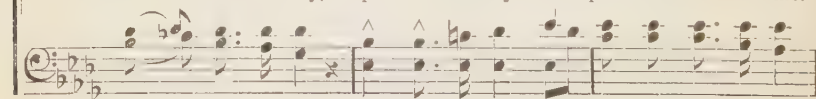
1. Speak truth, O or - a - cle, whate'er thy tongue ! Paint truth, O  
2. Strewn is life's storm - y strand with wrecks of things That bold - ly  
3. Truth, 'tis a foun - tain spring - ing from the heart ; There Shakespear  
4. Nor less thy life and light, O child of clay ! Thine in - ward



lim - ner of earth, sea and sky ! Sing truth, O po - et  
rode on glo - ry's bil - lowy way ; Their false fame borne a - loft  
lin - gered, and there Hom - er laved. Truth, 'tis the soul of na -  
spark, in - tel - li - gence di - vine, Lamp of the soul, and



and let soar thy song ! Sound truth, O harp and heart of mel - o - dy !  
on flat - ter - y's wings, A bird of night that dared not brave the day.  
ture and of art ; With sa - cred truth the path to heav'n is paved.  
foun - tain of the day, Spir - it where - by all splendors soar and shine.



'Tis this a - lone gives fame im - mor - tal youth, Where truth is  
The tru - ly great grow great - er with the years, Bright - er and  
Creeds, caus - es, sys - tems, sa - cred and pro - fane, True mixed with  
Who - e'er thou art, sage, songster, brave or bard ! Con - tend for

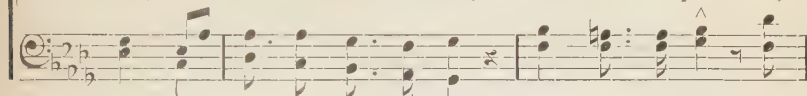




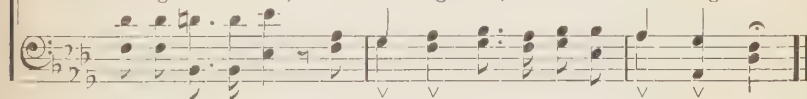
# Speak Truth, O Oracle, Whate'er Thy Tongue!



want - ing, all else pleads in vain. No lie can live. Time's  
bright - er as the a - ges wane. They sow to truth, the  
false, a - dored by minds sin - cere— Think not 'tis er - ror  
Truth, and make her cause thine own, Sure is her prom - ise,



realm is ruled by truth, E - ter - ni - ty per - pet - u - ates its reign.  
hundred fold appears, And his - t'ry gar - ners home the gold - en grain.  
buoys them o'er the main; Truth is their life, their star, though wide they steer.  
sovereign her reward; Ex - alt - ing truth, thou'lt share her shining throne.



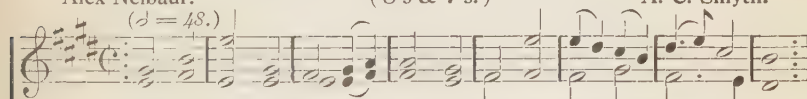
## No. 275. Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

Alex Neibaur.

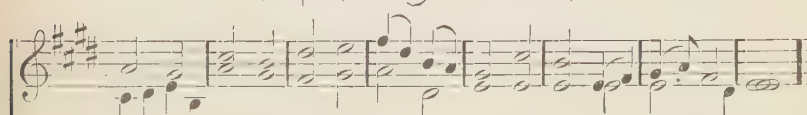
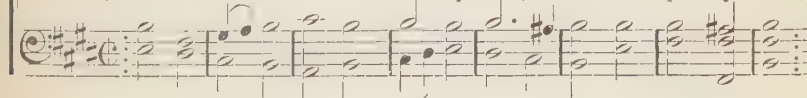
(8's & 7's.)

A. C. Smyth.

(♩ = 48.)



1. { Come, thou glorious day of prom - ise, Come and spread thy cheer - ful ray, }
2. { When the scattered sheep of Is - rael Shall no lon - ger go a - stray; }
3. { Lord, how long wilt Thou be an - gry; Shall Thy wrath for - ev - er burn? }
1. { Rise, re - deem Thine an - cient peo - ple, Their transgressions from them turn; }
2. { Oh, that soon Thou wouldst to Ja - cob Thy en - live - ning Spir - it send! }
3. { Of their un - be - lief and mis - 'ry Make, O Lord, a speed - y end. }



When ho - san - nas, When ho - san - nas With u - nit - ed voice they'll cry.  
King of Is - rael, King of Is - rael, Come and set Thy peo - ple free.  
Lord, Mes - si - ah! Lord, Mes - si - ah! Prince of Peace o'er Is - rael reign.





Give Me a Home in the Heart  
of the Mountains.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(P. M.)

Hugh W. Dougall.

*Animated.* (♩ = 92.)

1. Give me a home in the heart of the moun-tains,  
 2. Give me the pur - i - ty blown in their breez - es,  
 3. Give me their peo - ple that mal - ice has driv - en,

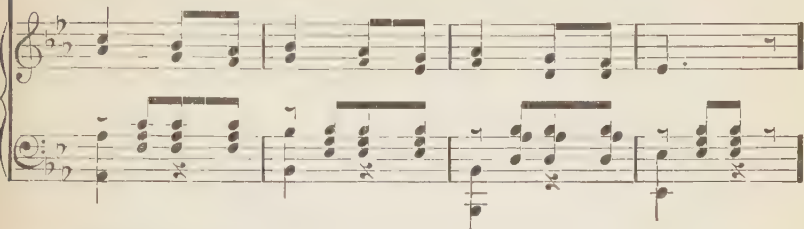
Out in the vales of the glo - ri - ous west.  
 Give me the free - dom that rolls in their rills.  
 Mak - ing a pic - ture no mor - tal can paint.

Nursed in the arms of their crys - tal - line foun-tains,  
 Give me the blush and the bloom of their ros - es,  
 Though I be hat - ed and plun - dered and riv - en,

# Give Me a Home in the Heart of the Mountains.



Play - ful - ly hur - ry - ing down to their rest.  
Give me the strength of their heav - en - kissed hills.  
Give me the hand and the heart of a saint.



\* CHORUS. *With rhythm well marked,*



Hur - ry - ing down, hur - ry - ing down,  
Give me the strength, give me the strength,  
Give me the hand, give me the hand,



Play - ful - ly hur - ry - ing down to their rest.  
Give me the strength of their heav - en - kissed hills.  
Give me the hand and the heart of a saint.



\* *Sing last chorus twice.*

# No. 277. I Can See Thee, O My Saviour!

Evan Stephens

(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Solemn and tenderly. (♩ = 50.)*

*pp* *cres. f*

1. I oan see Thee, O my Sav - iour! My Re -  
 2. I can hear Thee, hear Thee pray - ing, In the  
 3. I can see Thee, mock'd and dy - ing, On the

*pp*

deem - er, all di - vine, With Thy chos - en  
 gar - den dark and lone, Fa - ther might this  
 cross that man might live, Hear Thy bless - ed

*rit. e dim.*

ones par - tak - ing Of the bro - ken bread and wine.  
 cup pass from me, But Thy will, Thy will be done.  
 voice still murm'ring That di - vin - est word "For - give."

*Full and majestically.*

*f*

4. I can see Him in His glo - ry, Come to

# I Can See Thee, O My Saviour!

reign a - mong His own count - less throngs, re -

deem'd sur - round Him, Wor - ship at His glo - rious throne.

*Solemnly.*

5. O my soul! shall I be wor - thy Of a

place a - mong that throng? Is my heart and

voice at - tun - ed To that grand tri - um - phant song?

# No. 278. Hark, Hark! Angelic Minstrels Sing.

Eliza R. Snow.


(P. M.)

B. Cecil Gates.

(♩ = 104.)



1. Hark, hark! an - gel - ic min - strels sing A sweet me -  
 2. With - in a Tem - ple's sa - cred court, Be - neath its  
 3. A great, mo - men - tous time's at hand, Por - tend - ing



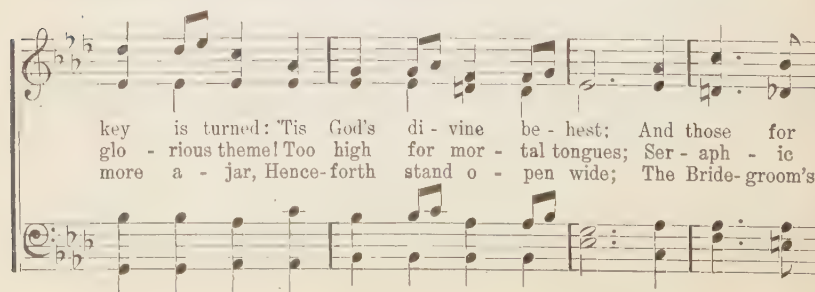
lo - dious strain; Heav'n's high ce - les - tial arch - es ring  
 roy - al tow'r, Let hum - ble, faith - ful Saints re - sort  
 signs ap - pear; The wise will see and un - der - stand

Heav'n's arch - - - es ring  
 Let saints now wield  
 The wise will see



With joy - ful news a - gain, a - gain. Lo! now an - oth - er  
 To wield, to wield sal - va - tion's pow'r, Sal - va - tion's work! O  
 The day of God is near, is near. Ye heav'n - ly gates no

with joy a - gain.  
 sal - va - tion's pow'r.  
 God's day is near.



key is turned: 'Tis God's di - vine be - hest; And those for  
 glo - rious theme! Too high for mor - tal tongues; Ser - aph - ic  
 more a - jar, Hence - forth stand o - pen wide; The Bride - groom's

# Hark, Hark! Angelic Minstrels Sing.



whom our hearts have yearned Our dead a - gain are blest.  
 hosts its grace pro - claim In ev - er - last - ing songs.  
 voice is heard a - far, Pre - pare, pre - pare the Bride.



## CHORUS.



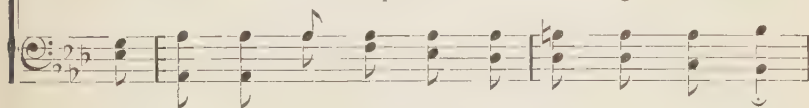
rom the val - leys of Eph - raim ho - san - nas a - rise,



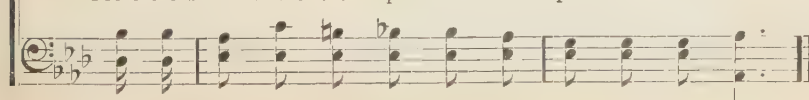
And now hal - le - lu - jahs de - scend from the skies;



Glad shouts of re - demp - tion from bond - age re - sound



From the shades where the spir - its in pris - on are bound.





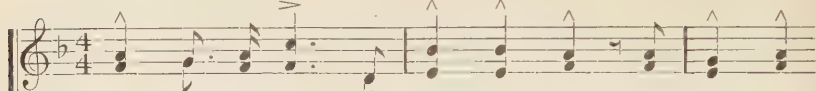
# No. 279. Lift Up Your Praise in Parting Song.

Bertha A. Kleinman.



( P. M. )

Evan Stephens.

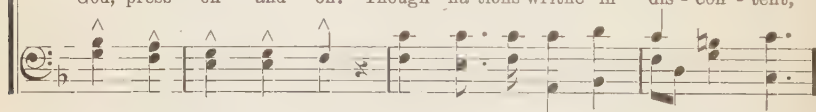

*Moderato. Ben marcato. March time. (♩ = 84.)*





1. Lift up your praise in part - ing song, O Saints of  
 2. Lift up your praise in part - ing song, O Saints of  
 3. Lift up your praise in part - ing song, O Saints of

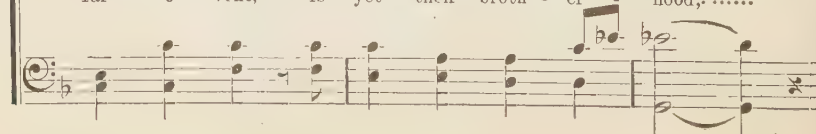
God, press on and on! Each day cre-ates a new i - deal,  
 God, press on and on! Each speed - ing e - ra is ab - solved,  
 God, press on and on! Though na-tions writhe in dis - con - tent,

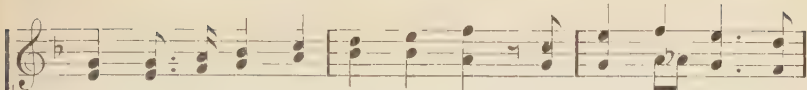
There is no emp - ty hour, There is no span for  
 Each year a whit - ened page, And we with soul - ship  
 And forge their way with blood; The "One sub - lime a -

lag - ging zeal, To pan - der time and pow'r,.....  
 to e - volve, Must prove our her - i - tage;.....  
 far e - vent," Is yet their broth - er hood;.....



# Lift Up Your Praise in Parting Song.



For each to-mor - row dawns a - new, Each yes - ter - day is  
The pa - geant calls with mar - tial song, To hail the new - er  
And we in love and u - ni - ty, Must grow each day, a -



gone, Our place is in To - day's re - view,  
dawn; Let leagues of men be right or wrong,  
non, For hu - man trend is eq - ui - ty,



A - breast of all God's ret - i - nue, O Saints press  
Our place is with the up - ward throng, O Saints press  
Lo! man to man must broth - er be O Saints press



on..... and on! O Saints press on and on!.....



# No. 280. We Thank Thee, Gracious Lord of Hosts.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(C. M. D.)

Henry Hooper.

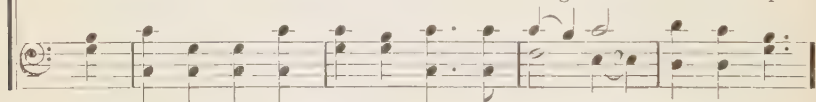
(♩ = 84.)



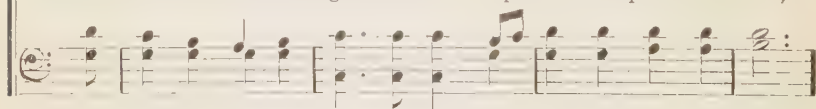
1. We thank Thee, gra-cious Lord of Hosts, For all Thy gen-rous hand
2. We thank Thee for the bud-ding flow'r In sum-mer glo-ry drest,
3. We thank Thee for our peace-ful homes, And far ex-tend-ing crops;



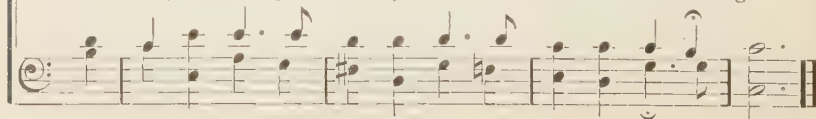
With-in the cir-cle of our coasts, Show'r's on the teem-ing land.  
A rev-e-la-tion of the pow'er Thro' na-ture man-i-fest.  
Our com-mon-wealth of tow'r's and domes A-mong the moun-tain tops.



The val-ley with its lap of green, The moun-tain and the wave,  
On mead-ow, hill and sil-ver lake, The praise be ev-er Thine;  
We thank Thee for the light that breaks Up-on the paths of men,



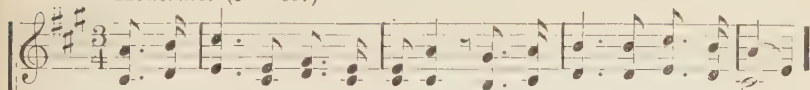
This hu-man course that lies be-tween The cra-dle and the grave.  
Thy wel-come dis-pen-sa-tions break And kin-dled beau-ties shine.  
Where many a pil-grim slow-ly wakes To fol-low Thee a-gain.



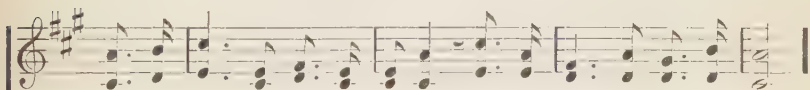
Horace L. Hastings.

(8's &amp; 7's.)

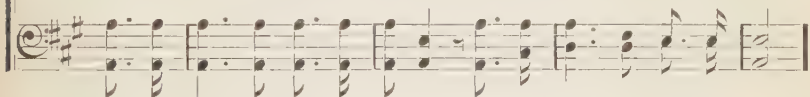
Elihu S. Rice.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 69.)

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine:
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?



Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of Jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?



## CHORUS.



We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet be-yond the riv-er;



We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll.



# No. 282. Hail! Bright Millennial Day of Rest.

John Lyon.

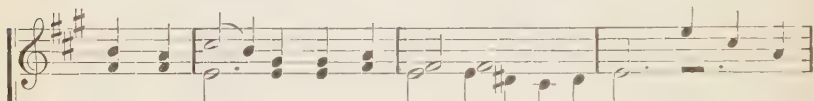
(2-8's & 6's.)

A. C. Smyth.

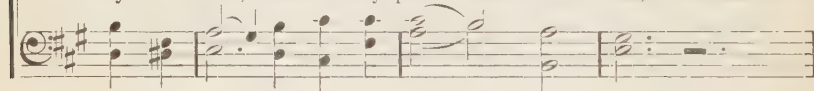
*Andante moderato. (♩ = 63.)*



1. Hail! bright mil - len - ial day of rest, When earth's re - stored and
2. There ty - ran - ny no more shall reign, Nor fam - ished chil - dren
3. There eq - ui - ty and truth will shine, And all re - vere God's
5. O heav'n - ly par - a - dise of joy! Where meek ones live with -
5. O God, may all Thy Saints en - dure, That we Thy bless - ing



Saints are blest, Se - cured from Bab - 'lon's..... doom, Gathered a -  
 beg in vain For what their fa - thers..... toiled, Nor proud men  
 laws di - vine, Nor fear op - pres - sor's ..... wrong; Each shall pos -  
 out an - noy, Far, far from world - ly ..... strife; Where God and  
 may se - cure, With - in Thy prom - ised..... rest, Then shall our



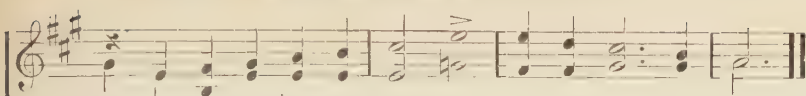
far Gath - ered a - far from ev - 'ry clime, from ev - 'ry clime,  
 spurn, Nor proud men spurn the poor man's lot, the poor man's lot—  
 sess Each shall pos - sess his dwell - ing fair, his dwell - ing fair,  
 an - gels love to dwell, Where God and an - gels love to dwell  
 tongues, Then shall our tongues, in cease - less praise, in cease - less praise,



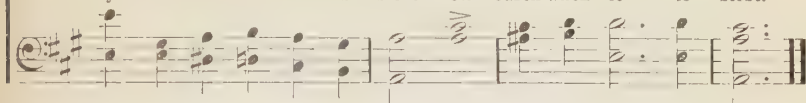
To spend that bliss, To spend that bliss - ful, hap - py time, ful hap - py  
 A - like they'll share, A - like they'll share and en - vy not, and en - vy  
 And eat the fruits, And eat the fruits the vineyards bear, the vineyards  
 With the redeemed, With the redeemed, whose an - thems swell, whose anthems  
 Ex - tol Thy name, Ex - tol Thy name thro' end - less days, thro' end - less



# Hail! Bright Millennial Day of Rest.



time, Where ver-nal pas-tures bloom, Where ver-nal pas-tures bloom.  
 not What self-ish-ness hath spoiled, What self-ish-ness hath spoiled.  
 bear, Re-joic-ing all day long, Re-joic-ing all day long.  
 swell The song of end-less life, The song of end-less life.  
 days On earth when it is blest On earth when it is blest.



## No. 283. Earth, With Her Ten Thousand Flowers.

William Phelps.

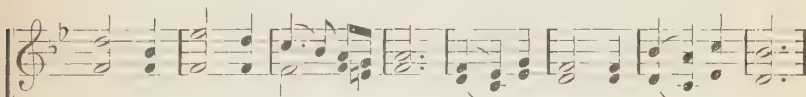
(6-7's.)

Thomas C. Griggs.

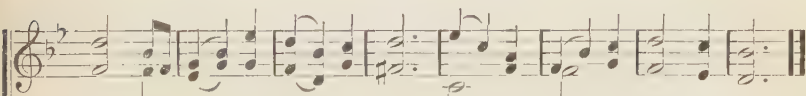
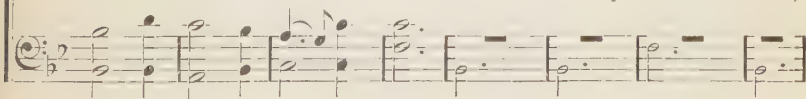
(♩ = 76.)



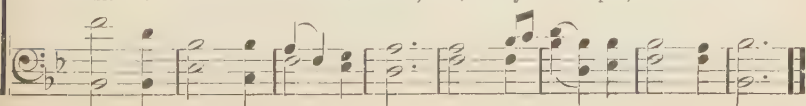
1. Earth, with her ten thou-sand flow'rs, Air, with all its beams and show'rs,  
 2. Sounds a-mong the vales and hills, In the woods and by the rills,  
 3. All the hopes that sweet-ly start From the foun-tain of the heart,



Heav-en's in-fi-nite ex-panse, Sea's re-splen-dent coun-te-nance,  
 Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gen-tle mur-mur stirred,  
 All the bliss that ev-er comes To our earth-ly hu-man homes,



All a-round and all a-bove, Bear this rec-ord, God is love.  
 Sa-cred songs, be-neath a-bove, Have one cho-rus, God is love.  
 All the voic-es from a-bove, Sweet-ly whis-per, God is love.





# No. 284. Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

Orson F. Whitney.

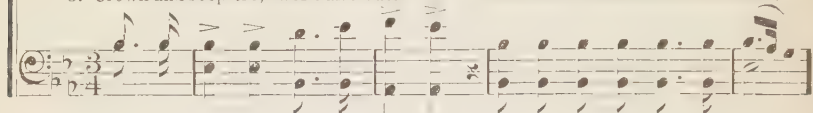
(8's & 7's.)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*Maestoso moderato.* (♩ = 76.)



- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Free-dom waves her joy-ous pin-ions   | O'er a land from sea to sea,     |
| 2. Un-ion, love and fel-low-feel-ing     | Mark the saint-ed day of power;  |
| 3. Now no ty-rant sceptre sad-dens,      | Now no big-ot pow'r can blind;   |
| 4. God, not mam-mon, hath the wor-ship   | Of His peo-ple, pure in heart—   |
| 5. Crown and sceptre, sword and buck-ler | Baubles!—break them at her feet: |



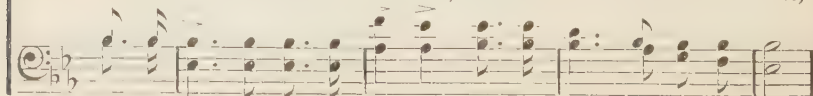
Ran-somed, right-eous and re-joic-ing In a world-wide ju-bi-lee.  
 Rich and poor in all things e-qual, Righteous-ness their rock and tower.  
 Faith and work, a-like un-fet-tered, Win the goal by heav'n de-signed.  
 This is Zi-on—O ye na-tions! Choose, with her, "the bet-ter part."  
 Strife no more shall vex cre-a-tion—Christ's is now the king-ly seat.



O'er a peo-ple hap-py, ho-ly, Gift-ed now with ev-'ry grace;  
 Mountain peaks of pride are lev-eled, Lift-ed is the low-ly plain,  
 Truth oft crush'd but nev-er conquer'd, Soars a-loft on wings of light;  
 Peace, not war, shall make you might-y; God-ly liv-ing give you rest.  
 Cit-ies, em-pires, king-doms, pow-ers, In one night-y realm com-bine:



Free from ev-'ry sor-did fet-ter That en-slaved a fall-en race,  
 Crookedness made straight, while crudeness Now gives way to culture's reign,  
 Men be-hold their Mak-er's mean-ing Eye to eye with sin-gle sight,  
 Turn, ah! turn, while hope-ful day-light Lin-gers in the dy-ing west,  
 She that was the last of na-tions, Henceforth as their head shall shine,



## Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.



Free from ev - 'ry sor - did fet - ter That en - slaved a fall - en race.  
Crookedness made straight, while crudeness Now gives way to cul - ture's reign.  
Men be - hold their Mak - er's mean - ing Eye to eye with sin - gle sight.  
Turn, ah! turn, while hope - ful day - light Lin - gers in the dy - ing west.  
She that was the last of na - tions, Henceforth as their head shall shine.



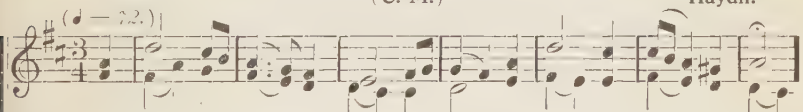
6 Thus thy future glory, Zion,  
Glittering in celestial rays,  
As the ocean's sun-lit surging,  
Rolls upon our raptured gaze.  
Lovelier than painter's limning,  
Fairer than the poet's dream,  
Brighter than the starry splendor,  
Or the noontide's blazing beam.

7 All that ages past have promised,  
All that noblest minds have prized,  
All that holy lips have prayed for,  
Here at last is realized.  
All that ages past have promised,  
All that noblest minds have prized,  
All that holy lips have prayed for,  
Here at last is realized.

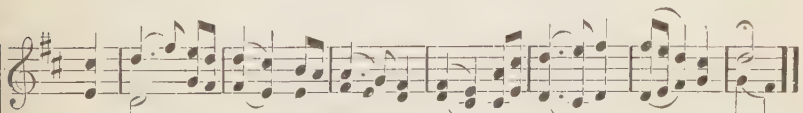
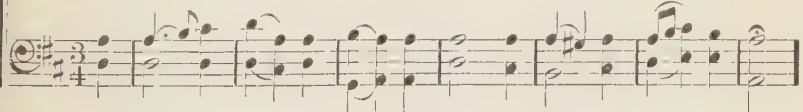
## No. 285. With Joy We Own Thy Servants, Lord.

(C. M.)

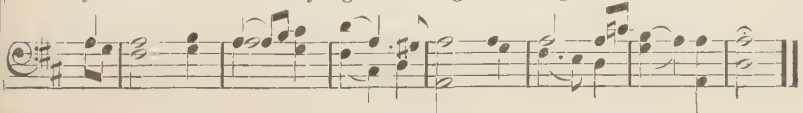
Haydn.



1. With joy we own Thy serv - ants, Lord, Thy min - is - ters be - low,  
2. O may they now, and ev - er keep Their eyes in - tent on Thee!  
3. With plen - teous grace their hearts pre - pare To ex - e - cute Thy will;  
4. In - spire their minds with ar - dent zeal, Thy flock to feed and teach;  
5. As show'rs re - fresh the thirst - y plain, So let their la - bors prove:



Or - dained to spread Thy truth a - broad, That all Thy name may know.  
Do Thou, Great Shep - herd of the sheep, Their bright ex - am - ple be.  
And give them pa - tience, love and care, And faith - ful - ness and skill.  
And may they live and may they feel The truths they're call'd to preach.  
By them ex - tend Thy right - eous reign—The reign of truth and love.




# No. 286. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

Thomas Hastings.


( 11's & 10's. )

Edwin F. Parry.


(♩ = 84.)



1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,  
 2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,  
 3. Lo ! in the des - ert the rich flow'rs are spring - ing,  
 4. Hark ! from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean,



Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain !  
 Long by the Proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told !  
 Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long ;  
 Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high ;



*p*  
 Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing,  
 Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re - turn - ing !  
 Loud from the moun - tain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing,  
 Fall - en the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,



*f*  
 Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.  
 Gen - tiles and Jews the glad vis - ion be - hold.  
 Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.  
 Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the skies.

# No. 287. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

John Kelly.

(8's, 7's & 4.)

A. C. Smyth.

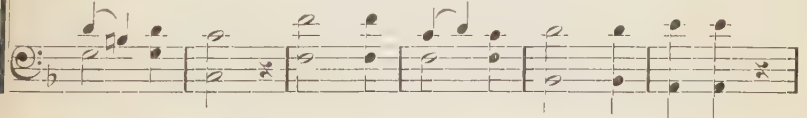
(♩ = 69.)



1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed— Zi - on, kept by  
2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per-ish, Friend to friend un -  
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee



pow'r di - vine; All her foes shall be con - found-ed,  
faith-ful prove, Moth-ers cease their own to cher-ish,  
forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee,



Though the world in arms com - bine; Hap - py Zi - on,  
Heav'n and earth at last re - move; But no chang-es,  
Thou art pre - cious in His sight; God is with thee,



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!  
But no chang-es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.  
God is with thee; Thou shalt tri - umph in His might.



# No. 288. I Wander Through the Stilly Night.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(L. M. D.)

Hugh W. Dougall.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 84.)



1. I wan - der thro' the still - y night, When sol - i - tude is  
2. When I am fill'd with strong de - sire, And ask a boon of  
3. It mat - ters not what may be - fall, What threat'ning hand hangs



ev - ' ry-where. A - lone, be-neath the star - ry light And yet I  
Him I see No mir - a - cle of liv - ing fire But what I  
o - ver me, He is my ram-part thro' it all, My ref - uge



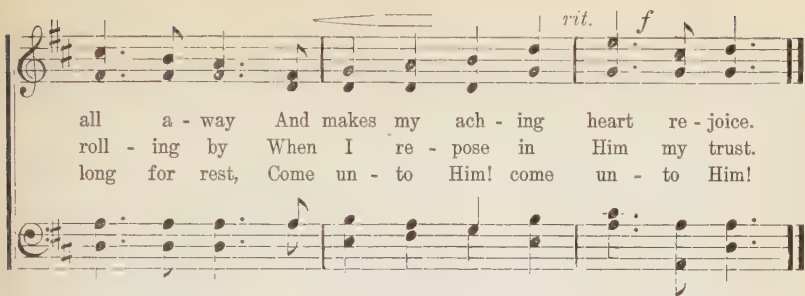
know that God is there. I kneel up - on the grass and pray,  
ask flows in - to me. And when the tem - pest rag - es high  
from mine en - e - my. Come un - to Him all ye de - prest;



An an - swer comes with - out a voice. It takes my bur - den  
I feel no arm a - round me thrust, But ev - 'ry storm goes  
Ye err - ing souls whose eyes are dim, Ye wea - ry ones who



# I Wander Through the Stilly Night.



all a - way And makes my ach - ing heart re - joice.  
 roll - ing by When I re - pose in Him my trust.  
 long for rest, Come un - to Him! come un - to Him!

## No. 289.

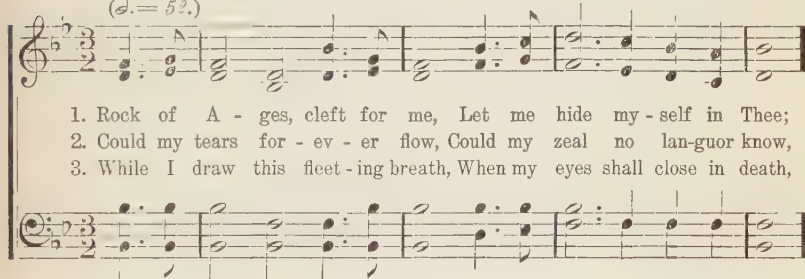
## Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady.

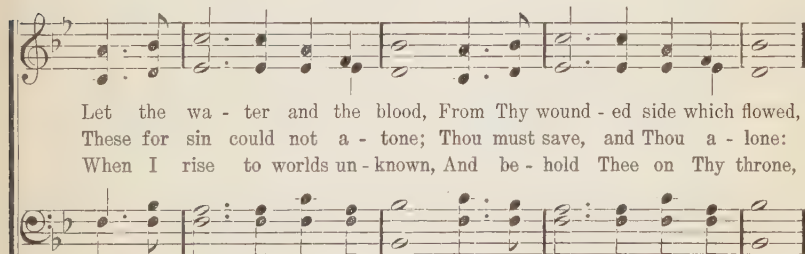
(7's.)

Thomas Hastings.

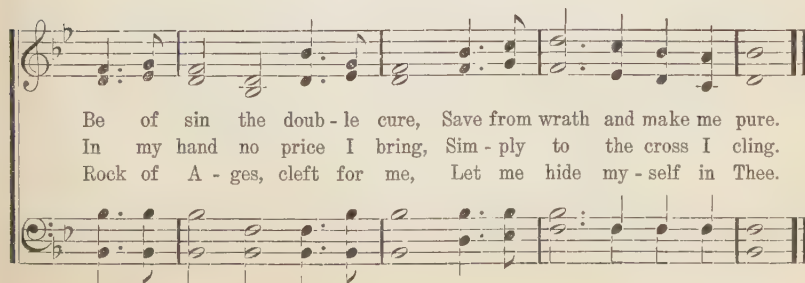
(♩. = 52.)



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to the cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



# No. 290. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Medley.

(L. M.)

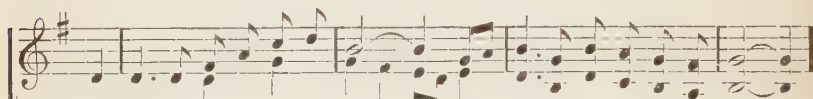
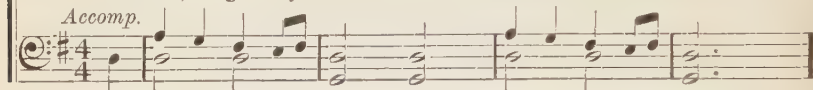
Lorenzo D. Edwards.

SOLO. *Largo.* ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ )



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
2. He lives to grant me rich sup-ply, He lives to guide me with His eye,
3. He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend, He lives and loves me to the end,
4. He lives, all glo-ry to His name! He lives, my Sav-iour, still the same;

*Accomp.*

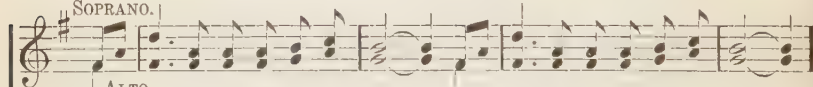


He lives, He lives, who once was dead;  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,  
O sweet the joy this sentence gives,

He lives, my ev-er-liv-ing head.  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.  
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.  
"I know that my Redeem-er lives!"



SOPRANO.



ALTO.

He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,  
He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a - way my tears,  
He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death,  
He lives, all glo-ry to His name! He lives, my Saviour, still the same;

TENOR.



BASS.



He lives, my hungry soul to feed, He lives to bless in time of need.  
He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives, all blessings to im - part.  
He lives, my mansion to pre - pare, He lives to bring me safely there.  
O sweet the joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Redeemer lives!"



No. 291. My Father in Heaven, and Dear Kindred There.

Mary Ann Morton.

(P. M.)

Geo. Careless.

$$(\bullet = \cup \mathcal{B}.)$$

1. My Fa - ther in heav - en, and dear kin - dred there,  
2. Yet let me not mur - mur, nor scorn Thy de - sign—  
3. And when through Thy help, I have fin - ished the course,  
4. Thou Au - thor of life, Thou art Truth, Thou art Love,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

How	long,	how	long	shall	my	spir	-	it	ex	-	ist			
Thy	pur	-	pose,	Thy	pur	-	pose	in	-	tend	-	ed	in	me;
Thy	love,	Thy	love	has	ap	-	point	-	ed	for	me,			
The	first,	the	first	and	the	last	un	-	to	me;				

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/2 time signature. The melody consists of six measures. The first measure contains a whole note chord of B-flat and D. The second measure contains a whole note chord of E and G. The third measure contains a whole note chord of A and C. The fourth measure contains a whole note chord of B-flat and D. The fifth measure contains a whole note chord of E and G. The sixth measure contains a whole note chord of A and C. The notation is simple, with notes and chords clearly marked on the staff.

In this sphere of sor - row, this world of de-  
Thou sent me, a spir - it, e - ter - nal - ly  
That spir - it a - gain will re - turn to its  
O Thou who art wor - shipped by an - gels a -

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

spair, Where men in re - bel - lion per - sist?  
Thine. To dwell in a bod - y, for Thee.  
source, And then with the Gods ev - er be.  
bove, Thy Spir - it of truth send to me.

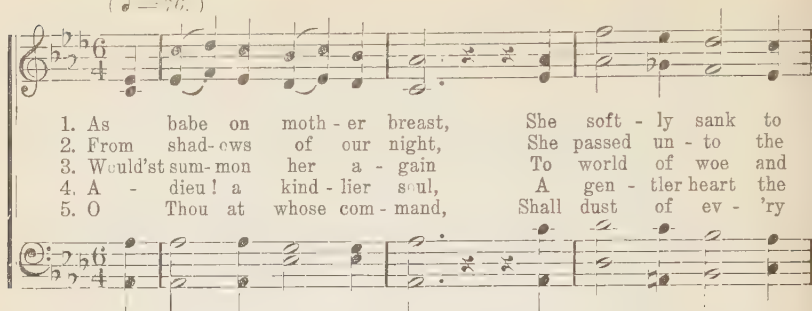
Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The third measure consists of a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The fourth measure is a quarter note A3, followed by a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The fifth measure contains a quarter note E3, a quarter note D3, and a quarter note C3. The sixth measure is a quarter note B2, followed by a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The seventh measure consists of a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The eighth measure is a quarter note C2, followed by a quarter note B1, and a quarter note A1. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Orson F. Whitney.

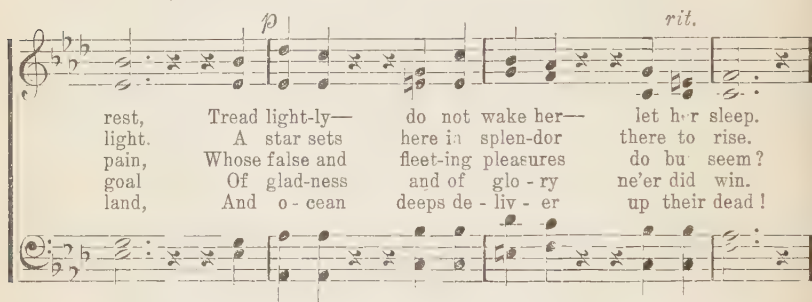
(P. M.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ — 76.)



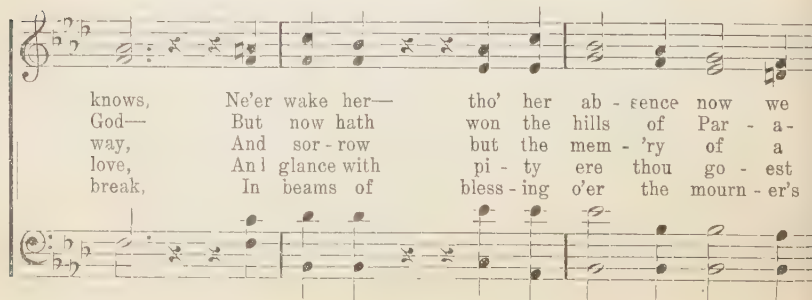
1. As babe on moth - er breast, She soft - ly sank to  
 2. From shad - cws of our night, She passed un - to the  
 3. Would'st sum - mon her a - gain To world of woe and  
 4. A - dieu! a kind - lier soul, A gen - tler heart the  
 5. O Thou at whose com - mand, Shall dust of ev - 'ry



*p* *rit.*  
 rest, Tread light-ly— do not wake her— let h-er sleep.  
 light. A star sets here in splen-dor there to rise.  
 pain, Whose false and fleet-ing pleasures do but seem?  
 goal Of glad-ness and of glo - ry ne'er did win.  
 land, And o - cean deeps de - liv - er up their dead!



*a tempo.*  
 She has earned the sweet re - pose The ran-somed spir - it  
 A path of pain she trod— The foot-steps of her  
 Ah! no; we'd have her stay Where life is joy al -  
 From gold - en gates a - bove, Wilt thou not look in  
 Some word of com - fort speak! Bid hope's bright morn - ing



knows, Ne'er wake her— tho' her ab - sence now we  
 God— But now hath won the hills of Par - a -  
 way, And sor - row but the mem - 'ry of a  
 love, And glance with pi - ty ere thou go - est  
 break, In beams of bless - ing o'er the mourn - er's

## As Babe on Mother Breast.

*rit.*

weep, Tho' her ab - sence now we weep.  
 cise, Won the hills of Par - a - dise.  
 dream! But the mem - 'ry of a dream!  
 in? Pi - ty ere thou go - est in?  
 head! Bless - ing o'er the mourn - er's head!

## No. 293. Jesus, Once of Humble Birth.

Parley P. Pratt.

(7's.)

From "English Chorister."

*p* (♩ = 69.)

*f*

1. Je - sus, once of hum - ble birth, Now in glo - ry  
 2. Once a meek and low - ly Lamb, Now the Lord, the  
 3. Once He groaned in blood and tears, Now in glo - ry  
 4. Once for - sak - en, left a - lone, Now ex - alt - ed

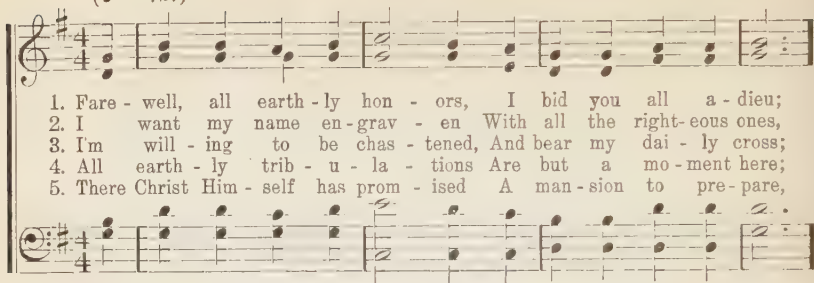
comes to earth; Once He suf - fered grief and pain, Now He  
 great I Am; Once up - on the cross He bowed, Now His  
 He ap - pears; Once re - ject - ed by His own, Now their  
 to a throne; Once all things He meek - ly bore, But He

comes on earth to reign, Now He comes on earth to reign.  
 char - iot is the cloud, Now His char - iot is the cloud.  
 King He shall be known, Now their King He shall be known.  
 now will bear no more, But He now will bear no more.

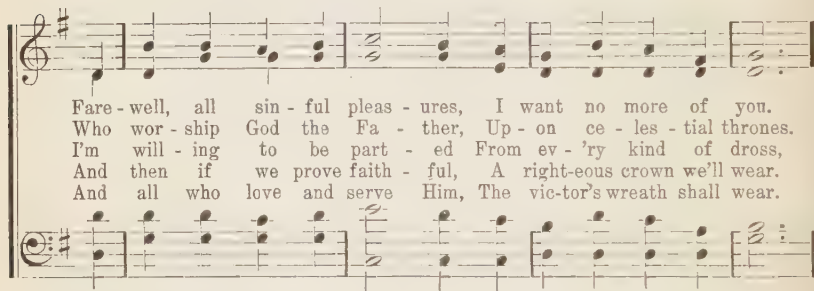
(7's &amp; 6's. D.)

William B. Bradbury.

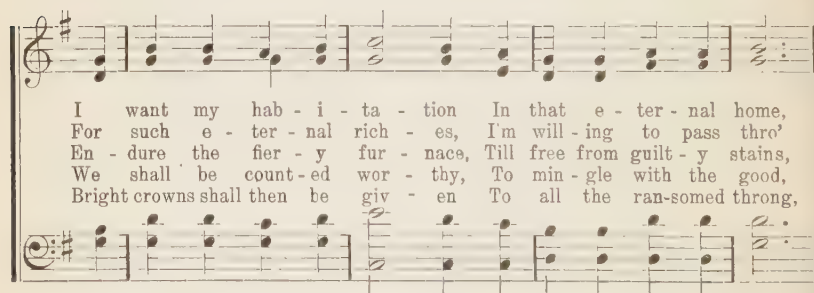
(♩ = 72.)



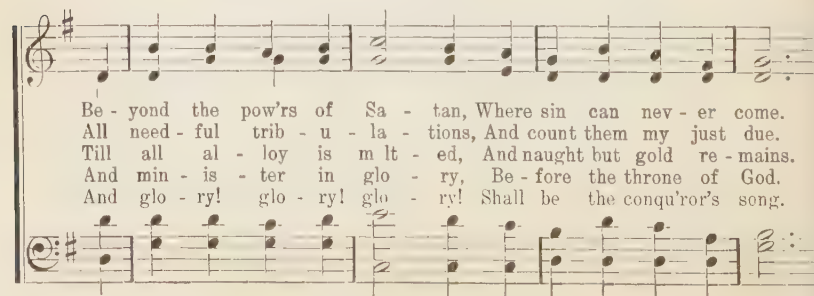
1. Fare - well, all earth - ly hon - ors, I bid you all a - dieu;  
 2. I want my name en - grav - en With all the right - eous ones,  
 3. I'm will - ing to be chas - tened, And bear my dai - ly cross;  
 4. All earth - ly trib - u - la - tions Are but a mo - ment here;  
 5. There Christ Him - self has prom - ised A man - sion to pre - pare,



Fare - well, all sin - ful pleas - ures, I want no more of you.  
 Who wor - ship God the Fa - ther, Up - on ce - les - tial thrones.  
 I'm will - ing to be part - ed From ev - 'ry kind of dross,  
 And then if we prove faith - ful, A right - eous crown we'll wear.  
 And all who love and serve Him, The vic - tor's wreath shall wear.



I want my hab - i - ta - tion In that e - ter - nal home,  
 For such e - ter - nal rich - es, I'm will - ing to pass thro'  
 En - dure the fier - y fur - nace, Till free from guilt - y stains,  
 We shall be count - ed wor - thy, To min - gle with the good,  
 Bright crowns shall then be giv - en To all the ran - somed throng,



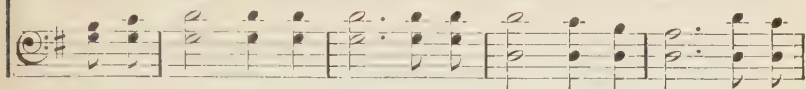
Be - yond the pow'rs of Sa - tan, Where sin can nev - er come.  
 All need - ful trib - u - la - tions, And count them my just due.  
 Till all al - loy is mlt - ed, And naught but gold re - mains.  
 And min - is - ter in glo - ry, Be - fore the throne of God.  
 And glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! Shall be the con - qu'ror's song.

# Farewell, All Earthly Honors.

REFRAIN.



There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is



sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.



## No. 295. The Silver, Gold and Precious Stones.

John Jaques.

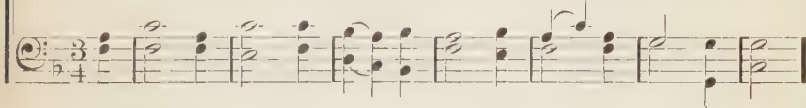
(C. M.)

Frank W. Asper.

(♩ = 96.)



1. "The sil - ver, gold and pre - cious stones," Thus saith the Lord, "are Mine;
2. 'The for - ests, rich - stored mountains, plains, The fer - tile val - leys, too,
3. "And men them - selves be - long to Me—They hold from Me a lease
4. Then why should men so much de - sire To seize on all they see—



The cat - tle on a thou - sand hills I own by right di - vine."  
 The earth, and all that is there - in, Are but My right - eous due."  
 Of health and strength, and e - ven life, Which at My word may cease."  
 Cheat, cov - et and ap - pro - pri - ate To self so greed - i - ly?



- 5 The saints have learned a purer faith: 6 Their flocks and herds, and lands and  
 They own the Lord's just claim; Their wives and children dear, [wealth,  
 They're stewards o'er what they possess, Their all, themselves they bring to Him;  
 And hold it in His name. Thus they His love revere.



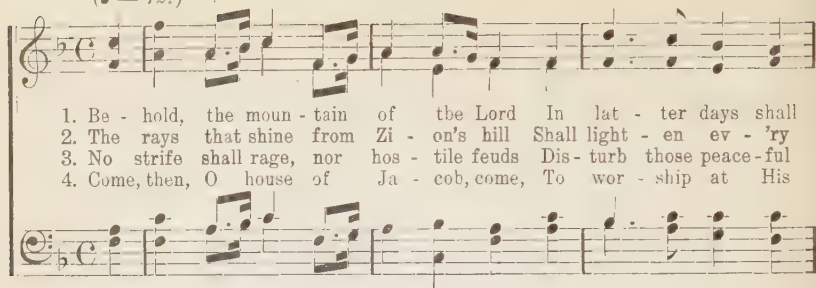
# No. 296. Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.

Logan.

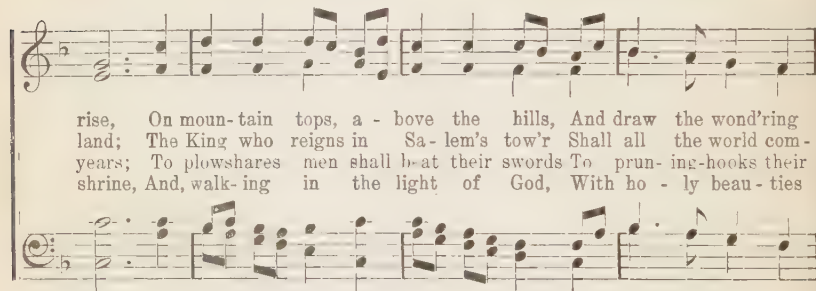
(C. M.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

(♩ = 72.)




1. Be - hold, the moun - tain of the Lord In lat - ter days shall  
 2. The rays that shine from Zi - on's hill Shall light - en ev - 'ry  
 3. No strife shall rage, nor hos - tile feuds Dis - turb those peace - ful  
 4. Come, then, O house of Ja - cob, come, To wor - ship at His



rise, On moun - tain tops, a - bove the hills, And draw the wond'ring  
 land; The King who reigns in Sa - lem's tow'r Shall all the world com -  
 years; To plowshares men shall beat their swords To prun - ing-hooks their  
 shrine, And, walk - ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ties

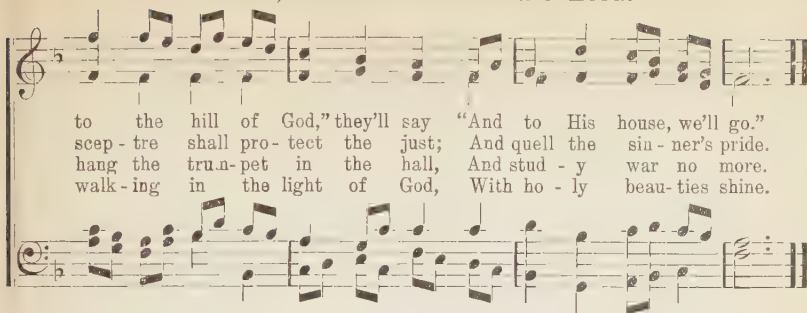


eyes, And draw the won - d'ring eyes. To this the joy - ful  
 mand, Shall all the world com - mand. A - mong the na - tions  
 spears, To prun - ing-hooks their spears. No lon - ger host en -  
 shine, With ho - ly beau - ties shine. Come, then, O house of



na - tions, round, All tribes and tongues, shall flow; "Up  
 He shall judge, His judg - ments truth shall guide, His  
 coun - t'ring host, Shall crowds of slain de - plore; They'll  
 Ja - cob, come, To wor - ship at His shrine, And

# Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.



to the hill of God," they'll say "And to His house, we'll go."  
 scep - tre shall pro - tect the just; And quell the sin - ner's pride.  
 hang the tru - n - pet in the hall, And stud - y war no more.  
 walk - ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ties shine.

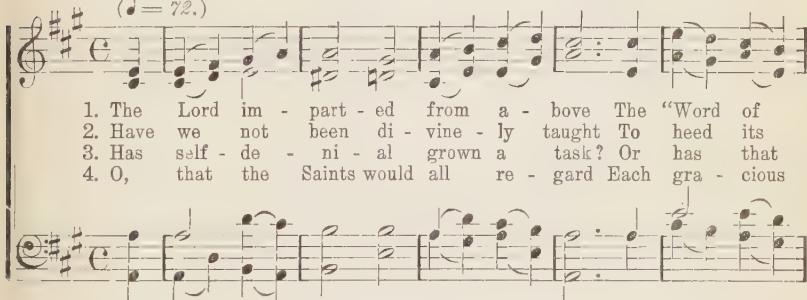
## No. 297. The Lord Imparted from Above.

Eliza R. Snow.

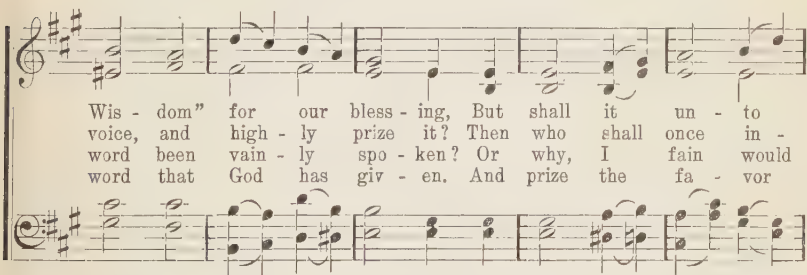
(8's & 9's.)

Geo. Careless.

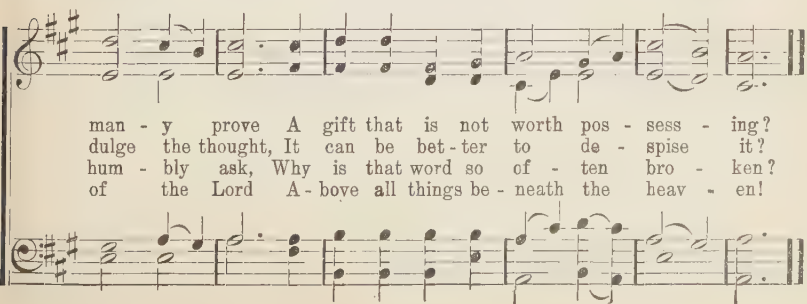
(♩ = 72.)



1. The Lord im - part - ed from a - bove The "Word of  
 2. Have we not been di - vine - ly taught To heed its  
 3. Has self - de - ni - al grown a task? Or has that  
 4. O, that the Saints would all re - gard Each gra - cious



Wis - dom" for our bless - ing, But shall it un - to  
 voice, and high - ly prize it? Then who shall once in -  
 word been vain - ly spo - ken? Or why, I fain would  
 word that God has giv - en. And prize the fa - vor



man - y prove A gift that is not worth pos - sess - ing?  
 dulse the thought, It can be bet - ter to de - spise it?  
 hum - bly ask, Why is that word so of - ten bro - ken?  
 of the Lord A - bove all things be - neath the heav - en!

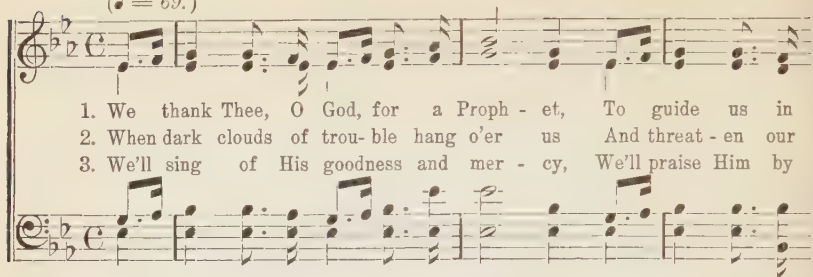
# No. 298. We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.

William Fowler.

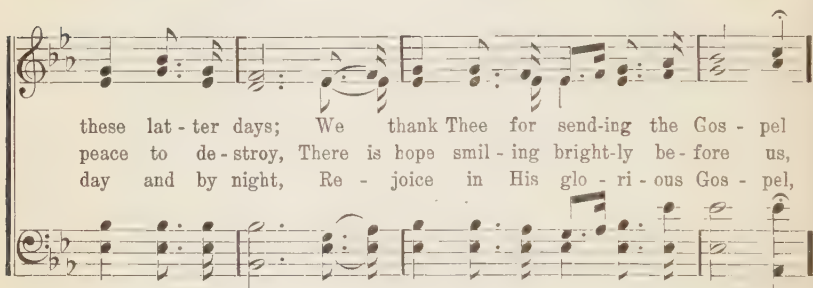
(9's & 8's.)

Mary Ann Norton.

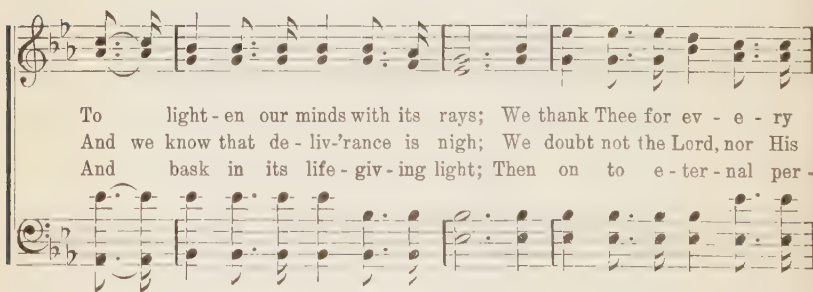
(♩ = 69.)



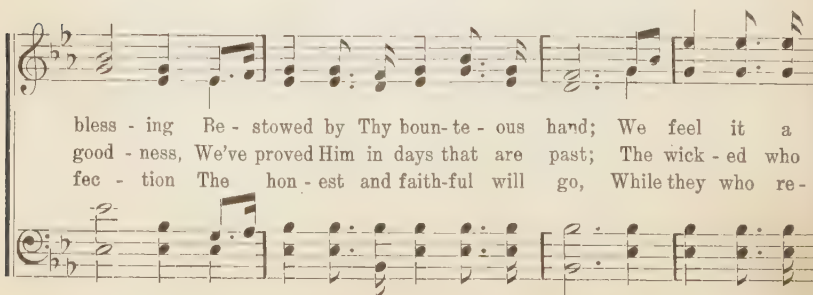
1. We thank Thee, O God, for a Proph - et, To guide us in  
2. When dark clouds of trou - ble hang o'er us And threat - en our  
3. We'll sing of His goodness and mer - cy, We'll praise Him by



these lat - ter days; We thank Thee for send - ing the Gos - pel  
peace to de - stroy, There is hope smil - ing bright - ly be - fore us,  
day and by night, Re - joice in His glo - ri - ous Gos - pel,

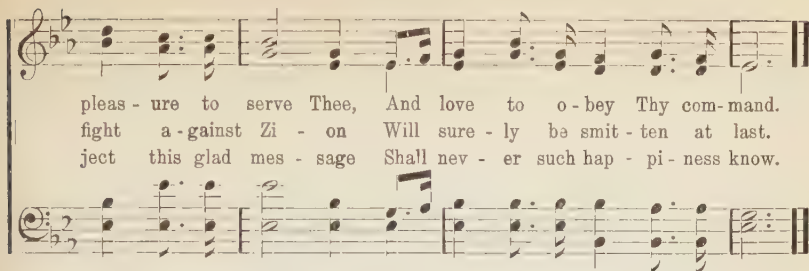


To light - en our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for ev - e - ry  
And we know that de - liv' - rance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His  
And bask in its life - giv - ing light; Then on to e - ter - nal per -



bless - ing Re - stowed by Thy boun - te - ous hand; We feel it a  
good - ness, We've proved Him in days that are past; The wick - ed who  
fec - tion The hon - est and faith - ful will go, While they who re -

# We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.



pleas - ure to serve Thee, And love to o - bey Thy com - mand.  
 fight a - gainst Zi - on Will sure - ly be smit - ten at last.  
 ject this glad mes - sage Shall nev - er such hap - pi - ness know.

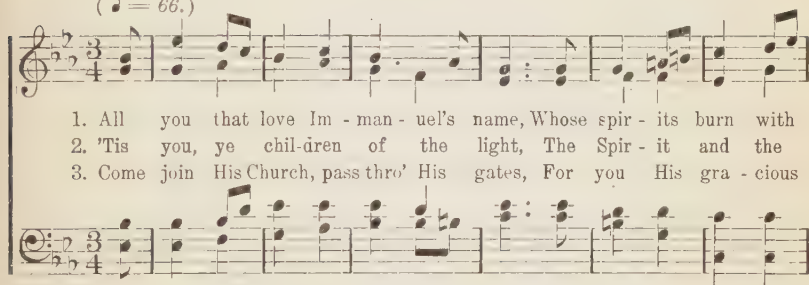
## No. 299. All You that Love Immanuel's Name.

Fellowes.

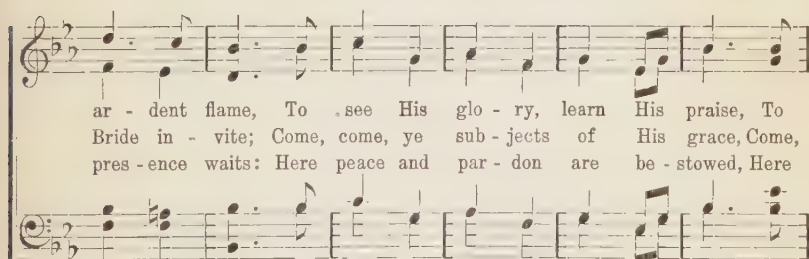
(L. M.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

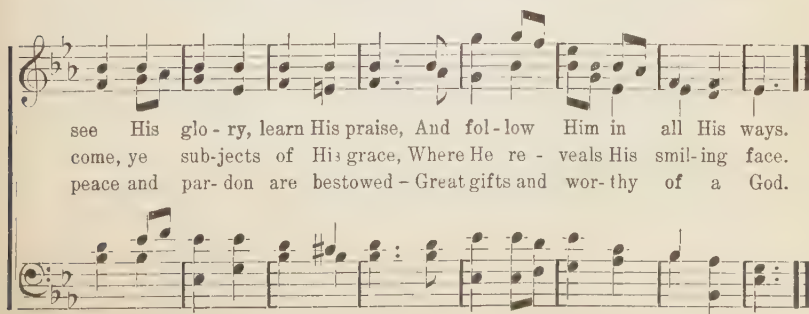
(♩ = 66.)



1. All you that love Im - man - uel's name, Whose spir - its burn with  
 2. 'Tis you, ye chil - dren of the light, The Spir - it and the  
 3. Come join His Church, pass thro' His gates, For you His gra - cious



ar - dent flame, To see His glo - ry, learn His praise, To  
 Bride in - vite; Come, come, ye sub - jects of His grace, Come,  
 pres - ence waits: Here peace and par - don are be - stowed, Here



see His glo - ry, learn His praise, And fol - low Him in all His ways.  
 come, ye sub - jects of His grace, Where He re - veals His smil - ing face.  
 peace and par - don are bestowed - Great gifts and wor - thy of a God.

# No. 300. Welcome, Best of All Good Meetings.

T. J. Dawson.

(8's & 7's.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

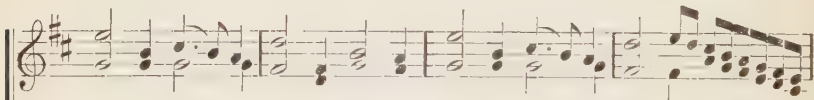
(♩ = 48.)



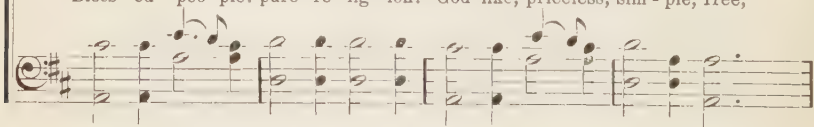
1. Wel - come, best of all good meetings; Welcme, broth - ers, sis - ters true;
2. Pray'r and praise and tes - ti - mo - ny, Tongues unknown and proph - e - cy;
3. Where is heav - en? Who can tell it? An - swer, ye a - lone who know,



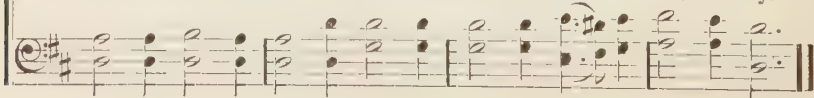
Gifts and bless - ings, hap - py greet - ings Heav'nly treas - ures, old and new.  
Burn - ing words of in - spi - ra - tion— O, how swift the mo - ments fly!  
Where a - bides the Ho - ly Spir - it? Where its fruits and gra - ces show?



Glad - ly young and old as - sem - ble; Sweetest songs rise from the soul;  
Faithful Saints refreshed and strengthened, Drooping ones revived and cheered:  
Bless - ed peo - ple! pure re - lig - ion! God - like, priceless, sim - ple, free,



Saints re - joice and sin - ners, trem - ble; Pow'r un - seen per - vades the whole.  
Thus their hap - py days are lengthened, Thus Je - ho - vah's name's re - vered.  
Lov'd or held up in de - ris - ion, 'Twill be truth e - ter - nal - ly.



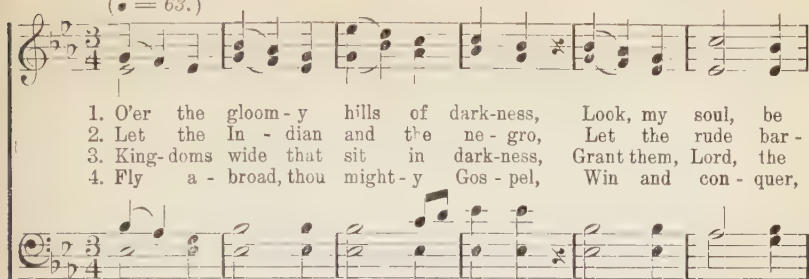
# No. 301. O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness.

Williams.


(8's, 7's & 4.)

H. H. Petersen.

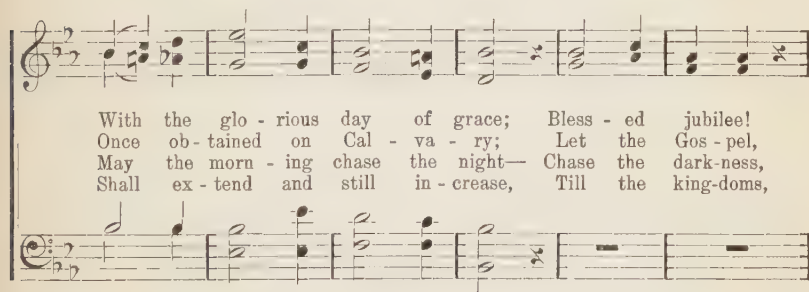
(♩ = 63.)



1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be  
 2. Let the In-dian and the ne-gro, Let the rude bar-  
 3. King-doms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, the  
 4. Fly a-broad, thou might-y Gos-pel, Win and con-quer,



still and gaze; All the prom-is-es do trav-ail  
 bar-ian see That di-vine and glo-rious con-quest  
 glo-rious light; And from east-ern coast to west-ern,  
 nev-er cease; So Im-man-uel's fair do-min-ions



With the glo-rious day of grace; Bless-ed jubilee!  
 Once ob-tained on Cal-va-ry; Let the Gos-pel,  
 May the morn-ing chase the night— Chase the dark-ness,  
 Shall ex-tend and still in-crease, Till the king-doms,



Bless-ed jubilee! Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn.  
 Let the Gos-pel Soon re-sound from pole to pole.  
 Chase the dark-ness From their long be-night-ed eyes.  
 Till the king-doms Of the world are all His own.



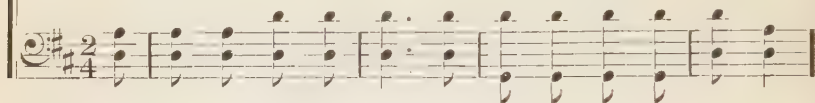
T. Davenport.

(P. M.)

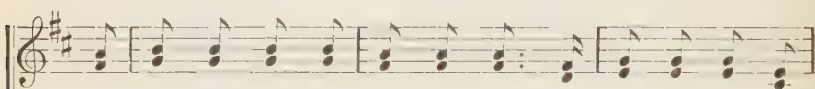
(♩ = 60.)



1. Come, all ye sons of God, who have re-ceived the Priest-hood,
2. Come, all ye scat-tered sheep, and lis-ten to your Shep-herd,
3. Re - pent and be bap-tized, and have your sins re - mit - ted:
4. And when your grief is o'er, and end - ed your af - flic - tion,



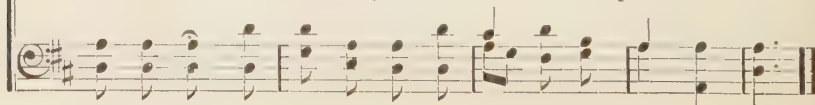
Go spread the Gos - pel wide, and gath - er in His peo - ple;  
 While you the bless - ings reap, which long have been pre - dict - ed;  
 And get the Spir - it's seal; O then you'll be u - ni - ted;  
 Your spir - its then will soar; to a - wait the res - ur - rec - tion;



The lat - ter - day work has be - gun, to gath - er scat-tered  
 By Proph - ets long it's been fore - told, He'll gath - er you in -  
 Go cast up - on Him all your care, He will re - gard your  
 And then His pres - ence you'll en - joy, in heav'n - ly bliss your



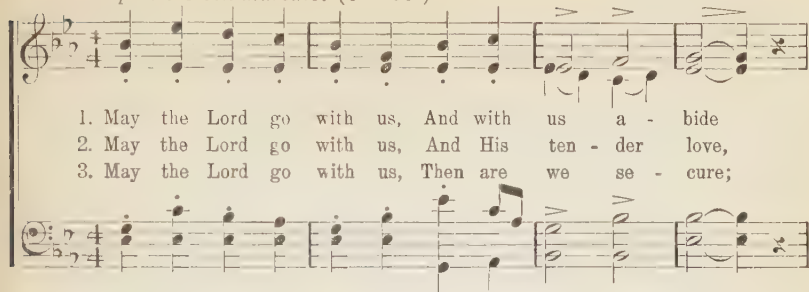
Is - rael in, And bring them back to Zi - on to praise the Lamb.  
 to His fold, And bring you home to Zi - on to praise the Lamb.  
 hum - ble pray'r, And bring you home to Zi - on to praise the Lamb.  
 time em - ploy, A thou - sand years in Zi - on to praise the Lamb.



Evan Stephens

( P. M. )

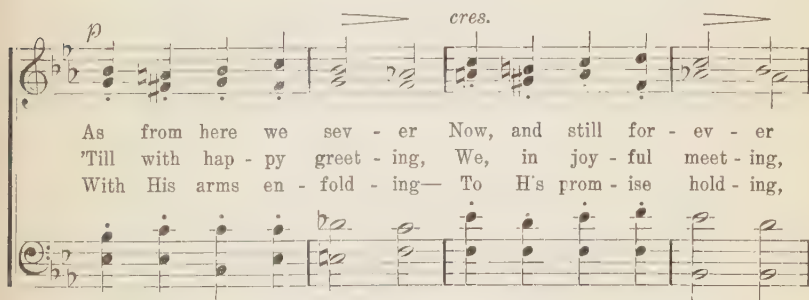
Evan Stephens.

*Spiritoso ben marcato. (♩ = 96.)*


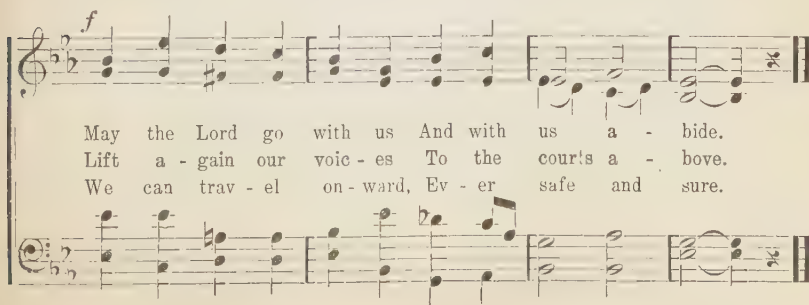
1. May the Lord go with us, And with us a - bide  
 2. May the Lord go with us, And His ten - der love,  
 3. May the Lord go with us, Then are we se - cure;



By His Ho - ly Spir - it To di - rect and guide.  
 As a man - tle o'er us, Still our shel - ter prove;  
 Life or death be - fall - ing, We can still en - dure;



As from here we sev - er Now, and still for - ev - er  
 'Till with hap - py greet - ing, We, in joy - ful meet - ing,  
 With His arms en - fold - ing— To His prom - ise hold - ing,



May the Lord go with us And with us a - bide.  
 Lift a - gain our voic - es To the courts a - bove.  
 We can trav - el on - ward, Ev - er safe and sure.

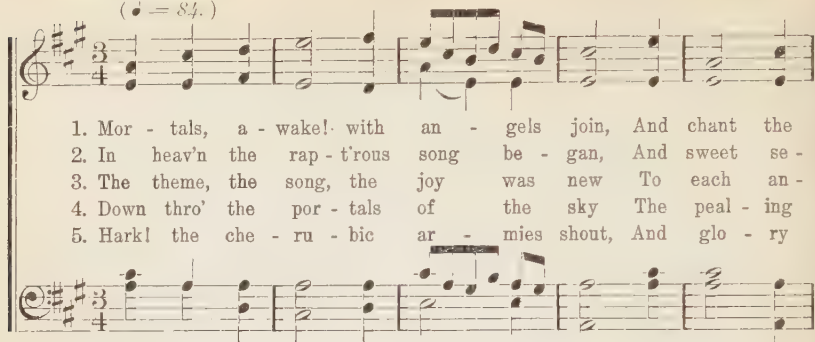
# No. 304. Mortals, Awake! with Angels Join.

Samuel Medley.

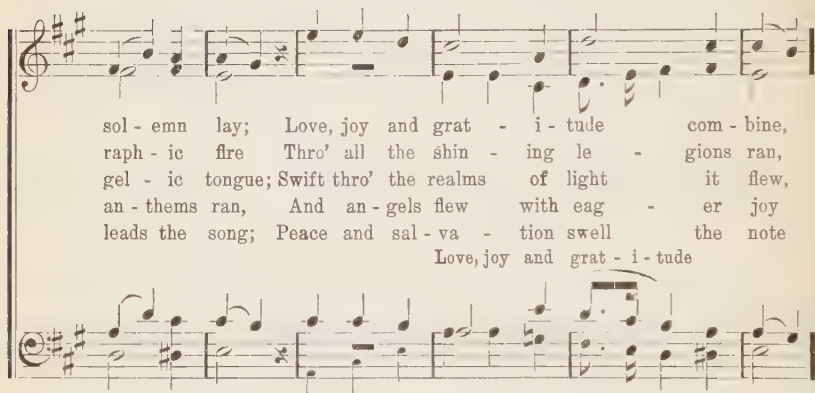
( C. M. )

Dr. Rippon.

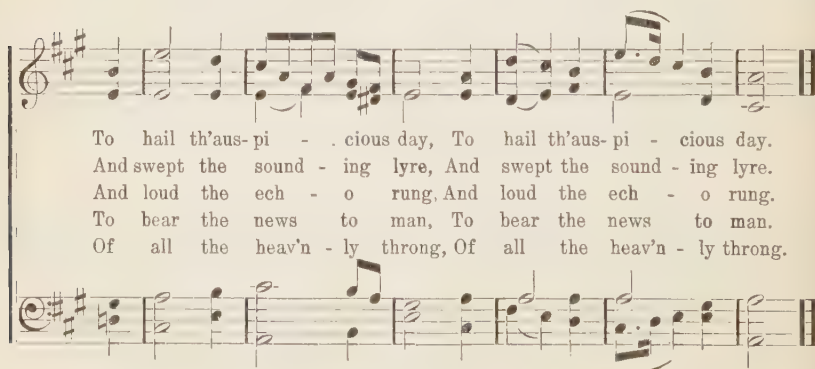
( ♩ = 84. )



1. Mor - tals, a - wake! with an - gels join, And chant the  
 2. In heav'n the rap - t'rous song be - gan, And sweet se -  
 3. The theme, the song, the joy was new To each an -  
 4. Down thro' the por - tals of the sky The peal - ing  
 5. Hark! the che - ru - bic ar - mies shout, And glo - ry



sol - emn lay; Love, joy and grat - i - tude com - bine,  
 raph - ic fire Thro' all the shin - ing le - gions ran,  
 gel - ic tongue; Swift thro' the realms of light it flew,  
 an - thems ran, And an - gels flew with eag - er joy  
 leads the song; Peace and sal - va - tion swell the note  
 Love, joy and grat - i - tude



To hail th'aus - pi - cious day, To hail th'aus - pi - cious day.  
 And swept the sound - ing lyre, And swept the sound - ing lyre.  
 And loud the ech - o rung, And loud the ech - o rung.  
 To bear the news to man, To bear the news to man.  
 Of all the heav'n - ly throng, Of all the heav'n - ly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat—

7 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail.

“Glory to God on high;

Redeemer, Brother, Friend!

Good-will and peace are now complete;

Though earth and time and life should fail,

Jesus was born to die.”

Thy praise shall never end.

# No. 305. O Thou, Before the World Began.

W. B. Turton.

(8's, 6 lines.)

Frank W. Asper.

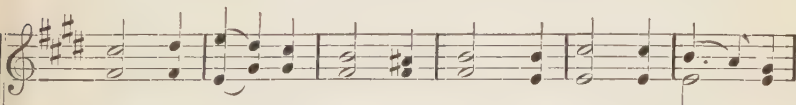
(♩ = 84.)



1. O Thou, be - fore the world be - gan, Or - dained a Sac - ri -
2. Thy of - f'ring still con - tin - ues new, Be - fore the right - eous
3. O that our faith may nev - er move, But stand un - shak - en



fice for man, And by th'e - ter - nal spir - it made An  
Fa - ther's view; Thy - self the Lamb for - ev - er slain, Thy  
as Thy love, Sure ev - i - dence of things un - seen, Now



of - f'ring in the sin - ner's stead; Our ev - er - last - ing  
Priesthood doth un - changed re - main. Thy years, O God, can  
let it pass the years be - tween, And view Thee bleed - ing



Priest art Thou, Plead - ing Thy death for sin - ners now.  
nev - er fail, Nor Thy blest work with - in the veil.  
on the tree: My Lord, my God, who dies for me.



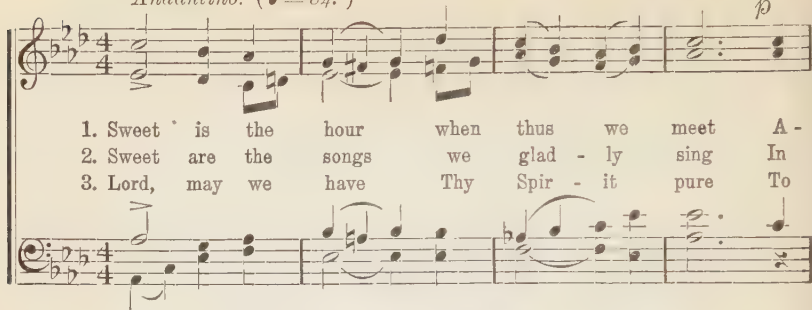
# No. 306. Sweet is the Hour When Thus We Meet.

Evan Stephens.

( C. M. )

Evan Stephens.

*Andantino. (♩ = 84.)*



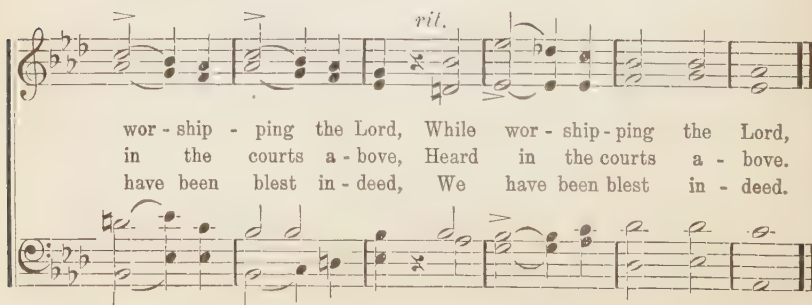
1. Sweet is the hour when thus we meet A -  
 2. Sweet are the songs we glad - ly sing In  
 3. Lord, may we have Thy Spir - it pure To



round the sa - cred board, A - round the sa - cred  
 har - mo - ny and love, In har - mo - ny and  
 hal - low ev - 'ry deed, To hal - low ev - 'ry



board. And each the oth - er kind - ly greet While  
 love ; The ech - o of di - vin - er things Heard  
 deed ; That when we part we may be sure We



wor - ship - ping the Lord, While wor - ship - ping the Lord,  
 in the courts a - bove, Heard in the courts a - bove.  
 have been blest in - deed, We have been blest in - deed.

Cyrus H. Wheelock.

(11's.)

(♩ = 60.)

1. Ye El - ders of Is - rael, come join now with me, And seek out the  
 2. The har - vest is great and the lab - rers are few, But if we're u -  
 3. We'll go to the poor, like our Cap - tain of old, And vis - it the

right - eous, wher - e'er they may be In des - ert, on moun - tain, on  
 nit - ed, we all things can do; We'll gath - er the wheat from the  
 wea - ry, the hun - gry, and cold; We'll cheer up their hearts with the

land or on sea, And bring them to Zi - on the pure and the free.  
 midst of the tares, And bring them from bondage, from sor - rows and snares.  
 news that He bore, And point them to Zi - on and life ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

O Ba - by - lon, O Ba - by - lon, we bid thee fare -

well; We're go - ing to the moun - tains of Ephraim to dwell.



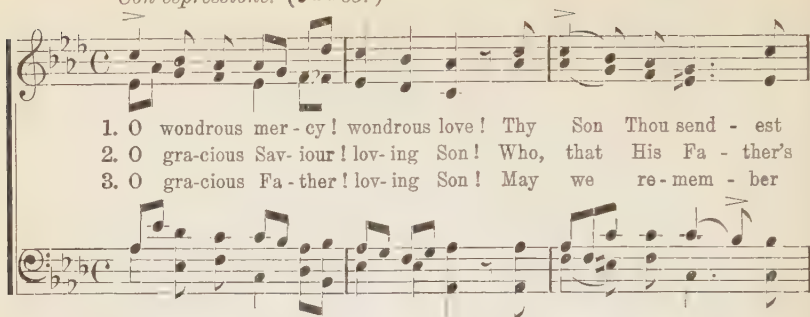
# No. 308. O Wondrous Mercy! Wondrous Love!

Evan Stephens.

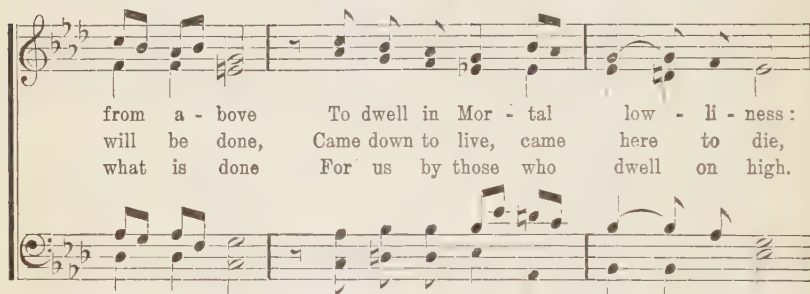
(6-8's.)

Evan Stephens.

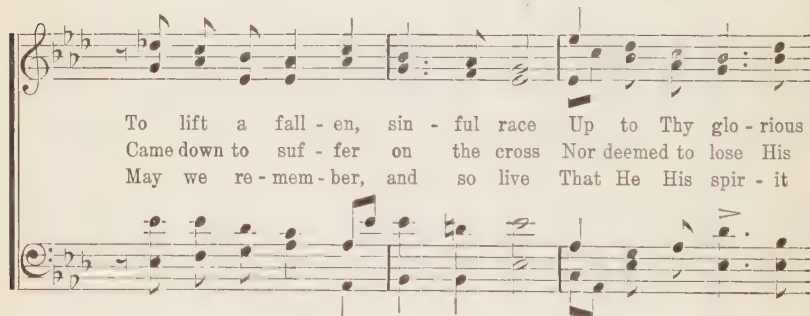
*Con espressione.* (♩ = 63.)



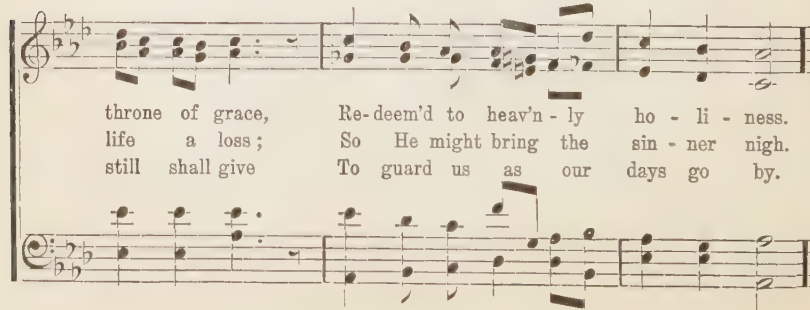
1. O wondrous mer-cy! wondrous love! Thy Son Thou send - est  
 2. O gra-cious Sav-iour! lov-ing Son! Who, that His Fa - ther's  
 3. O gra-cious Fa-ther! lov-ing Son! May we re-mem - ber



from a - bove To dwell in Mor - tal low - li - ness:  
 will be done, Came down to live, came here to die,  
 what is done For us by those who dwell on high.



To lift a fall - en, sin - ful race Up to Thy glo - rious  
 Came down to suf - fer on the cross Nor deemed to lose His  
 May we re - mem - ber, and so live That He His spir - it



throne of grace, Re-deem'd to heav'n - ly ho - li - ness.  
 life a loss; So He might bring the sin - ner nigh.  
 still shall give To guard us as our days go by.

# No. 309. Let Those Who Would Be Saints Indeed.

Eliza R. Snow,

(C. M.)

Jas. P. Olsen.

(♩ = 72.)



1. Let those who would be Saints in-deed Fear not what  
2. What though the storm-clouds gath - er dark, Look up and  
3. Fear not the dark - ness of the night But move with  
4. Sell not your birth-right for a mess Of pot - tage,  
5. The wheat has cleared the thresh - ing floor, The sieve is



oth - ers do, But each un - to him - self take heed, But  
trust in God; And keep your eye up - on the mark— And  
care - ful tread, Till morn - ing break, and a - zure light, Till  
nor be - tray Your ho - ly cove - nants by a kiss; Your  
shak - ing now; And when the sift - ing time is o'er And



each un - to him - self take heed, And right - eous-ness pur-sue.  
keep your eye up - on the mark— Hold fast the "ir - on rod."  
morn - ing break, and a - zure light The can - o - py o'er-spread.  
ho - ly cove - nants by a kiss; 'Tis now a prov - ing day.  
when the sift - ing time is o'er Will glo - ry wreath your brow.



6 And Zion's furnace, too, will burn,  
That when the chaff shall fly,  
The dross will be consumed in turn,  
The gold to purify.

7 In His own time God will remove  
Whatever now offends,

When He chastises, 'tis in love,  
To all who prove His friends.

8 Maintain the freedom you have won—  
Virtue is liberty;  
Take not the yoke of bondage on;  
The pure in heart are free.

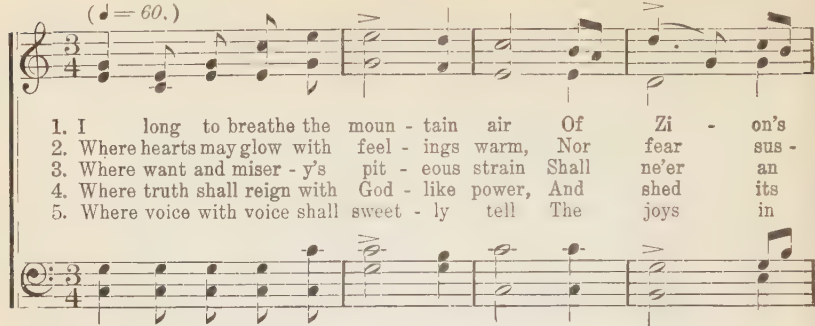
# No. 310. I Long to Breathe the Mountain Air.

M. A. Johnstone.

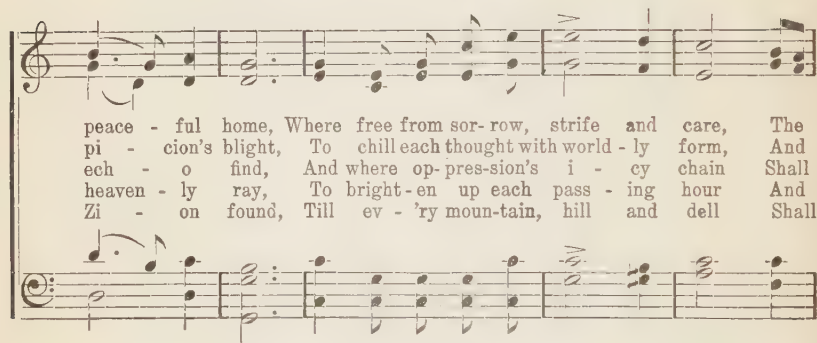
(C. M.)

Evan Stephens.

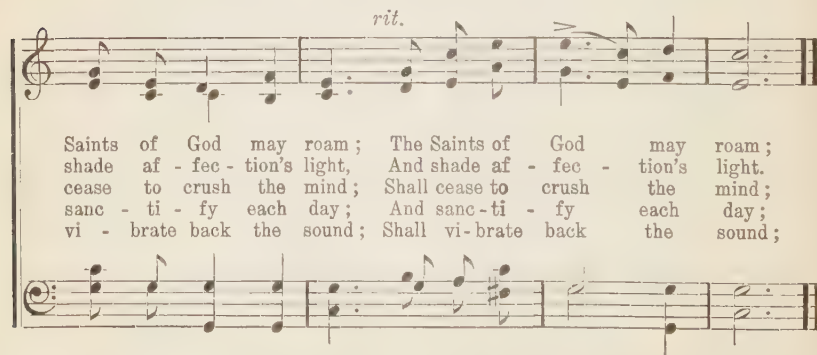
(♩ = 60.)



1. I long to breathe the moun - tain air Of Zi - on's  
 2. Where hearts may glow with feel - ings warm, Nor fear sus -  
 3. Where want and miser - y's pit - eous strain Shall ne'er an  
 4. Where truth shall reign with God - like power, And shed its  
 5. Where voice with voice shall sweet - ly tell The joys in



peace - ful home, Where free from sor - row, strife and care, The  
 pi - cion's blight, To chill each thought with world - ly form, And  
 ech - o find, And where op - pres - sion's i - cy chain Shall  
 heaven - ly ray, To bright - en up each pass - ing hour And  
 Zi - on found, Till ev - 'ry moun - tain, hill and dell Shall



*rit.*  
 Saints of God may roam ; The Saints of God may roam ;  
 shade af - fec - tion's light, And shade af - fec - tion's light,  
 cease to crush the mind ; Shall cease to crush the mind ;  
 sanc - ti - fy each day ; And sanc - ti - fy each day ;  
 vi - brate back the sound ; Shall vi - brate back the sound ;

6 Where unity and peace shall blend  
 In prayer and songs of praise,  
 And where one object, aim and end  
 Shall strengthen all our ways.

7 O God of Israel, look down  
 And bless Thy faithful band,

Who fain would win a glorious crown  
 And in Thy presence stand.

8 In mercy light each honest mind  
 That strives to do Thy will  
 And grant that all who seek may find  
 A home on Zion's hill,


# No. 311. Oh, Sheep of Israel, Pause and Behold.

Theodore E. Curtis.


( 6's, 4's. )

Theodore E. Curtis.

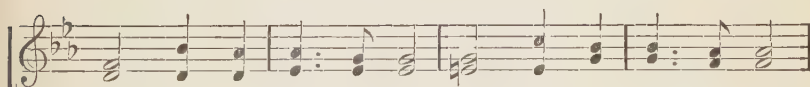
( ♩ = 76. )




1. Oh, sheep of Is - ra - el, pause and be - hold  
 2. Long have the snows of thy win - ter been spread  
 3. Now are the clouds which have dark - ened thy day



Je - sus re - mem - bers His prom - ise of old,  
 O - ver thy pas - tures so bar - ren and dead.  
 Swept from the firm - a - men swift - ly a - way.



Warn - ing thee pa - tient - ly, Call - ing thee ten - der - ly  
 There where the foun - tains sleep, Shep - herds no lon - ger keep  
 In these pro - phet - ic hills, Nursed by a thous - and rills,



Out of ob - scu - ri - ty Back to the fold.  
 Watch o'er the tru - ant sheep Scat - tered and fled.  
 Gath - er - ing Is - ra - el's Pros - pered to - day.

# No. 312. Why Should I Falter—O Saviour of Mine?

Bertha A. Kleinman.

(P. M.)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*p Adagio.* (♩ = 72.)



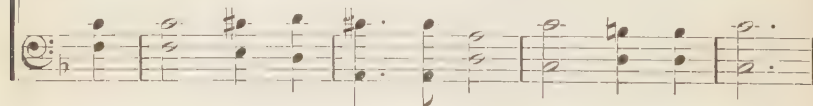
1. Why should I fal - ter— O Sav - iour of mine,  
2. Why should I won - der, O Sun of my day,  
3. Why should I sor - row, O Sav - iour of mine,



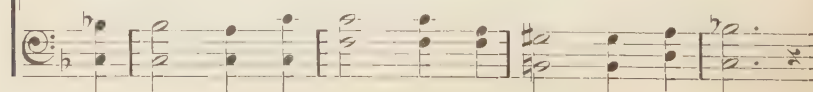
With ev - 'ry doubt laved in Thy Mer - cy Di - vine?  
With doubt like a wilt - ed husk gone to de - cay?  
Tho' world - worn con - ven - tions and friend - ships de - cline?



I take of the Sac - ra - ment, em - blems of Thee,  
I take of the to - kens and sing as I pray,  
Thy Sac - ra - ment sym - bols in faith I re - ceive,



And know Thou hast suf - fered, O Sav - iour for me!  
Of Hope's won - drous morn - ing ab - solv - ing the day!  
Thy Love and Thy Mer - cy I know and be - lieve!



# Why Should I Falter—O Saviour of Mine?

*cres.*

Hour of Sac - ra - ment, blest for my sake, O

*f* *dim.* *p*

may I in wor - thi-ness, Sav - iour par - take!

## No. 313. Crown the Conquerors Homeward Coming.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8's & 7's.)

B. Cecil Gates.

(♩ = 76.)

1. Crown the conq'rors homeward com ing, Glo - ri - ous from freedom's fight,  
 2. Hear their dreadful batteries roar-ing, Hear their shouts a - bove the storm,  
 3. Shouts that quell the shriek ing tem-pest, Drown the thun der of the sea;  
 4. Wel - come, warriors homeward wend-ing! Wel-come from the fier - y fray,

Van - quish-ers of vile op-pres-sion, Champion's of a Na-tion's right!  
 Where in vain the fly - ing foe-man Seeks his shattered ranks to form!  
 None but staunch and stalwart free-men Launch such blows for lib - er - ty.  
 Speed ye o'er the trackless o - cean, Speed ye on the i - ron way.

5 Welcome, all who fought for Freedom,  
 Fought or followed where she led!  
 Homeland honors all her heroes,  
 Heroes living, heroes dead.

6 Greet them with the song of gladness,  
 Crown them with immortal bays,  
 With a Nation's benediction,  
 And a grateful people's praise!



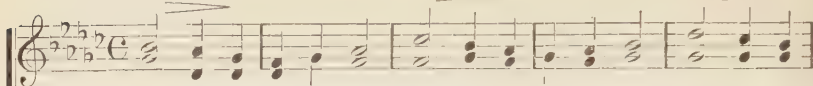
# No. 314. Father and First of Friends!

Orson F. Whitney.

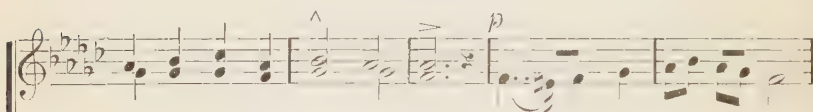
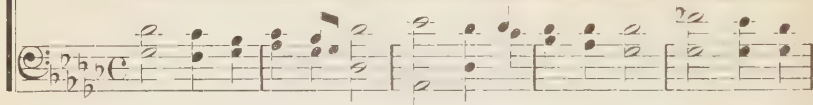
(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

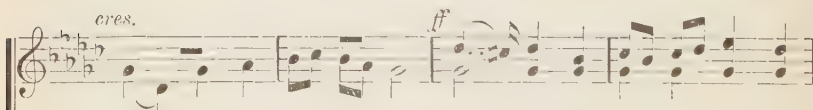
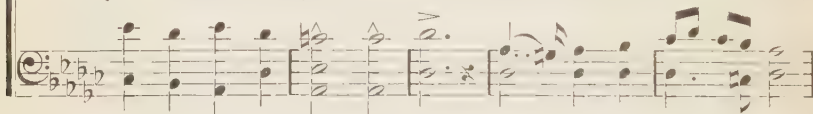
*Maestoso.* (♩ = 84.)



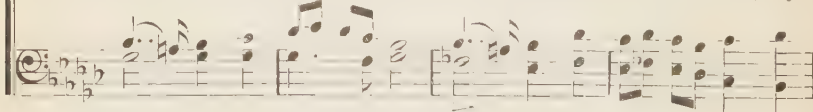
1. Fa - ther and first of friends! On whom all life de-pends, Whose arm the  
2. Hear, Lord, the hum-ble pray'r Thine an-gels upward bear, Who guard with



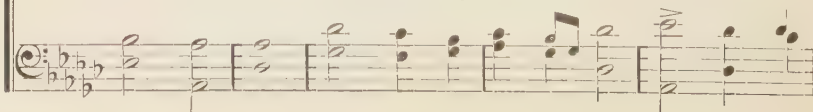
weak de-fends, Thy praise we sing. Sav - iour! in tune-ful lays  
jeal - ous care, This good - ly land! Sun - der war's cru - el chain,



Our hearts to Thee we raise. Guide us in all our ways, O  
Bid peace and plen - ty reign Thro' all this blest do - main, Thy



gra - cious King! Spir - it of light and love! Brood o'er us  
chos - en strand. That she may ev - er be The Home of



## Father and First of Friends!

from a - bove, De - scend, O heav'n - ly Dove, And bless - ings bring!  
Lib - er - ty, Loy - al to Truth and Thee, Put forth Thy hand!

## No. 315. Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

Walter Shirley.

(8's, 7's & 4's.)

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

(♩ = 63.)

1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
{ Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. }  
2. { Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound; }  
{ May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound. }

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness,  
Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.  
Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found.

# No. 316. The Truth has Come Forth in the Last Dispensation.

Lulu G. Richards.

(P. M.)

Charles J. Thomas.

(♩ = 88.)



1. The Truth has come forth in the last dis - pen - sa - tion, The
2. King Pha - ra - oh strove, in the time of good Mo - ses, To
3. And bless - ings shall fol - low, yea, bless - ings un - num - bered Shall



Truth which has ev - er been an - arch - y's rod; And its  
keep an - cient Is - rael in bond - age to him; And to -  
an - swer this to - ken, "the song of the heart." Oh,



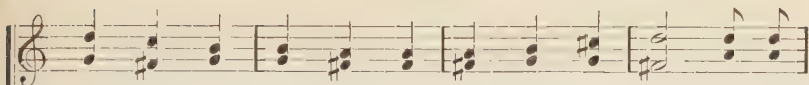
friends, in the midst of a wild, ram - pant na - tion. Sing prais - es and  
day, in like man - ner, a na - tion pro - pos - es, To ren - der our  
voic - es long si - lent! oh, muse that hath slum - bered! A - wake! and in



hon - or and glo - ry to God. We will sing! we must sing! tho' the  
pros - pects as hope - less and grim: But we'll stand! as they stood! and we'll  
un - ion sweet prais - es im - part. We will sing of His grace in this



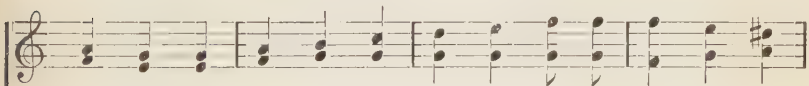
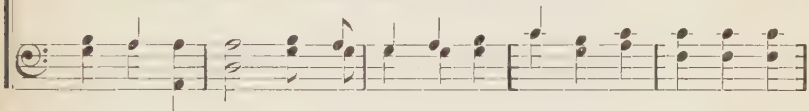
# The Truth has Gone Forth in the Last Dispensation.



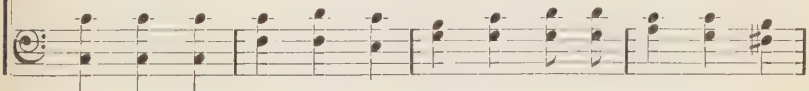
scof - fers may scoff it, And hyp - o - crites rage a-round  
see the sal - va - tion, Which bore them tri - um - phant-ly  
im - mi - nent hour, Whose love is our ref - uge, and



God's peo - ple free; He hath said in His word, by the voice of the  
thro' the Red Sea; And we'll sing! for 'tis writ - ten in God's rev - e -  
ev - er shall be; Who hath said to His Saints, in this day of His



Proph - et, "The song of the right-eous is a pray'r un - to  
la - tion, "The song of the right-eous is a pray'r un - to  
pow - er, "The song of the right-eous is a pray'r un - to



Me," "The song of the right-eous is a pray'r un - to Me."



# No. 317. Ye Chosen Twelve, to You are Given.

Parley P. Pratt.

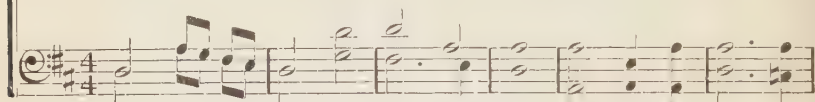
(L. M.)

A. M. Fox.

*f* ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ )



1. Ye chos-en Twelve, to you are giv'n The keys of this last
2. First to the Gen-tile sound the news, Throughout Co-lum-bia's
3. Let Eu-rope's towns and ci-ties hear The Gos-pel ti-dings
4. Both Af-ri-ca's and In-dia's plains Must hear the ti-dings
5. Give ear, ye isles in ev-'ry zone, For ev-'ry land must



min-is-try, To ev-'ry na-tion un-der heav'n, To ev-'ry  
hap-py land, And then, be-fore it reach the Jews, And then, be-  
an-gels bring, Let Gen-tile na-tions far and near, Let Gen-tile  
as they roll, Where darkness rules and sor-row reigns, Where darkness  
hear the sound! And tongues and nations long un-known, And tongues and



na-tion un-der heav'n, From land to land, from sea to sea.  
fore it reach the Jews, Pre-pare on Eu-rope's shores to stand.  
na-tions far and near Pre-pare their hearts His praise to sing.  
rules and sor-row reigns, And tyr-an-ny has held con-trol.  
na-tions long un-known Since they were lost shall soon be found.



6 And then again shall Asia hear,  
Where angels first the news revealed,  
Eternity the record bear,  
And earth a joyful tribute yield.

7 The nations catch the pleasing sound,  
And Jew and Gentile swell the strain,  
Hosanna o'er the earth resound—  
Messiah then will come to reign.

S. Baring-Gould.

(6's &amp; 5's D.)

Arthur S. Sullivan.

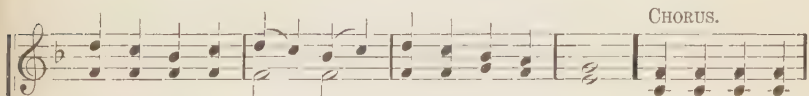
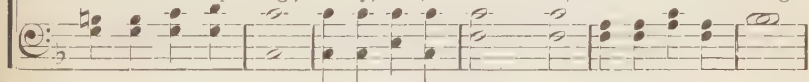
(♩ = 116.)



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war ; With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee ; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a night-y ar - my Moves the Church of God ; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices



Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe ;  
 On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise ;  
 Where the saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 In the tri - umph-song ; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King.



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go !  
 Brothers, lift your voice - es, Loud your anthems raise. } Onward, Christian  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.  
 war, With the cross of Je - sus





# No. 319. Hail, Cumorah! Silent Wonder.

Theodore E. Curtis.

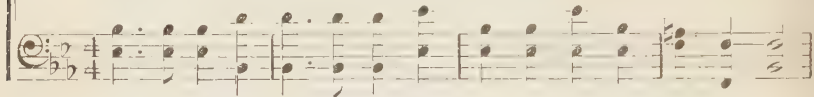
(8's & 7's.)

Hugh W. Dougall.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 88.)



1. Hail, Cum-o - rah! si - lent won - der Of the hid - den a - ges gone;
2. Twice a peo - ple's last pro - tec - tion! Twice the wit - ness of a world,



Lo, the foot print of the thun - der Bares your treas - ure to the dawn.  
In the arms of in - sur - rec - tion, To pro - phet - ic ru - in hurled:



And Mo - ro - ni, clothed in glo - ry Crowns your vis - age old,  
Ram - ah, of the an - cient na - tion, Dawns thy day at last,



To re - veal the an - cient sto - ry Writ - ten on your heart of gold.  
From your bos - om comes sal - va - tion And the sto - ry of the past.



# No. 320. Most Holy Spirit, We Ask Thee Ere We Part.

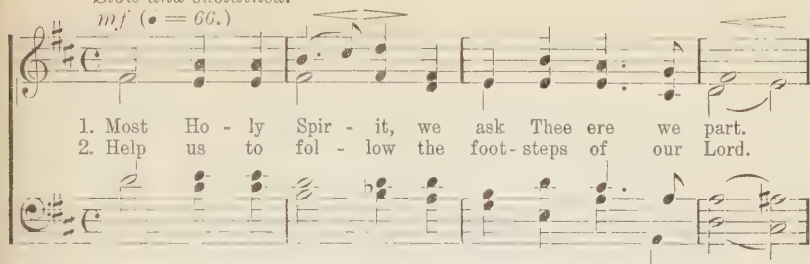
Leroy Robertson.

(P. M.)

Leroy Robertson.

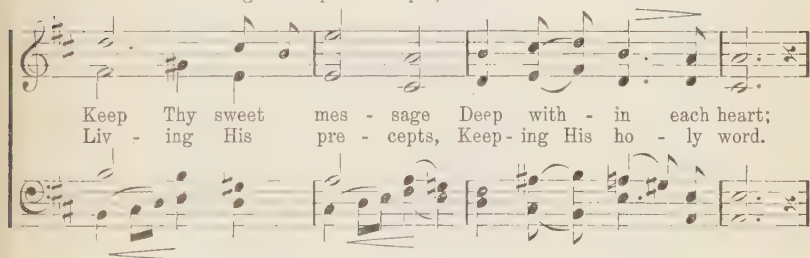
*Slow and sustained.*

*mf* (♩ = 66.)



1. Most Ho - ly Spir - it, we ask Thee ere we part.  
2. Help us to fol - low the foot-steps of our Lord.

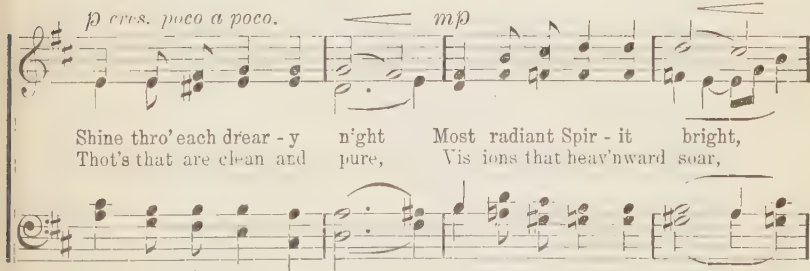
Keep Thy sweet mes - sage  
Liv - ing His pre - cepts,



Keep Thy sweet mes - sage Deep with - in each heart;  
Liv - ing His pre - cepts, Keep - ing His ho - ly word.


*p cres. poco a poco.*

*mp*



Shine thro' each drear - y night Most radiant Spir - it bright,  
Tho'ts that are clean and pure, Vis ions that heav'nward soar,

Him, Guide our steps a - right.  
life's E - ter - nal shore.



Guide all our tho'ts to Him, Guide our steps, all our steps a - right.  
Lead ev - er on to life's E - ter - nal, e - ter - nal shore.

Him, Guide our steps a - right.  
life's, to Life's e - ter - nal shore.

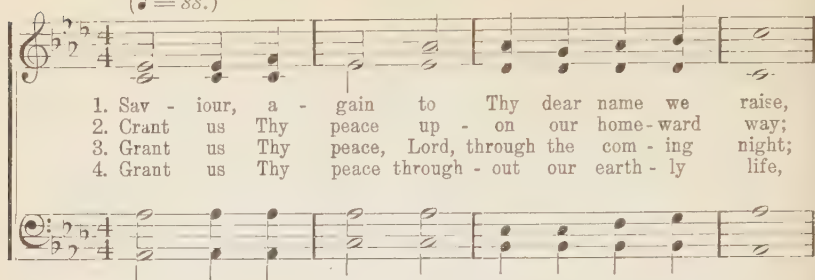
# No. 321. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.

John Ellerton.

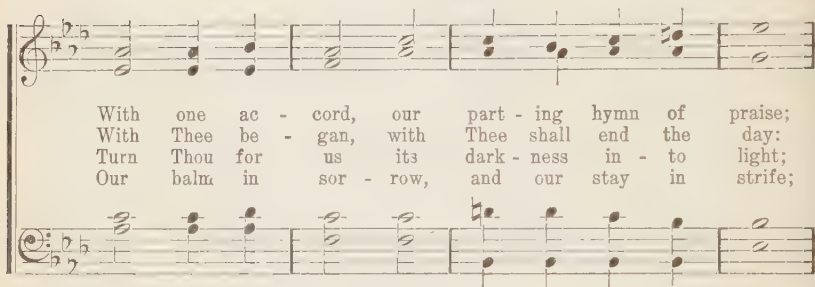
(4-10's.)

Edward J. Hopkins.


(♩ = 88.)



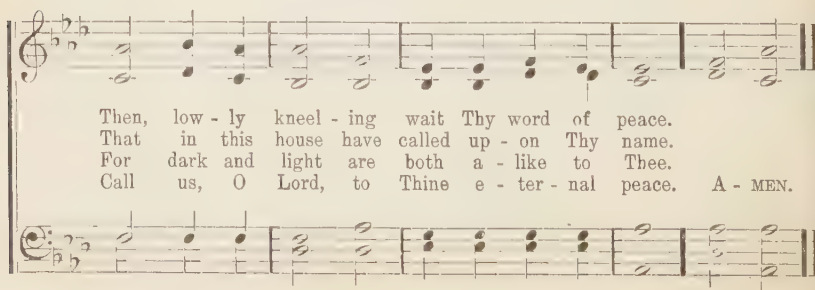
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise,  
 2. Crant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way;  
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night;  
 4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life,



With one ac - cord, our part - ing hymn of praise;  
 With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day:  
 Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light;  
 Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;



We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease:  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,  
 From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free,  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,



Then, low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace.  
 That in this house have called up - on Thy name.  
 For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

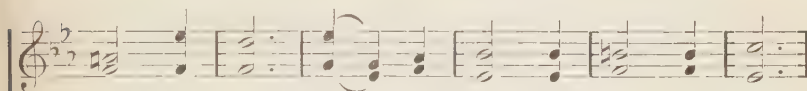
Parley P. Pratt.

(7's.)

Geo. Careless.

*Moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 76.$ )

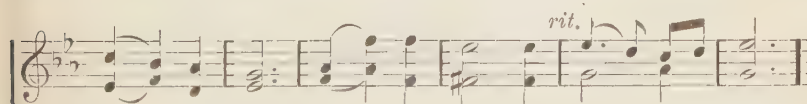
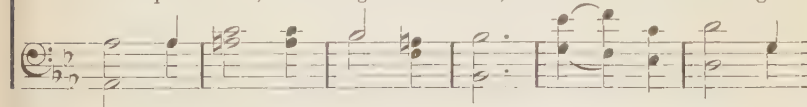
1. Truth e - ter - nal, truth di - vine! In thine an - cient  
 2. A - ges past have owned Thy sway, Proph - ets hailed Thy  
 3. Truth a - gain re - stored to earth, O - pened with a  
 4. Truth shall tri - umph as the light, Chas - es far the



ful - ness shine; Burst the fet - ters of the mind  
 joy - ful day; In thy cause in days of yore,  
 Proph - et's birth. Priests of heav - en's roy - al line,  
 mis - ty night, Hurl the ty - rant from his throne,



From the mil - lions of man - kind, Set the long - ing  
 Bat - tle - fields were stained with gore, Saints and seers and  
 Bear - ing keys of truth di - vine, Wide o'er earth the  
 Con - quer death, and reign a - lone, End - less a - ges



na - tions free, Give the world a ju - bi - lee.  
 he - roes fought, Men and an - gels won - ders wrought.  
 ti - dings flew, Truth in - to a king - dom grew.  
 own its sway, Clad in ev - er - last - ing day.



# No. 323. Joseph the Prophet, Martyred Saint and Seer.

Orson F. Whitney.

(P. M.)

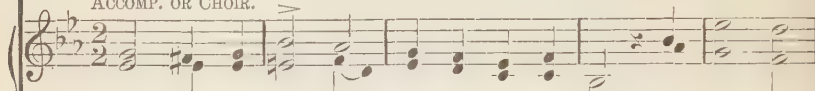
Evan Stephens.

SOLO. *Maestoso*. (♩ = 80.)

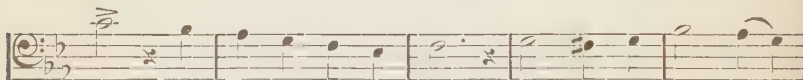
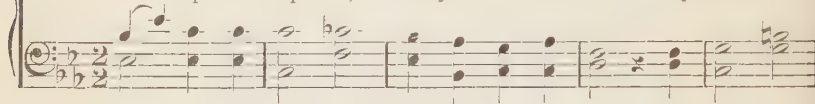


1. Jo - seph the Proph - et, mar - tyred saint and seer! Thy name we  
 2. Might - y thy mis - sion, serv - ant of the Lord; Thy word of  
 3. Thine to re - plant the an - cient Tree of Life, Balm for the  
 4. Ear - ly the crim - son set - ting of thy sun; Yet time - ly

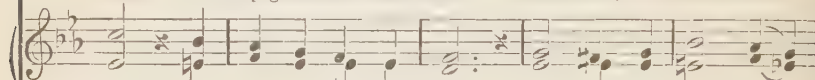
ACCOMP. OR CHOIR.



1. Jo - seph the Proph - et, mar - tyred saint and seer! Thy name we



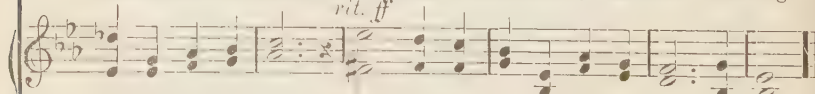
love, thy mem - 'ry we re - vere. Cho - sen of Sire and  
 pow'r, a flam - ing two-edged sword, Hath lit the bea - con,  
 bleed - ing na - tions torn with strife. The storm still rag - es,  
 'twas for thy great task was done. Hence - forth, in realms where



love, thy mem - 'ry we re - vere. Cho - sen of Sire and



Son, on them to gaze, When dawn'd the glo - ry of the Lat - ter Days.  
 Of Him whose presence brings the Per - fect Day.  
 but the end is near, And they who serve the Mas - ter need not fear.  
 joys ce - les - tial spring, Thou'lt reign e - ter - nal - ly as Priest and King.



Son, on them to gaze, When dawn'd the glo - ry of the Lat - ter Days.



Theodore E. Curtis.

(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Largo. Maestoso.* (♩ = 80.)

1. { U - tah, we're proud of thee! Up thro' ad - ver - si - ty, Cam - est thou  
Thy hand of plen - ty pours Of its me - tal - lic stores To the re -

2. { Won from a hos - tile band! Won from a des - ert land! Won from a  
Giv - en to fruit and flow'r! Giv - en to field and bow'r! Giv - en to

*rit.* 1 *molto rit.* 2

forth to see Glo - rious sal - va - tion. } Of our broad Na - tion.  
mot - est shores (*Omit*.....) }  
sea of sand! Pearl of the un - ion! } And to do - min - ion!  
pride and pow'r! (*Omit*.....) }

1 *rit.* 2 *molto rit.*

3 Land unto freedom won!  
Land of the setting sun!  
Land of the deer that run  
Wild on the mountains!  
Land of the sunny clime!  
Land of the harvest time!  
Land of a dawn sublime!  
Gushing with fountains!

4 Whatever fate were thine,  
Home or on battle line  
Proudly we see thee shine,  
Ever victorious!  
True to the call that was!  
True to the country's cause!  
True to the God that is!  
Mighty and glorious!



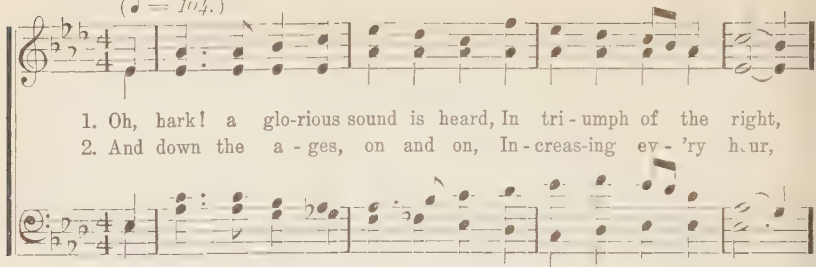
# No. 325. Oh, Hark! a Glorious Sound is Heard.

William O. Robinson.

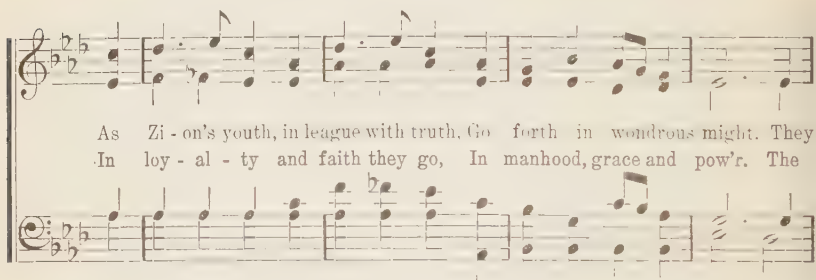
(C. M. D.)

B. Cecil Gates.

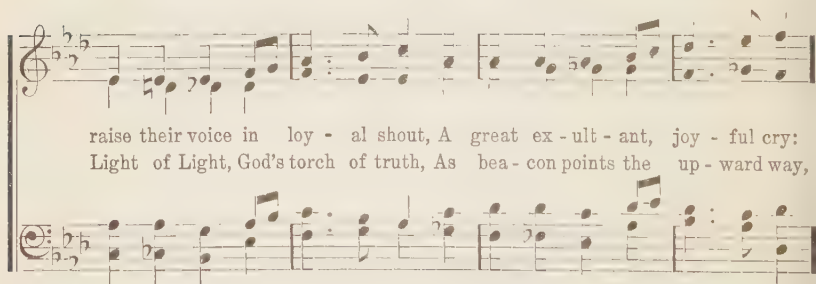
(♩ = 104.)



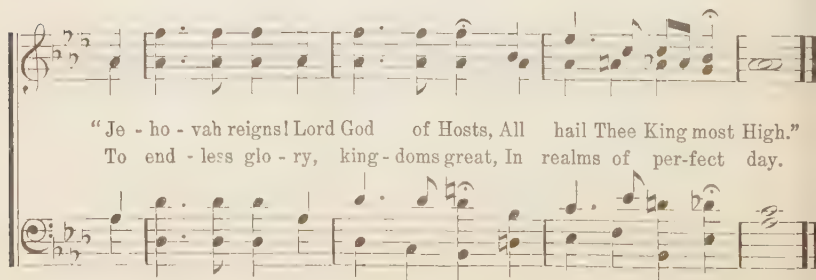
1. Oh, hark! a glo-rious sound is heard, In tri-umph of the right,  
2. And down the a-ges, on and on, In-creas-ing ev-'ry hour,



As Zi-on's youth, in league with truth, Go forth in wondrous might. They  
In loy-al-ty and faith they go, In manhood, grace and pow'r. The



raise their voice in loy-al shout, A great ex-ult-ant, joy-ful cry:  
Light of Light, God's torch of truth, As bea-con points the up-ward way,



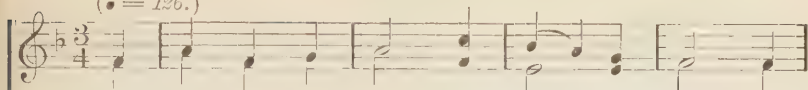
"Je-ho-vah reigns! Lord God of Hosts, All hail Thee King most High."  
To end-less glo-ry, king-doms great, In realms of per-fect day.

Gerrit de Jong, Jr.

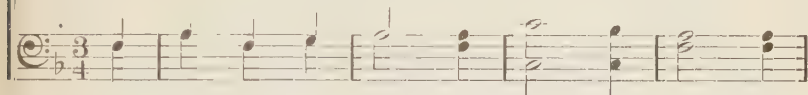
(P. M.)

Gerrit de Jong, Jr.

(♩ = 126.)



1. Come sing to the Lord, His name to praise, He  
 2. The proph - ets of old be - held this day, Its  
 3. The keys of the priest - hood of our Lord To



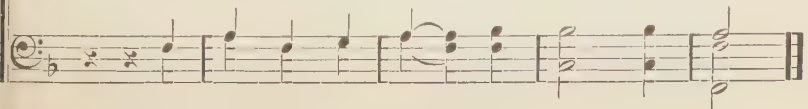
in these lat - ter days did raise A proph - et  
 glo - ry told in won - drous lay; They saw our  
 us in ful - ness are re - stored, Their bless - ings



to His name, The bless - ed gos - pel to re -  
 proph - et dear, Who times of ful - ness ush - ered  
 to be - stow, And pow'rs di - vine are man - i -



store; Come sing to the Lord, His name a - dore!  
 in; Come sing to the Lord, His prais - es ring!  
 fest; Come sing to the Lord, His name be blessed!



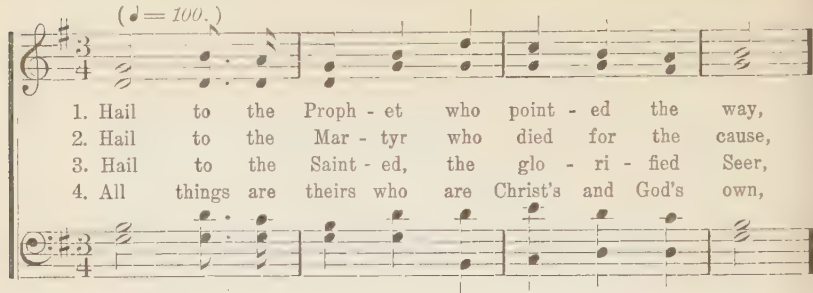
# No. 327. Hail to the Prophet Who Pointed the Way.

Orson F. Whitney.

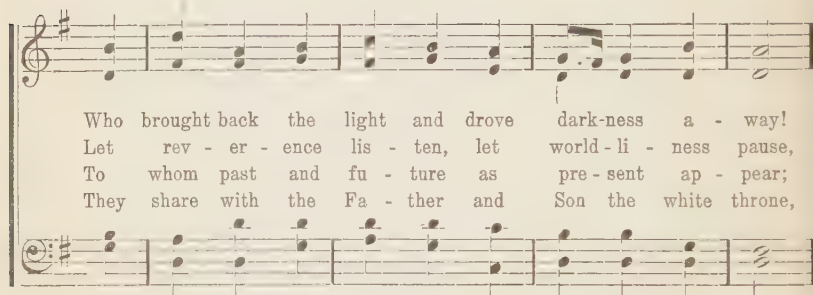
(10's & 11's.)

Henry E. Giles.

(♩ = 100.)



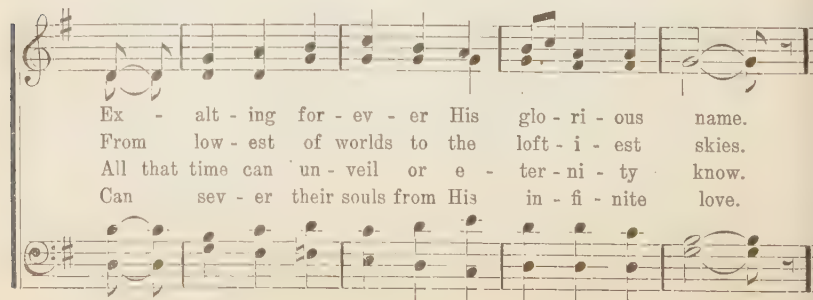
1. Hail to the Proph - et who point - ed the way,  
 2. Hail to the Mar - tyr who died for the cause,  
 3. Hail to the Saint - ed, the glo - ri - fied Seer,  
 4. All things are theirs who are Christ's and God's own,



Who brought back the light and drove dark-ness a - way!  
 Let rev - er - ence lis - ten, let world - li - ness pause,  
 To whom past and fu - ture as pre - sent ap - pear;  
 They share with the Fa - ther and Son the white throne,



All earth and all heav'n shall ring with His fame,  
 Who died but to live, yea, fell but to rise,  
 What li - eth be - yond, and what li - eth be - low,  
 Nor pow - ers be - neath, nor an - gels a - bove,

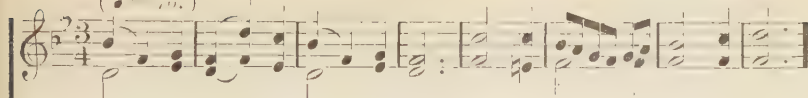


Ex - alt - ing for - ev - er His glo - ri - ous name.  
 From low - est of worlds to the loft - i - est skies.  
 All that time can un - veil or e - ter - ni - ty know.  
 Can sev - er their souls from His in - fi - nite love.

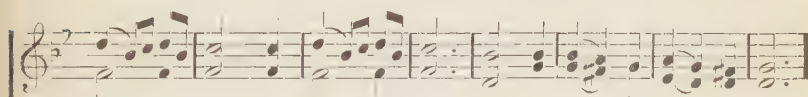
( 6-7's. )

T. Healy.

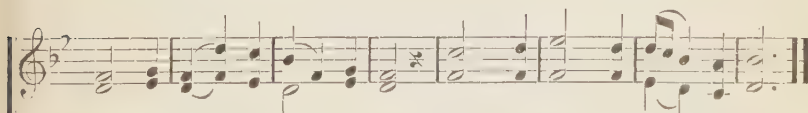
( 2d. )



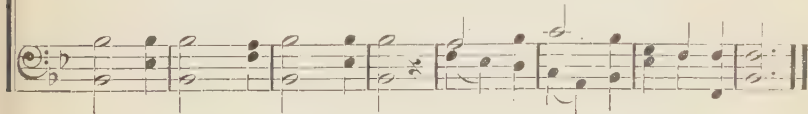
1. Dan - iel's wis - dom may I know, Steph-en's faith and pa-tience show,
2. Ma - ry's love may I pos-sess, Ly - dias ten - der-heart-ed-ness,
3. Job's sub - mis - sion let me show, Da - vid's true de - vo - tion know,
4. Mine be Ja - cob's wrest-ling pray'r, Gid-eon's va - liant, steadfast care,



John's di - vine com - pas - sion feel, Mos - es' meek-ness, Josh-ua's zeal,  
 Pe - ter's ar - dent spir - it feel, James' true faith by works re-veal;  
 Sam'-uel's call, O may I hear, La-zarus' hap - py por - tion share;  
 Jos - eph's pur - i - ty im - part, I - saac's med - i - ta - tive heart;



Run like per - se - ver - ing Paul, Win the prize and con-quer all.  
 Like young Tim - o - thy may I Ev - 'ry sin - ful pas - sion fly.  
 Let I - sa - iah's hal - lowed fire All my new - born soul in - spire.  
 A - bram's friendship let me prove Faith - ful to the God of love.




5 Most of all, may I pursue,  
 The example Jesus drew,  
 In my life and conduct show  
 How He lived and walked below;  
 Day by day through grace restored  
 Imitate my dearest Lord.

6 Then shall I these worthies meet,  
 With them bow at Jesus' feet,  
 With them praise the God of love,  
 With them share the joys above.  
 With them range the blissful shore,  
 Meet them all to part no more.



Kirkham.

(11's.)


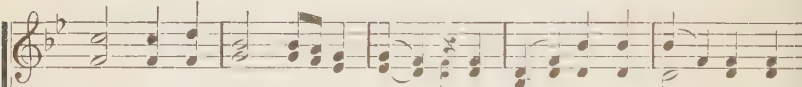
(♩ = 72.)



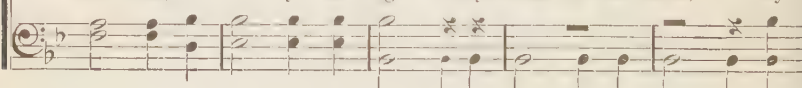
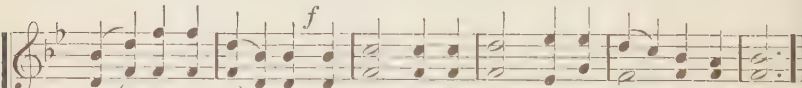
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye Saints of the Lord, Is  
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In  
 3. Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis - mayed, For  
 4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The  
 5. When thro' fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie; My

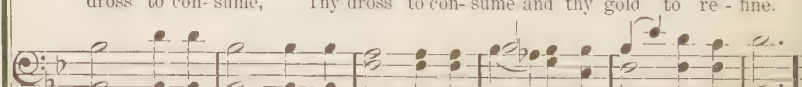
laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He  
 pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home or a -  
 I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee,  
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not thee o'er - flow, For I will be  
 grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply. The flame shall not

say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus, you  
 broad, on the land or the sea, As thy days may de - mand, as thy  
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous, up -  
 with thee, thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee, and  
 hurt thee, I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, thy

who un - to Je - sus, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 days may de - mand, As thy days may de - mand, so thy suc - cor shall be.  
 held by my right - eous, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 sanc - ti - fy to thee, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 dross to con - sume, Thy dross to con - sume and thy gold to re - fine.



## How Firm a Foundation.

6 E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And then, when gray hair shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

## No. 330. The Great and Glorious Gospel Light.

*Maestoso.* (♩ = 72.)

(L. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*f*

1. The great and glo - rious Gos - pel light Is ush - ered  
2. With Saints be - low and Saints a - bove I'll join to  
3. Ho - san - na! let the ech - o fly From pole to  
4. Ho - san - na! let the voice ex - tend, Till time shall  
5. Ho - san - na! let the trump of God Pro - claim His

forth in - to my sight, Which in my soul I  
praise the God I love; Like E - noch, too, I  
pole, from sky to sky, And Saints and an - gels  
cease and have an end, Till all the throngs of  
won - ders far a - broad, And earth and air, and

have re - ceived, From bond - age and from death re - lieved.  
will pro - claim A loud ho - san - na to His name.  
join to sing, Till all è - ter - ni - ty shall ring.  
heav'n a - bove Shall join the Saints in songs of love.  
skies and seas Con - spire to sound a - loud His praise.



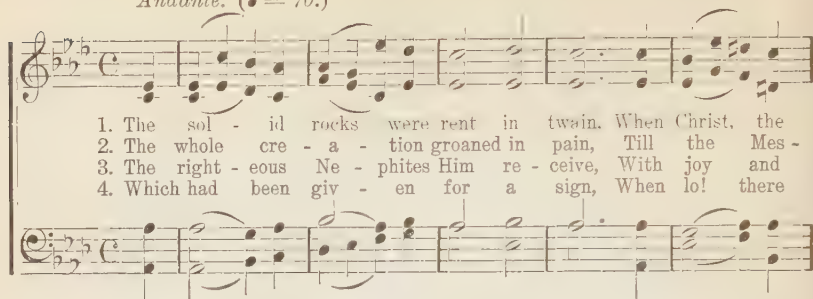
# No. 331. The Solid Rocks Were Rent in Twain.

Parley P. Pratt.

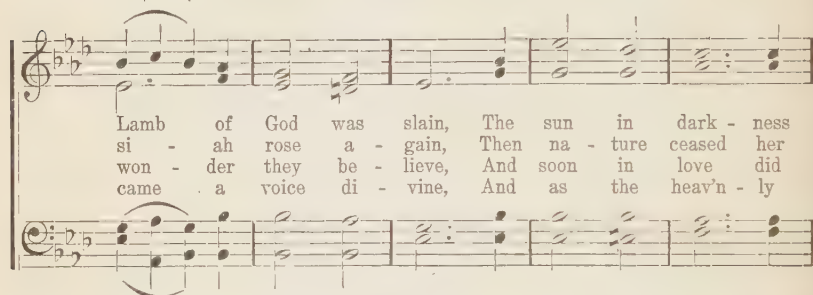
(L. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 70.)



1. The sol - id rocks were rent in twain. When Christ, the  
 2. The whole cre - a - tion groaned in pain, Till the Mes -  
 3. The right - eous Ne - phites Him re - ceive, With joy and  
 4. Which had been giv - en for a sign, When lo! there



Lamb of God was slain, The sun in dark - ness  
 si - ah rose a - gain, Then na - ture ceased her  
 won - der they be - lieve, And soon in love did  
 came a voice di - vine, And as the heav'n - ly



veiled his face, The moun - tains moved, and left their place.  
 dread - ful groan, The sun un - veiled his face and shone.  
 they con - vene, Con - vers - ing on the things they'd seen,  
 words they heard. The Lord of glo - ry soon ap - peared.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 5 With joy and wonder, all amazed,<br>The righteous Nephites on Him gazed,<br>And wist not what the vision meant,<br>But thought it was an angel sent.           | 9 And everything that should transpire,<br>Till elements should melt with fire;<br>Gave them commandment to record<br>The sayings of their risen Lord.  |
| 6 While in their midst He smiling stood,<br>Proclaimed Himself the Son of God,<br>And said, "Come forth and feel and see,<br>That you may witness bear of me."   | 10 That generation should be blest,<br>And with Him in His kingdom rest.<br>But, oh, what scenes of sorrow rolled<br>When He the future did unfold!     |
| 7 And when they all had felt and seen<br>Where once the nails and spear had been,<br>Hosanna! rose with loud acclaim,<br>They blessed and praised His holy name. | 11 Four generations should not pass,<br>Till they should turn from righteousness,<br>The Nephite nation be destroyed,<br>The Lamanites reject His word. |
| 8 He then proceeded to make plain<br>His gospel to the sons of men;<br>The prophecies He did unfold,<br>Yea, things that were in days of old.                    | 12 The Gospel taken from their midst,<br>The record of their fathers hid.<br>They dwindle long in unbelief,<br>And ages pass without relief.            |

# The Solid Rocks Were Rent in Twain.

13 Until the Gentiles from afar,  
Should smite them in a dreadful war,  
And take possession of their land,  
And they should have no power to stand.

14 But as their remnants wander far,  
In darkness, sorrow and despair,  
Lo! From the earth their record comes  
To gather Israel to their homes.

15 First to the Gentiles 'tis revealed;  
The prophecy must be fulfilled,  
That they may know and understand  
His Gospel, and no more contend.

16 Hear, O ye Gentiles! and repent!  
To you is this salvation sent;  
God to the Gentiles lifts His hand  
To gather Israel to their land.

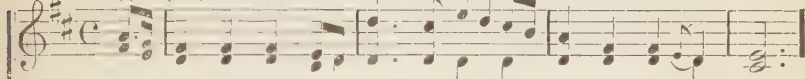
## No. 332. The Gospel Standard High is Raised.

J. K. R.

(C. M. D.)

A. C. Smyth.

*Joyfully. (♩ = 84.)*



1. The Gos - pel stand - ard high is raised On Zi - on's sa - cred shore;  
2. Earth, to its love - li - ness re - stored, Shall ech - o back the strains



Re - joice, ye Saints, our God be praised, Proud Sa - tan's reign is o'er;  
From thou - sand heav - n - ly choirs poured, When Christ in tri - umph reigns;



The bright Mil - len - nium dawns at last, The faith - ful shall be free,  
Re - ful - gent in the beams of love, The Sav - iour's pres - ence giv'n,



Christ will re - ward their tri - als past With im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
The Saints on earth, the Saints a - bove, Shall share the rest of heav'n.



# No. 333. Satan's Empire Long Has Flourished.

Edward L. Sloan.

( 8's & 7's. )

Jas. P. Olsen.



1. Sa - tan's em - pire long has flourished, Sa-tan's pow'r has night-y grown ;
2. Buck - le on Je - ho - vah's arm-or: Truth, the wea- pon; faith, the shield;



Na - tions bend be - neath his scep-tre; Princ-es bow be - fore his throne:  
End - less lives a - wait the vic-tors; God is with us; sin must yield:



Sons of Zi - on, up! a rouse you! Sa - tan's might must be o'erthrown,  
On, and fear not! earth's redemp-tion Waits the is - sue of the field,



Sons of Zi - on, up! a-rouse you! Sa-tan's might must be o'er-thrown.  
On, and fear not! earth's redemption Waits the is - sue of the field.



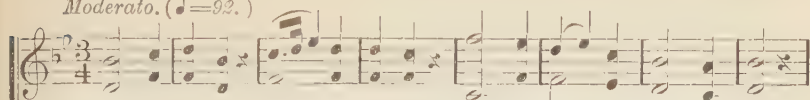
# No. 334. Sons of Michael, He Approaches.

Edward L. T. Harrison.

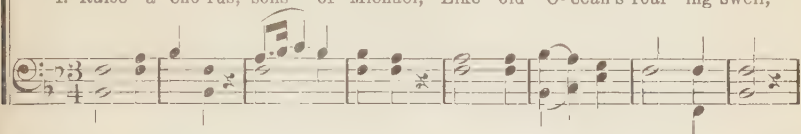
(P. M.)

Charles J. Thomas.

*Moderato.* (♩=92.)



1. Sons of Michael, He approaches! Rise; the an-cient Fa-ther greet:
2. Sons of Michael, 'tis His chariot Rolls its burn-ing wheels a-long!
3. Moth-er of our gen-er-a-tions, Glo-rious by great Michael's side,
4. Raise a cho rus, sons of Michael, Like old O-cean's roar-ing swell,



Bow, ye thousands, low be-fore Him; Min-is-ter be-fore His feet;  
 Raise a-loft your voic-es mil-lion In a tor-rent pow'r of song:  
 Take thy children's a-dor-a-tion; End-less with thy Lord pre-side;  
 Till the might-y ac-cla-ma-tion Thro' re-bouncing space doth tell



*Faster.*

reign,.....

1st time pp 2d time ff.

Hail,	hail	the Pa-triarch's glad reign,	Hail,	hail	the
Hail,	hail	our Head with mu-sic soft!	Hail,	hail	our
Lo,	lo,	to greet Thee now ad-vance,	Lo,	lo,	to
That	that	the Ancient One doth reign,	That,	that	the



Pa-tri-arch's glad reign,	Spread-ing	o-ver sea and main.
Head with mu-sic soft!	Raise sweet	mel-o-dies a-loft!
greet Thee now ad-vance	Thou-sands	in the glo-rious dance!
An-cient One doth reign	In His	par-a-dise a-gain!



# No. 335. A Stranger Star that Came From Far.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

With expression. (♩ = 72.)

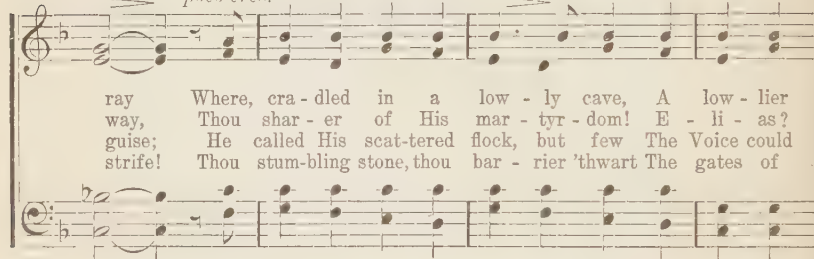
*pp*

*sempre.*



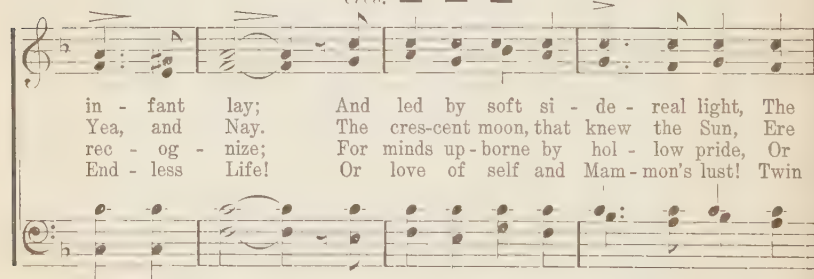
1. A stran - ger Star that came from far, To fling its sil - ver  
 2. Pro-claim Him, proph - et har - bin - ger, Make plain the Might - ier's  
 3. He wan - der'd thro' the faith - less world, A Prince in Shep - herd  
 4. O bane of damn - ing un - be - lief, Thou source of last - ing

*poco cres.*



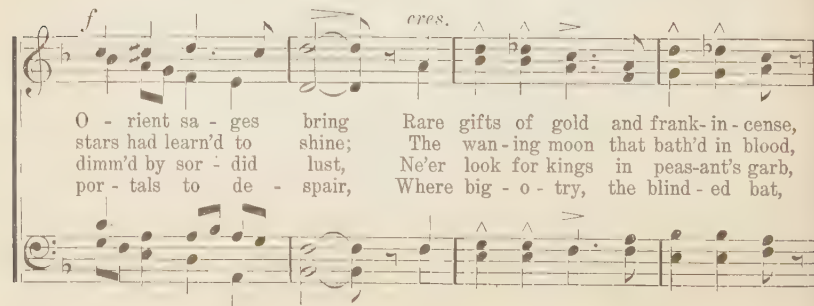
ray Where, cra - dled in a low - ly cave, A low - lier  
 way, Thou shar - er of His mar - tyr - dom! E - li - as?  
 guise; He called His scat - tered flock, but few The Voice could  
 strife! Thou stum - bling stone, thou bar - rier 'thwart The gates of

*cres.*



in - fant lay; And led by soft si - de - real light, The  
 Yea, and Nay. The cres - cent moon, that knew the Sun, Ere  
 rec - og - nize; For minds up - borne by hol - low pride, Or  
 End - less Life! Or love of self and Mam - mon's lust! Twin

O - rient sa - ges bring Rare gifts of gold and frank - in - cense,  
 stars had learn'd to shine; The wan - ing moon that bath'd in blood,  
 dimm'd by sor - did lust, Ne'er look for kings in peas - ant's garb,  
 por - tals to de - spair, Where big - o - try, the blind - ed bat,





# A Stranger Star that Came From Far.

*poco rit. e dim.*

*Cantabile.*

To greet the home-less King.  
Ere sank the Sun di - vine.  
For dia - monds in the dust.  
Flaps thro' the mid - night air.

O won-drous grace! Will Gods go  
"Glo - ry to God! good will to  
Wept He a - bove a cit - y  
Thro' these, gloom-wrapt Gethsem - a -

down Thus low that men may rise?  
man! Peace, peace!" tri - um - phal tone.  
doom'd, Her tem - ple, walls and tow'rs  
ne! Thy glens of guilt - y shade

Im - pris - oned here the  
"Why peace?" Is dis - cord  
O'er pal - a - ces where  
Griev'd o'er the sin - less

Might - y One, Who reign'd in yon - der skies?  
then no more? Are earth and heav'n as one?  
re - creant priests U - surp'd un - hal - lowed pow'rs.  
Son of God, By gold-bought kiss be - trayed;

Hark to that  
Peace to the  
I am the  
Be - held Him

chime! What tongue sub - lime Now tells the hour of noon, As  
soul that serv - eth Him, The mon - arch man - ger - born; There,  
Way, the Life, the Light!" A - las! 'twas heed - ed not. Ig -  
un - re - sist - ing dragg'd, For - sak - en, friend - less, lone, To



## A Stranger Star that Came From Far.

*rit. mollo.*

on a dy - ing world de - scends Life's life — God's great - est boon?  
 rul - er of un - numbered realms; Here throne - less and for - lorn.  
 nored — nay, mock'd God's Messen - ger And spurned the gift He brought.  
 halls where dark-brew'd Ha - tred sat On Judg - ment's loft - y throne.

5 As sheep before His shearers, dumb,  
 Those patient lips were mute;  
 The clamorous charge of taunting tongues  
 He deemed not to dispute.  
 They smote with cruel palm a face  
 Which felt yet bore the sting; [brow,  
 Then crowned with thorns His quivering  
 And mocking, hailed Him "King!"  
 Transfixt He hung, O crime of crimes!  
 The God whom worlds adore.  
 "Father, forgive them!" Drained the dregs;  
 Immanuel was no more.  
 No more where thunders shook the earth,  
 Where lightnings, 'thwart the gloom,  
 Saw that unconquered Spirit spurn  
 The shackles of the tomb.

6 Far-flashing on its wings of light,  
 A falchion from its sheath,  
 It cleft the realms of darkness and  
 Dissolved the bands of death.  
 Hell's dungeons burst, wide open swung  
 The everlasting bars,  
 Whereby the ransomed soul shall win  
 Those heights beyond the stars.  
 Far-flashing on its wings of light,  
 A falchion from its sheath,  
 It cleft the realms of darkness and  
 Dissolved the bands of death.  
 Hell's dungeons burst, wide open swung  
 The everlasting bars,  
 Whereby the ransomed soul shall win  
 Those heights beyond the stars.

## No. 336. O Lord, Our Father, Let Thy Grace.

Hosea Stout.

(L. M.)

A. V. Millward.

(♩ = 8/4.)

1. O Lord, our Fa - ther, let Thy grace Shed its glad beams on Ja - cob's race,  
 2. Their bruises let Thy mer - cy heal, Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;  
 3. How long shall Jacob's offspring prove The sad sus - pen - sion of Thy love?  
 4. Thy quick'ning Spir - it now im - part: A - wake to joy each grateful heart!

Re - store the long-lost scattered band, And call them to their na - tive land.  
 O God of Is - rael, hear our pray'r, And grant that they Thy love may share.  
 And shall Thy wrath for - ev - er burn, And wilt Thou ne'er to them re - turn?  
 While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee Their life and full sal - va - tion see.

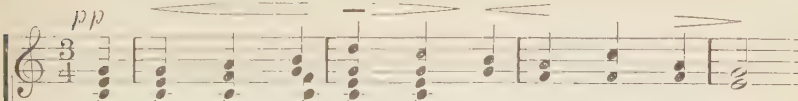
# Sweet Friend of the Needy, Kind Helper of Youth.

Mrs. M. M. Johnson.  
(♩ = 72.) *Tenderly.*

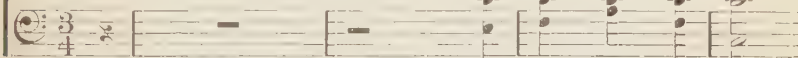
(11's)

John J. McClellan.

*pp*



1. Sweet friend of the need - y kind help - er of youth,  
 2. In songs with the an - gels Thou tak - est Thy part,  
 3. The riv - er of heav - en now lav - eth Thy feet;  
 4. Sweet, sweet be Thy slum - ber, un - bro - ken Thy rest,




*f marcato.*




Firm guar - dian of vir - tue, bright lov - er of truth,  
 The glo - ry of heav - en now fill - eth Thine heart,  
 Fair an - gels shall twine Thee a bri - dal wreath sweet,  
 Sleep sweet as a babe on the Sav - iour's kind breast,




*pp*



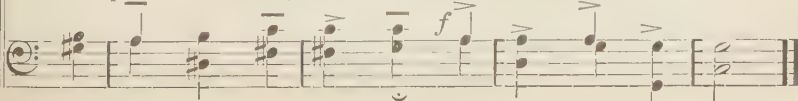
Thy sleep shall be peace - ful, un - bro - ken Thy rest;  
 Earth's woes now may lan - guish—no more for Thy brow  
 And am - 'ranth im - mor - tal shall crown Thy fair head—  
 God grant we may meet Thee on heav - en's bright shore,



*f*



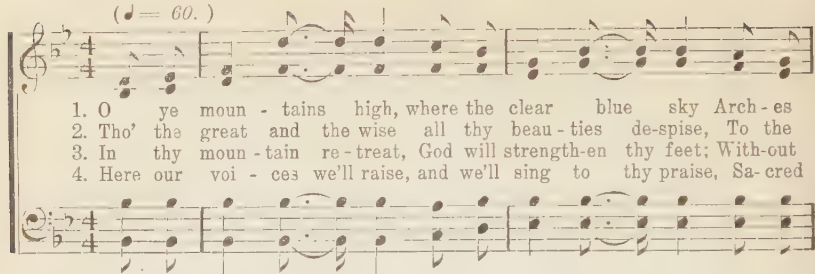
Thy spir - it dis - bur - dened, shall sleep on God's breast.  
 Their thorns shall they weave, Thou art slum - ber - ing now.  
 In heav - en they deem Thee not, loved one as dead.  
 To part with Thee, dear one, in grief nev - er - more.



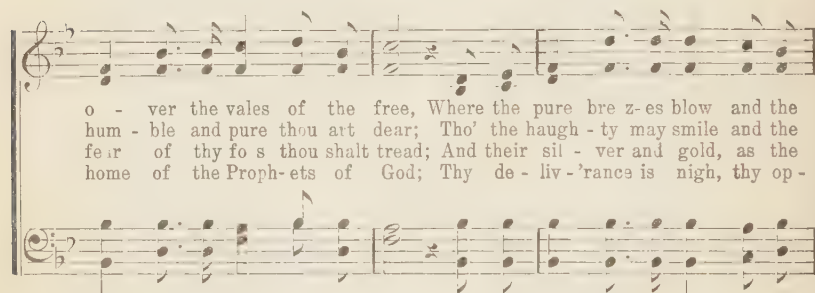
Charles W. Penrose.

(P. M.)

(♩ = 60.)



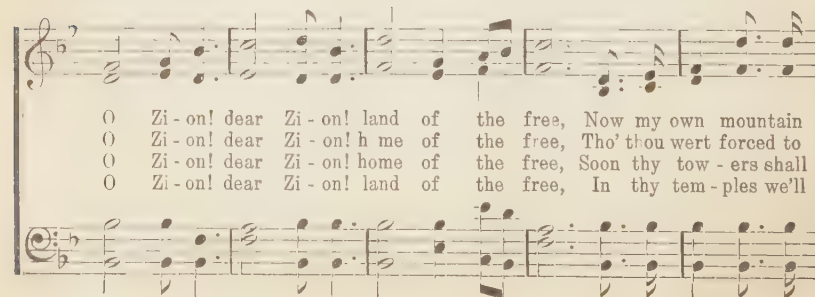
1. O ye moun - tains high, where the clear blue sky Arch - es  
 2. Tho' the great and the wise all thy beau - ties de - spise, To the  
 3. In thy moun - tain re - treat, God will strength - en thy feet; With - out  
 4. Here our voi - ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa - cred



o - ver the vales of the free, Where the pure bre z - es blow and the  
 hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho' the haugh - ty may smile and the  
 fear of thy fo - s thou shalt tread; And their sil - ver and gold, as the  
 home of the Proph - ets of God; Thy de - liv - 'rance is nigh, thy op -



clear stream - le's flow, How I've l nged to your bo - som to flee!  
 wick - ed re - vile. Yet we love thy glai ti - dings to hear.  
 Proph - ets have to d, Shall bə br ight to a - dorn thy fair h - ad.  
 press - ors shall die, And thy land shall be free - dom's a - bode.



O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, Now my own mountain  
 O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! h me of the free, Tho' thou wert forced to  
 O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall  
 O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, In thy tem - ples we'll

# O Ye Mountains High.

home, un-to thee I have come—All my fond hopes are centered in thee.  
 fly to thy chambers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sor-row with thee.  
 shine with a splendor di-vine, And e-ter-nal thy glo-ry shall be.  
 bend, all thy rights we'll de-fend, And our home shall be ev-er with thee.

## No. 339. When God's Own People Stand In Need.

(L. M.)

Wm. C. Clive.

(♩ = 60.)

1. When God's own peo - ple stand in need, His good - ness  
 2. At God's com-mand, with speed - y wings, The hun - gry  
 3. This meth - od may be count - ed strange, But hap - py  
 4. This won - der has been oft re - newed, And Saints by  
 5. Who shall dis - trust that might - y hand That rules with

will pro - vide sup - plies; Thus when E - li - jah  
 bird re - signs its prey, And to the ho - ly  
 was E - li - jah's lot; For na - ture's course shall  
 sweet ex - pe - rience find Their e - vils o - ver -  
 u - ni - ver - sal sway; Which na - ture's law can

faints for bread, A rav - en to his suc - cor flies.  
 proph - et brings The need - ful por - tion day by day.  
 soon - er change Than God's dear chil - dren be for - got.  
 ruled for good, Their foes to friend - ly deeds in - clined.  
 coun - ter-mand And feed us by the birds of prey?

# No. 340. Tenderly Wipe the Bitter Tear.

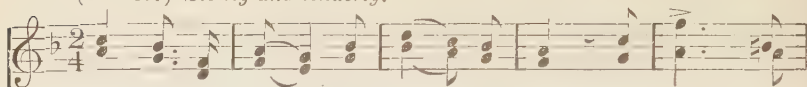
Evan Stephens.

(C. M. D.)

Evan Stephens.

TENOR AND ALTO.

(♩ = 60.) *Slowly and tenderly.*



1. Ten - der - ly wipe the bit - ter tear, And soothe the  
2. Dark - some the drear - y night may seem Be - fore the  
3. So, oh, ye wea - ry mourn - ing hearts, A morn will



ach - ing heart;..... We but a mo - ment lin - ger here,  
com - ing dawn;..... When wea - ri - ly we sigh and dream,  
dawn for you;..... Death's shadows shall be torn a - part;



And lone - ly dwell a - part..... O - ver to where the  
Of pain - ful mo - ments gone..... But when the sun of  
Your loved ones come to view..... All robed in splen - dor





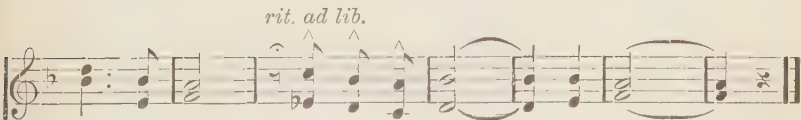
# Tenderly Wipe the Bitter Tear.



loved have gone, Lift up the tear - dimmed eye,.....  
 morn doth rise, And brings the cheer - ing day,.....  
 and in love, From out the tomb they'll rise,.....



Where earth - ly part - ings all are done, And death no  
 Ter - rors and shad - ows from our skies, De - part, and  
 Gods care and love for you to prove, Be - fore your



more comes nigh, And death no more..... comes nigh.....  
 flee a - way, De - part, and flee..... a - way.....  
 won - d'ring eyes, Be - fore your won - d'ring eyes.....





# No. 341. Be It My Only Wisdom Here.

Wesley's Collection.

(8-8-6's.)

A. Radiger.

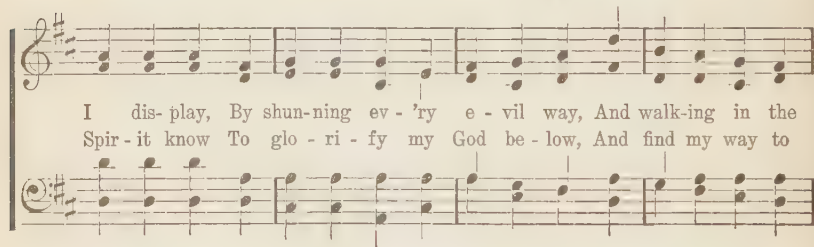
(♩ = 69.)



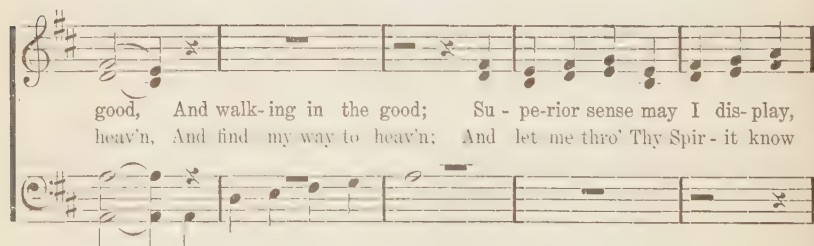
1. Be it my on - ly wis - dom here To serve the Lord with  
2. Oh, may I still from sin de - part; A wise and un - der -



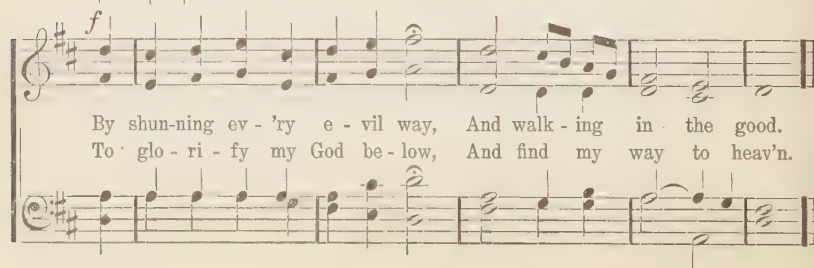
fil - ial fear. With lov - ing grat - i - tude; Su - per - ior sense may  
stand - ing heart, Je - sus, to me be giv'n; And let me thro' Thy



I dis - play, By shun - ning ev - 'ry e - vil way, And walk - ing in the  
Spir - it know To glo - ri - fy my God be - low, And find my way to



good, And walk - ing in the good; Su - pe - rior sense may I dis - play,  
heav'n, And find my way to heav'n; And let me thro' Thy Spir - it know



By shun - ning ev - 'ry e - vil way, And walk - ing in the good.  
To glo - ri - fy my God be - low, And find my way to heav'n.

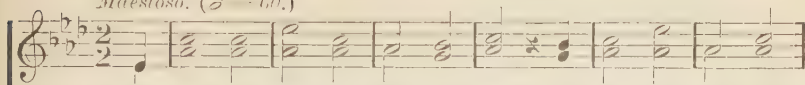
# No. 342. The Voice of God is Heard Again.

Evan Stephens.

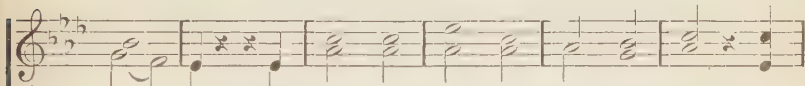
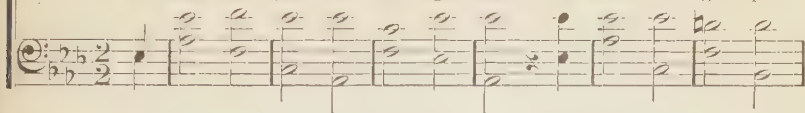
(8's & 7's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Maestoso. (♩ = 60.)*



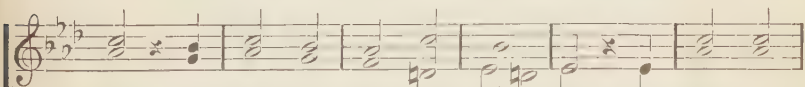
1. The voice of God a - gain is heard, The si - lence has been  
2. O mes - sen - gers of truth, go forth, Pro - claim the gos - pel



bro - ken, The curse of dark - ness is with - drawn, The  
sto - ry, Go forth the na - tions to pre - pare, To



Lord from heav'n hath spo - ken. Re - joice ye liv - ing and ye  
greet the King of Glo - ry. Shout we ho - san - na, shout a -



dead! Re - joice, for your sal - va - tion Be - gins a -  
gain, Till all cre - a - tion blend - ing Shall join in



new this hap - py morn Of fi - nal dis - pen - sa - tion.  
one great grand a - men Of an - thems nev - er end - ing.



# No. 343. Raise Your Voices to the Lord.

Evan Stephens.

(4-7's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Maestoso ben marcato. (♩ = 40.)*

***ff***

1. Raise your voices to the Lord, Ye who  
2. Shout thanks - giv - ing! let our song Still our

*Sempre.*

here have heard His word, As we part His  
joy and praise pro - long; Un - til here we

# Raise Your Voices to the Lord.

praise pro - claim; Shout thanks - giv - ing to His name.  
meet a - gain To re - new the glad re - frain.

*(Ending only.)*

A - - - MEN.....

*Interlude.*

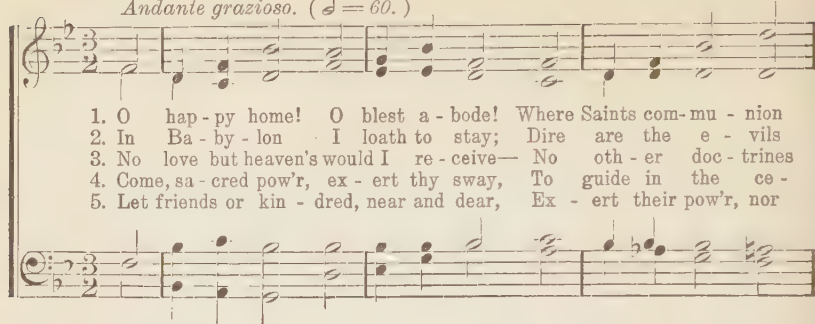
# No. 344. O Happy Home! O Blest Abode.

Mary Ann Morton.

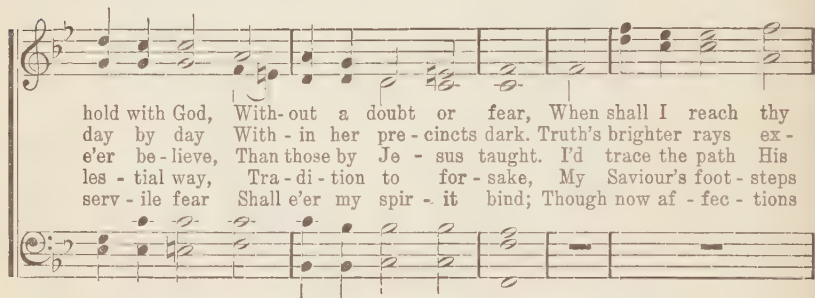
(2-8's & 6's.)

A. C. Smythe.

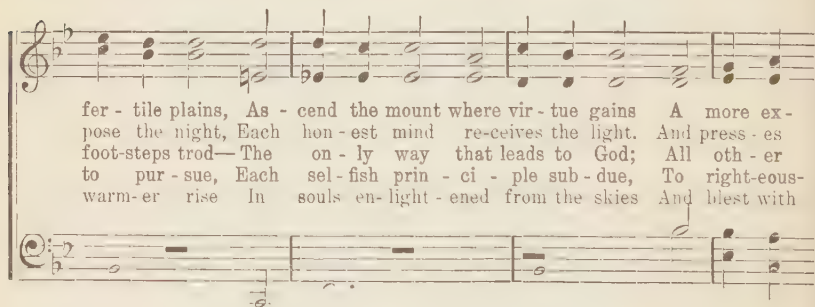
*Andante grazioso.* (♩ = 60.)



1. O hap - py home! O blest a - bode! Where Saints com - mu - nion  
 2. In Ba - by - lon I loath to stay; Dire are the e - vils  
 3. No love but heaven's would I re - ceive— No oth - er doc - trines  
 4. Come, sa - cred pow'r, ex - ert thy sway, To guide in the ce -  
 5. Let friends or kin - dred, near and dear, Ex - ert their pow'r, nor

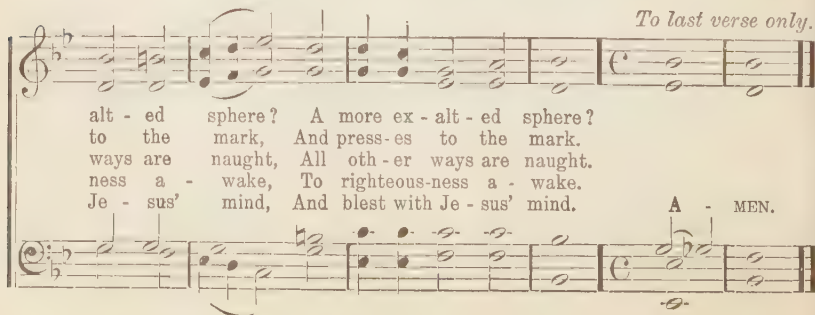


hold with God, With - out a doubt or fear, When shall I reach thy  
 day by day With - in her pre - cincts dark. Truth's brighter rays ex -  
 e'er be - lieve, Than those by Je - sus taught. I'd trace the path His  
 les - tial way, Tra - di - tion to for - sake, My Saviour's foot - steps  
 serv - ile fear Shall e'er my spir - it bind; Though now af - fec - tions



fer - tile plains, As - cend the mount where vir - tue gains A more ex -  
 pose the night, Each hon - est mind re - ceives the light. And press - es  
 foot-steps trod—The on - ly way that leads to God; All oth - er  
 to pur - sue, Each sel - fish prin - ci - ple sub - due, To right - eous -  
 warm - er rise In souls en - light - ened from the skies And blest with

*To last verse only.*



alt - ed sphere? A more ex - alt - ed sphere?  
 to the mark, And press - es to the mark.  
 ways are naught, All oth - er ways are naught.  
 ness a - wake, To right - eous - ness a - wake.  
 Je - sus' mind, And blest with Je - sus' mind. A - MEN.

# O Happy Home! O Blest Abode!

6 For He hath said (whose lips divine  
To naught but truth did e'er incline—  
Jesus, our only theme),  
Whos'er their kindred better love  
Than me, my heart can ne'er approve  
Nor them will I esteem.

7 But those who in my righteous cause  
Are firm, nor seek the world's applause,  
My glory shall partake.  
Then brethren, sisters, patient share  
His sufferings; this will us prepare,  
And sinners perfect make.

## No. 345. Great God, to Thee My Evening Song.

M. M. Steel.

(L. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

(♩ = 72.)



1. Great God, to Thee my ev'n - ing song With hum - ble  
2. My days, un - cloud - ed as they pass And ev - 'ry  
3. And yet this thoughtless, wretch - ed heart, 'Too oft re -  
4. Seal my for - give - ness in the blood Of Christ, my  
5. With hope in Him mine eye - lids close; With sleep re -



grat - i - tude I raise; O let Thy mer - cy  
on - ward roll - ing hour Are mon - u - ments of  
gard - less of Thy love, Un - grate - ful, can from  
Lord; His name a - lone I plead for par - don,  
fresh my fee - ble frame, Safe in Thy care may



tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.  
won - drous grace, And wit ness to Thy love and power.  
Thee de - part And from the path of du - ty rove.  
gra - cious God, And kind ac - cept - ance at Thy throne.  
I re - pose, And wake with prais - es to Thy name.





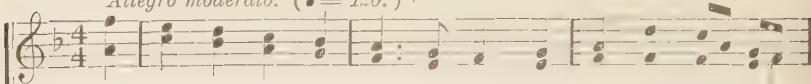
# No. 346. When Christ Was Born in Bethlehem.

Henry W. Longfellow.

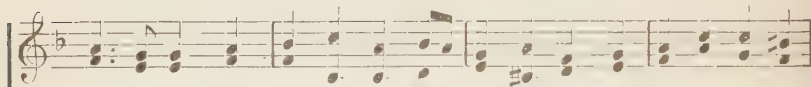
(L. M. 6)

Ebenezer Beesley.

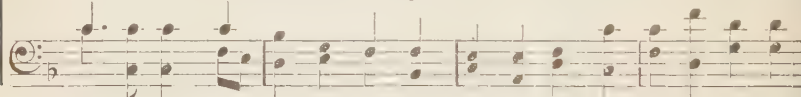
*Allegro moderato.* ( $\text{♩} = 120.$ )



1. When Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, 'Twas night, but seemed the
2. Then peace was spread throughout the land; The li - on fed be -
3. As shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, An an - gel bright - er

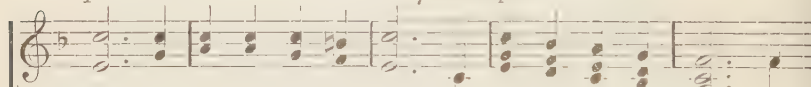


noon of day; The stars, whose light Was pure and bright, Shone with unwav'ring  
side the lamb; And with the kid, To pas-ture led The spot-ted leap-ard  
than the sun, Ap-peared in air, And gen-tly said, Fear not, be not a-



*poco rit.*

*p a tempo.*



ray, shone with un - wav'-ring ray; But one, one glo - rious star, But  
fed, The spot-ted leap-ard fed; In peace the calf and bear, In  
fraid, Fear not, be not a - fraid. For lo! be-neath your eyes, For



one, one glorious star Guid ed the Eastern Ma - gi from a - far.  
peace the calf and bear, The wolf and lamb reposed to - geth - er there.  
lo! beneath your eyes, Earth has be - come a smil - ing par - a - dise.



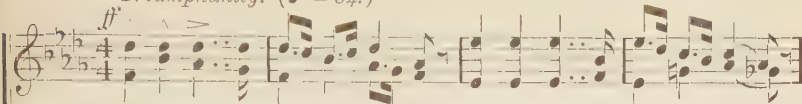
# No. 347. Christ is Born, the Joyful Story.

Evan Stephens.

(8's. & 7's. D.)

Evan Stephens.

*Triumphantly.* (♩ = 84.)



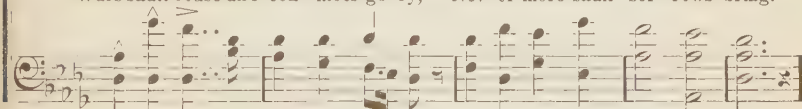
1. Christ is born, the joy-ful sto-ry Spreads from heaven o'er the earth,
2. Christ shall come a - gain in glo-ry, Here to reign as King of kings;



*Ref.*—Christ is born, and heav'n re - joic-es, Lo! the world, redeem'd from sin!



Prince of Peace and King of Glo-ry On the earth has mor - tal birth.  
Wars shall cease and con - flicts go-ry, Nev-er-more shall sor - rows bring.



Joy-ful sing an - gel - ic voic-es, Peace on earth is ush - ered in.

*SOLI.*



Christ is born, and heav'n re-joic - es, Lo! the world, re-deem'd from sin!  
He shall reign o'er death tri - um-phiant, Reign in jus - tice, bonds re-lease.



*dim.*

*D.C. for Refrain.*



Joy - ful sing an - gel - ic voic-es, Peace on earth is ush-ered in.  
Worship, wor-ship, Christ the In-fant, Christ the Lord, the "Prince of Peace."



\* Use upper notes with added Sopranos for D. C.

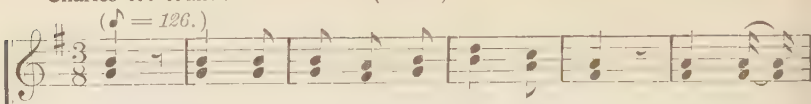
# No. 348. Weep, Weep Not for Me, Zion.

Charles W. Wandell.



(P. M.)

Auber.

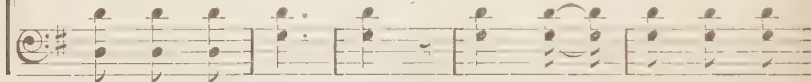
(♩ = 126.)



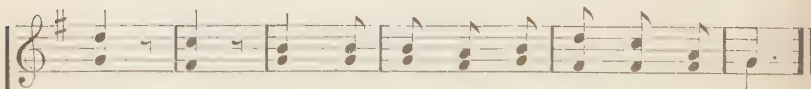
1. Weep, weep not for me, Zi - on, Sing now and  
 2. He wields the rod of His pow - er, To lay Zi-on's  
 3. Long, long, dear Saints, we have wan - dered, Yet, yet we  
 4. Cease, cease your sigh - ing and weep - ing, Mourn, mourn not,

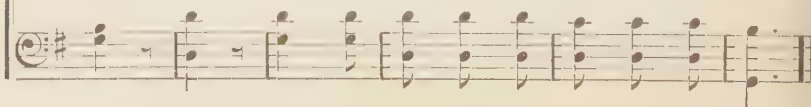
praise ye a - loud, Pray, pray that Ju - dah's fierce  
 en - e - mies low; While frowns on His coun - te - nance  
 will not com - plain, Though oft our all has been  
 nei - ther re - pine, Now I'm in heav - en's blest




li - on May quick - ly de - scend in a cloud. Haste.  
 low - er, They sink to per - di - tion and woe. Yes,  
 plun - dered. The loss is our in - fi - nite gain. Yes,  
 keep - ing, With Je - sus I ev - er shall shine. Yes,

haste, haste, haste; O quick - ly de - scend in a cloud.  
 yes, yes, yes, they sink to per - di - tion and woe.  
 yes, yes, yes, the loss is our in - fi - nite gain.  
 yes, yes, yes, with Je - sus I ev - er shall shine.



## Weep, Weep Not for Me, Zion.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Mobs, mobs, of all you've bereft me,<br/>Home, friends, and pleasures so sweet,<br/>Now, from your power I'm set free,<br/>You and I never shall meet.<br/>No, no; you and I never shall meet.</p> <p>6 Go, go ye wretches who've slain me;<br/>Now, now your power is o'er;<br/>Though in the tomb they have laid me,<br/>I'm resting on Zion's bright shore.<br/>Yes, yes, I'm resting on Zion's bright shore.</p> <p>7 Weep, weep not, Zion's fair maidens;<br/>Brave sons, weep not for me;<br/>Crowned now, with glory I'm laden,<br/>Now happy I ever shall be.<br/>Yes, yes, now happy I ever shall be.</p> | <p>8 Sad, sad was that hour of parting,<br/>Then, then fell many a tear;<br/>Soon you'll be over the smarting,<br/>And meet with the holy ones here.<br/>Haste, haste, to meet with the holy ones here.</p> <p>9 Heaves, heaves each bosom with sorrow.<br/>Anguish, how fervent the pain!<br/>Soon, soon will come the blest morrow,<br/>When you will see Joseph again.<br/>Yes, yes, then you will see Joseph again.</p> <p>10 Then, then how happy the meeting!<br/>Joy, joy each bosom shall fill!<br/>Joseph and Hyrum then greeting,<br/>On Zion's thrice sanctified hill.<br/>Yes, yes, on Zion's thrice sanctified hill.</p> |
|---|---|

## No. 349. May the Holy Spirit's Fire.

Lulu Greene Richards.

(7's 5's.)

Evan Stephens.

*mp* Moderato. ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ )

*cres.*

1. May the Ho - ly Spir - it's fire, Which we here pos -  
2. In our homes may it a - bide, Bring - ing bless - ings

sess, Go with us as we re - tire, Still to  
rife, Through all chan - ges safe - ly guide, To e -

cheer and bless..... Still to cheer and bless.  
ter - nal life..... To e - ter - nal life.

bless, Still to cheer and bless.  
life, To e - ter - - - - - nal life.

# No. 350. The Wrinkled Brow of Time.

Orson F. Whitney.

(P. M.)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*Slow, with tender feeling.* (♩ = 63.)



1. The wrin- kled brow of time An - oth - er fur - row takes,
2. Yet ere thou go - est on - ward To win the glit - t'ring prize,
3. Read o'er its joys, its sor - rows, Each cause that gave them birth;
4. Hope not an - oth - er's har - vest, No sick - le save thine own,



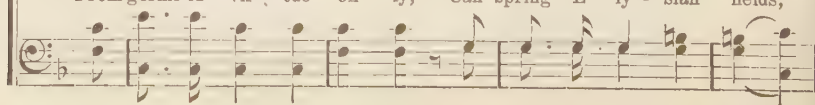
A - long life's rock - y coast The old year's bil - low breaks.  
That woos thee from the dis - tance To fair - er lands and skies;  
Think on thy faults, those fet - ters That bind thee still to earth;  
In days of bright fru - it - ion Shall reap what thou hast sown.



Wide opes the glo - rious fu - ture Its gates of pearl and gold,  
Pause thou and med - i - tate On what the past hath taught—  
Nor dream of end - less free - dom From sor - row, sin and pain,  
No fruit hath sin but sad - ness, Each seed its na - ture yields;

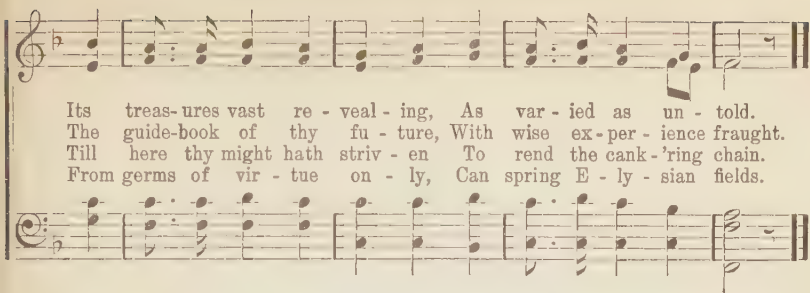


Its treas - ures vast re - veal - ing, As var - ied as un - told,  
The guide - book of thy fu - ture, With wise ex - per - ience fraught,  
Till here thy might hath striv - en To rend the cank - 'ring chain,  
From germs of vir - tue on - ly, Can spring E - ly - sian fields,





# The Wrinkled Brow of Time.



Its treas-ures vast re - veal - ing, As var - ied as un - told.  
 The guide-book of thy fu - ture, With wise ex - per - ience fraught.  
 Till here thy might hath striv - en To rend the cank - 'ring chain.  
 From germs of vir - tue on - ly, Can spring E - ly - sian fields.

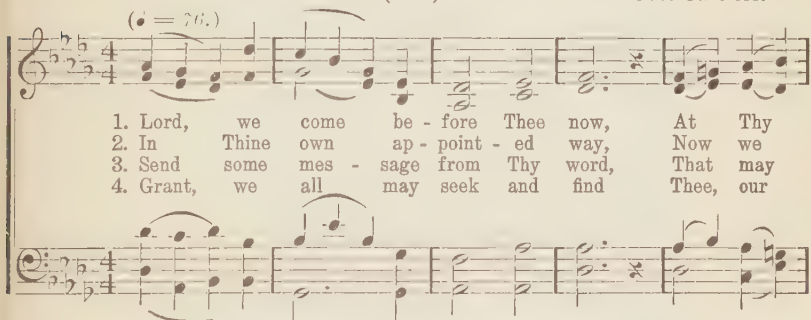
## No. 351. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

Hammond.

(7's.)

Geo. Careless.

(♩ = 76.)



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy  
 2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we  
 3. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may  
 4. Grant, we all may seek and find Thee, our



feet we hum - bly bow; Do not Thou our  
 seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, from hence we  
 joy and peace af - ford; Com - fort those who  
 gra - cious God and kind; Heal the sick, the



suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
 would not go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.  
 weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" re - turn.  
 cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee.



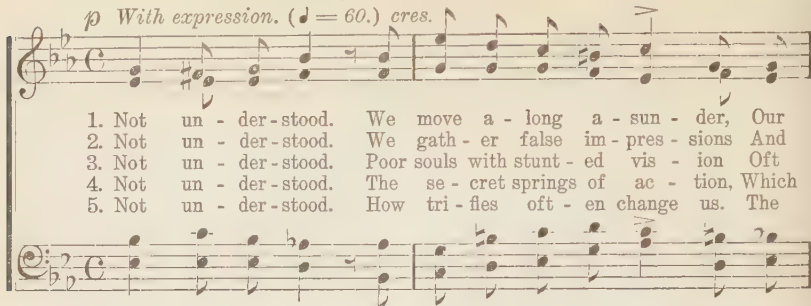
# No. 352. Not Understood. We Move Along Asunder.

Thomas Bracken.

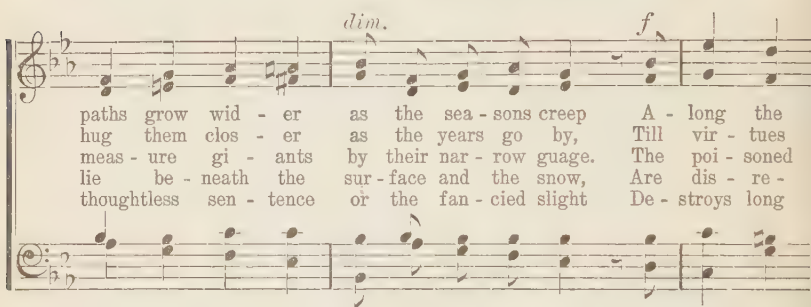
(11's & 10's.)

Evan Stephens.

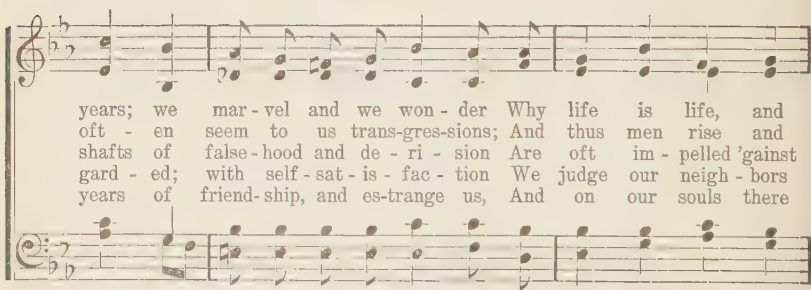
*p* With expression. ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ ) *cres.*



1. Not un - der - stood. We move a - long a - sun - der, Our  
 2. Not un - der - stood. We gath - er false im - pres - sions And  
 3. Not un - der - stood. Poor souls with stunt - ed vis - ion Oft  
 4. Not un - der - stood. The se - cret springs of ac - tion, Which  
 5. Not un - der - stood. How tri - fles oft - en change us. The



*dim.* *f*  
 paths grow wid - er as the sea - sons creep A - long the  
 hug them clos - er as the years go by, Till vir - tues  
 meas - ure gi - ants by their nar - row guage. The poi - soned  
 lie be - neath the sur - face and the snow, Are dis - re -  
 thoughtless sen - tence or the fan - cied slight De - stroys long



years; we mar - vel and we won - der Why life is life, and  
 oft - en seem to us trans - ges - sions; And thus men rise and  
 shafts of false - hood and de - ri - sion Are oft im - pelled 'gainst  
 gard - ed; with self - sat - is - fac - tion We judge our neigh - bors  
 years of friend - ship, and es - trange us, And on our souls there



*poco rit.* *p*  
 then we fall a - sleep, Not un - der - stood. Not un - der - stood.  
 fall and live and die, Not un - der - stood. Not un - der - stood.  
 those who mould and age, Not un - der - stood. Not un - der - stood.  
 as they oft - en go, Not un - der - stood. Not un - der - stood.  
 falls a freez - ing blight: Not un - der - stood. Not un - der - stood.

# Not Understood. We Move Along Asunder.

6 Not understood. How many breasts are aching,  
For lack of sympathy? Ah! day by day,  
Now many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,  
Now many noble spirits pass away,  
Not understood.

7 O God, that men would see a little clearer,  
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see!  
O God, that men would draw a little nearer  
To one another! They'd be nearer Thee,  
And understood.

## No. 353. O Happy is the Man Who Hears.

W. Bruce.

(C. M.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

(♩ = 96.)

1. O hap - py is the man who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice!  
2. For she has treas - ure great - er far Than east or west un - fold;  
3. In her right hand she holds to view, A length of hap - py days;  
4. She guides the young with in - no - cence In pleas - ure's path to tread;  
5. Ac - cord - ing as her la - bors rise, So her re - wards in - crease;

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice!  
And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all her stores of gold,  
And wealth, with splen - did hon - ors joined, Are what her left dis - plays,  
A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the ho - ary head,  
Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice!  
And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all her stores of gold.  
And wealth, with splen - did hon - ors joined, Are what her left dis - plays.  
A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the ho - ary head.  
Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

## No. 354.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

( 8-8's. )

Wm. B. Bradbury.

*Slow.* ( ♩ = 88. )

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,  
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear  
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so-la-tion share,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known:  
 To Him whose truth and faithful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight:

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,  
 This mor-tal life I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;

And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!  
 I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
 And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell! sweet hour of prayer!

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!  
 I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
 And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, fare-well sweet hour of prayer!

## No. 355. Though Now the Nations Sit Beneath.

Leonard Bacon.

(L. M.)

A. M. Fox.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 76.)

1. Though now the na - tions sit be - neath The dar - kness  
 2. That light shall glance on dis - tant lands; And hea - then  
 3. Lord, spread the tri - umphs of Thy grace; Let truth and

of o'er - spread - ing death, Yet God will rise with  
 tribes, in joy - ful bands, Come with ex - ult - ing  
 right - eous - ness and peace, In mild and love - ly

light di - vine, On Zi-on's ho - ly towers to shine.  
 haste to prove The power and great - ness of His love.  
 forms, dis - play The glo - ries of the lat - ter day.

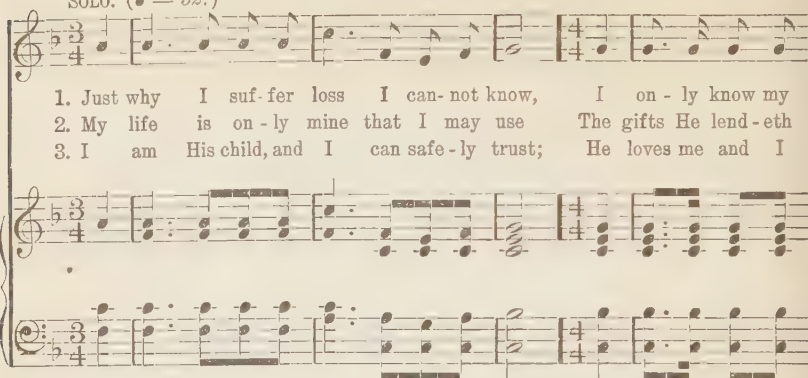
# No. 356. Just Why I Suffer Loss I Cannot Know.

Edith Virginia Eradt.

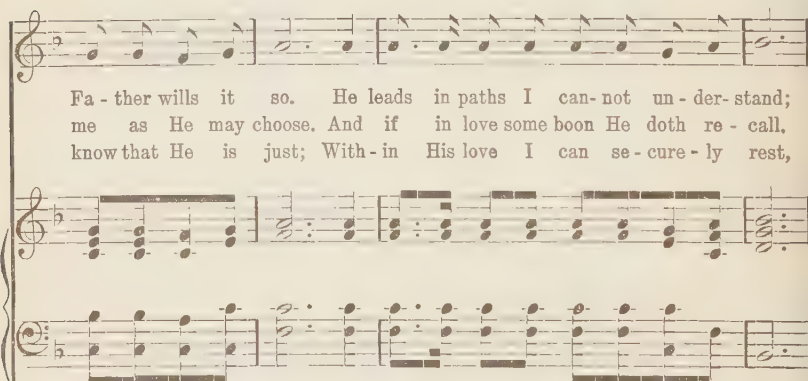
(10's.)

Ebenezer Beesley.

SOLO. (♩ = 52.)

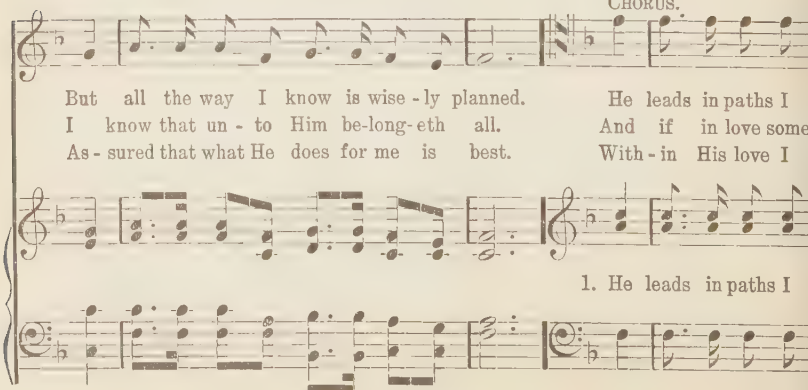


1. Just why I suf-fer loss I can-not know, I on-ly know my  
 2. My life is on-ly mine that I may use The gifts He lend-eth  
 3. I am His child, and I can safe-ly trust; He loves me and I



Fa-ther wills it so. He leads in paths I can-not un-der-stand;  
 me as He may choose. And if in love some boon He doth re-call,  
 know that He is just; With-in His love I can se-cure-ly rest,

CHORUS.

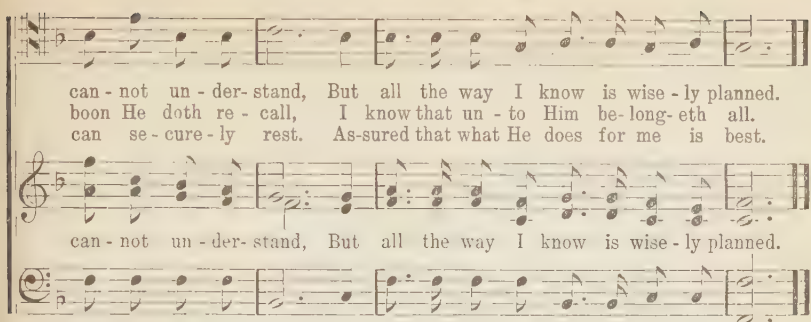


But all the way I know is wise-ly planned. He leads in paths I  
 I know that un-to Him be-long-eth all. And if in love some  
 As-sured that what He does for me is best. With-in His love I

1. He leads in paths I



# Just Why I Suffer Loss I Cannot Know.



can - not un - der - stand, But all the way I know is wise - ly planned.  
 boon He doth re - call, I know that un - to Him be - long - eth all.  
 can se - cure - ly rest. As - sured that what He does for me is best.

can - not un - der - stand, But all the way I know is wise - ly planned.

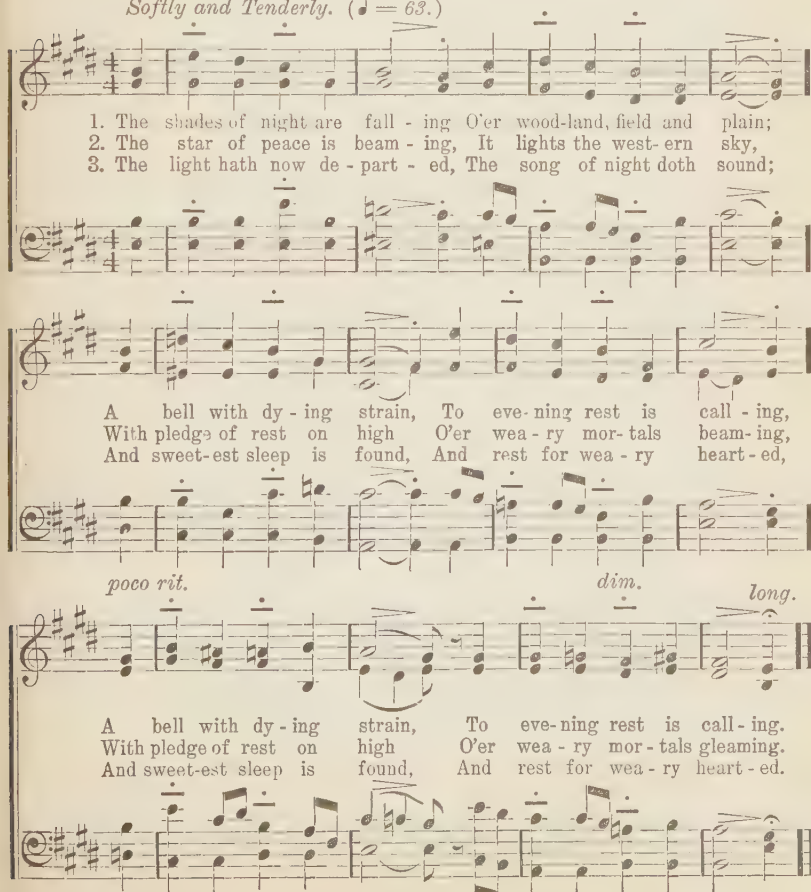
## No. 357. The Shades of Night are Falling.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Softly and Tenderly.* (♩ = 63.)



1. The shades of night are fall - ing O'er wood - land, field and plain;  
 2. The star of peace is beam - ing, It lights the west - ern sky,  
 3. The light hath now de - part - ed, The song of night doth sound;

A bell with dy - ing strain, To eve - ning rest is call - ing,  
 With pledge of rest on high O'er wea - ry mor - tals beam - ing,  
 And sweet - est sleep is found, And rest for wea - ry heart - ed,

*poco rit.* *dim.* *long.*

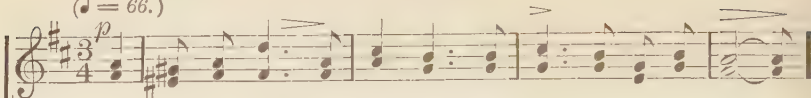
A bell with dy - ing strain, To eve - ning rest is call - ing.  
 With pledge of rest on high O'er wea - ry mor - tals gleaming.  
 And sweet - est sleep is found, And rest for wea - ry heart - ed.



Mrs. Mary Judd Page.

(7s &amp; 6s.)

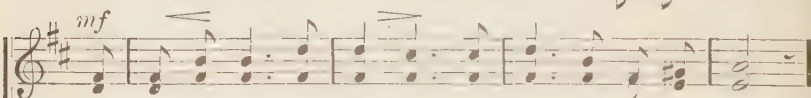
(♩ = 66.)



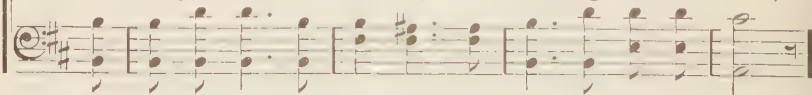
1. Ye who are called to la - bor and min - is - ter for God,  
 2. O let not vain am - bi - tion nor world - ly glo - ry stain  
 3. Then cease from all light speech-es, light-mind - ed-ness and pride;  
 4. And while you roam as pil - grims and stran - gers on this earth,  
 5. Rich bless-ings there a - wait you, and God will give you faith;



Blest with the roy - al Priest-hood, ap - point - ed by His word  
 Your minds so pure and ho - ly; ac - quit yourselves like men;  
 Pray al-ways, with - out ceas - ing, and in the truth a - bide;  
 O do not be dis - cour - aged, with songs of joy go forth;  
 You shall be crowned with glo - ry and tri - umph o - ver death;



To preach a - mong the na - tions the news of Gos - pel grace,  
 While lift - ing up your voic - es like trum - pets long and loud,  
 The Com - fort - er will teach you, His rich - est bless-ings send,  
 Re - joice in trib - u - la - tion, for your re - ward is sure,  
 And soon you'll come to Zi - on, and bear - ing each his sheave,



And pub - lish on the moun - tains, sal - va - tion, truth, and peace:  
 Say to the slum - bring na - tions: "Pre - pare to meet your God!"  
 Your Sav - iour will be with you for - ev - er to the end.  
 Re - mem - ber that your Sav - iour like sor - rows did en - dure.  
 No more shall taste of sor - row, but glo - rious crowns re - ceive.



# Ye Who Are Called to Labor.

CHORUS.

*mf* *f*

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me, .....  
Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,

*p* 1 2 *rit.*

Wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Come, oh, come to me. }  
Wea - ry, heav-y - la - den. (Omit.....) Come, oh, come to me.

## No. 359. Thou Art Everywhere Before Us.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(8's & 7's.)

Theodore E. Curtis.

(♩ = 52.)

1. Thou art ev - 'ry-where be - fore us, Lord, dis - pel - ling all our fears;  
2. In the sea - sons slow - ly fil - ing Down the a - ges' broad ex - panse,  
3. In the love-light soft - ly glow-ing Deep in ev - 'ry hu - man breast;  
4. All things point to Thy pa - rent - al Hand, oh, gra - cious Lord, but most

In the blue dome arch - ing o'er us (Glo - ri - ous with plung-ing spheres.  
We be - hold Thee kind - ly smil-ing Thro' fair na - ture's coun - te - nance.  
In the bless-ings to us flow-ing Thy great love is man - i - fest.  
We may know Thee thro' the gen - tle Whis - per of the Ho - ly Ghost.

# No. 360. Hark! Ten Thousand Thousand Voices.

Dr. Raffles.

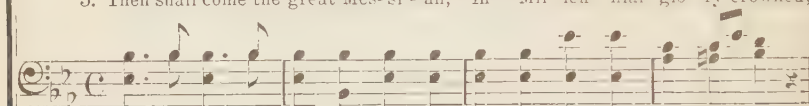
(8's & 7's.)

Joseph J. Daynes.

(♩ = 96.)



1. Hark! ten thousand thousand voic - es Sing the song of ju - bi - lee!
2. Wid - er now, and loud - er ris - ing, Swells and soars the loft - y strain,
3. Then in loft - ier, sweet - er num - bers, We shall sing Im - man - uel's praise;
4. But, till that great con - sum - ma - tion, That bright Sab - bath of man - kind;
5. Then shall come the great Mes - si - ah, In Mil - len - nial glo - ry crowned;



Earth, thro' all her tribes, re - joic - es—Broke her long cap - tiv - i - ty.  
 Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising, Hark! the Con - quer - or's praise a - gain.  
 Free from all that now en - cum - bers, No - bler songs our voic - es raise.  
 Till each dis - tant tribe and na - tion Tastes the bliss by God de - signed.  
 "Is - rael's hope," and earth's de - sire," Now tri - umph - ant and re - nowned.



Hail, Im - man - uel! Great De - liv - rer! Hail Im - man - uel! praise to Thee!  
 Hail, Im - man - uel! Great De - liv - rer! Stones shall speak if we re - frain;  
 Hail, Im - man - uel! Great De - liv - rer! Live for - ev - er in our lays,  
 Speed the Gospel! Let its ti - dings Glad - den ev - 'ry hu - man mind;  
 Hail Mes - si - ah! Reign for - ev - er! Heav'n to earth re - flects the sound,



Now the theme, in peal - ing thunders, Thro' the un - i - verse is rung;  
 Thus, while heart and pulse are beat - ing, To His name let praise a - rise,  
 While our crowns of glo - ry cast - ing At His feet, in rap - ture lost,  
 Be its sil - ver trum - pets sound - ed, Let the joy - ous ech - oes roll,  
 Heav'n and earth with all their re - gions, At His foot - stool pros - trate fall;



# Hark! Ten Thousand Thousand Voices.



Now, in gen-tler tones, the won-ders Of re-deem-ing grace are sung.  
Till from earth the soul, re-treat-ing, Joins the cho-rus of the skies.  
We in an-thems ev-er-last-ing, Min-gle with the an-gel host.  
Till a sea of bliss unbound-ed Spreads on earth from pole to pole!  
Heaven and earth, with all their le-gions, Crown Im-man-uel, Lord of all.



## No. 361. How Long, O Lord, Most Holy and True.

John A. Widtsoe.

(L. M.)

B. Cecil Gates.

(• = S. 5.)



1. How long, O Lord, most ho - ly and true, Shall shad-owed
2. Thy truth has made our pri - son bright; Thy light has
3. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, gen - tle Judge! Speed on the
4. From grim con - fu - sion's aw - ful depth The wail of



hope our joy de - lay? Our hearts con-fess, our souls be -  
dimmed the dy - ing past; We bend be - neath Thy lov - ing  
day re - demp - tion's hour; Set up Thy king - dom; from Thy  
hosts, faith's ur - gent plea: Re - lease our an - guished, wea - ry



lieve Thy truth, Thy truth, Thy light, Thy will, Thy way!  
will, And seek Thy on - ward, on - ward path at last.  
house Un - lock for us, for us the pris - on tower.  
souls, Swing wide, swing wide the gates and set us free!



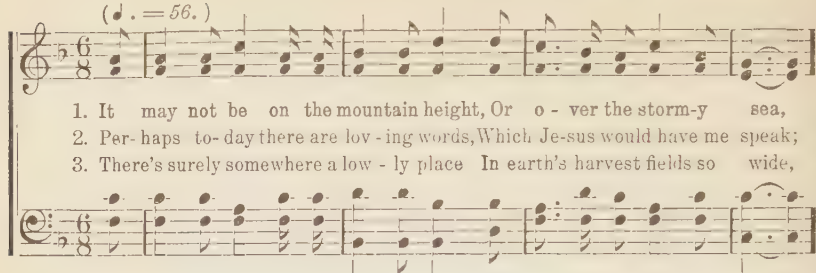
# No. 362. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

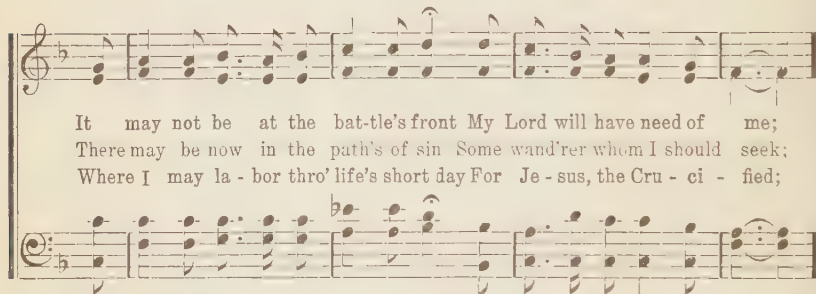
(P. M.)

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

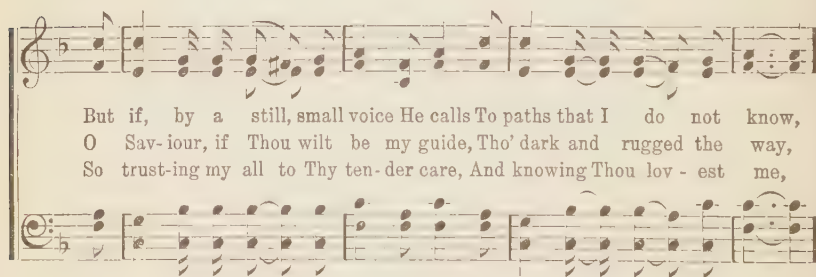
(♩. = 56.)



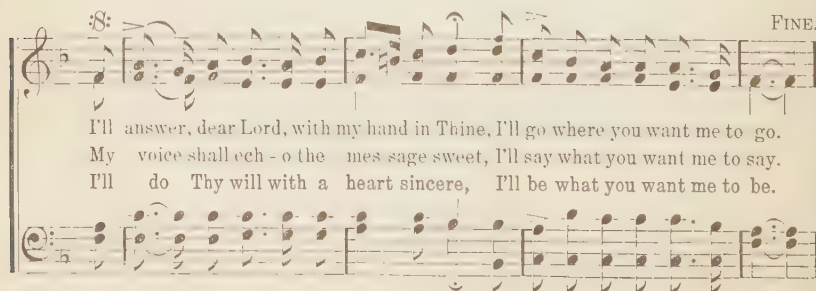
1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea,  
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words, Which Je-sus would have me speak;  
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now in the path's of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;  
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;



But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall ech - o the mes sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

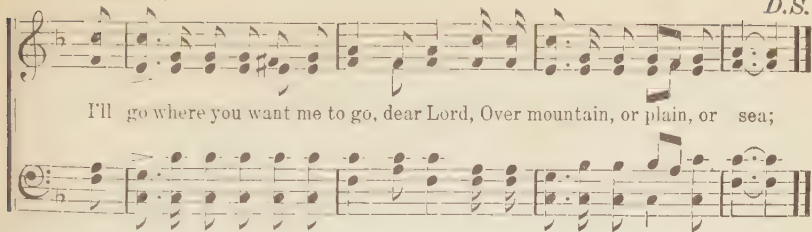
*D.S.*—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.



# I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

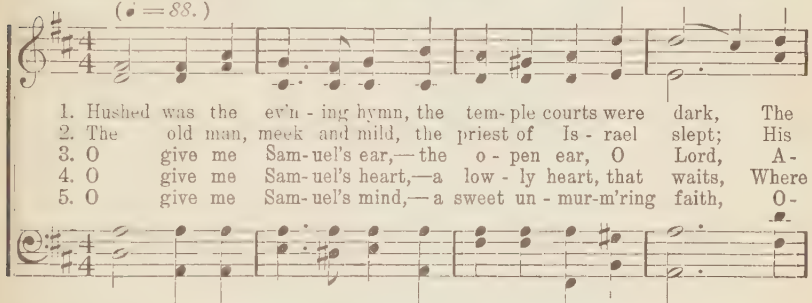
## No. 363. Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

Jamer D. Burns.

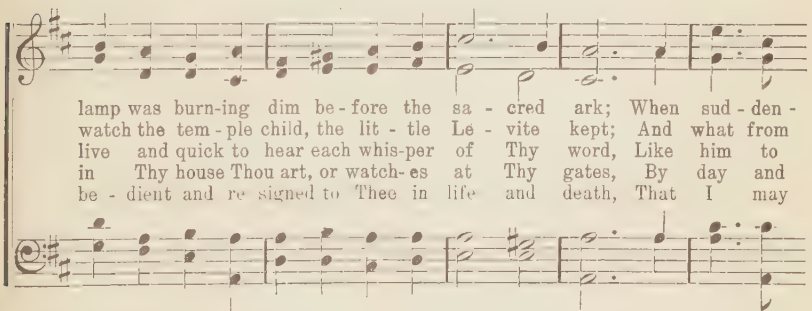
( 4-6's & 2-8's. )

Arthur Sullivan.

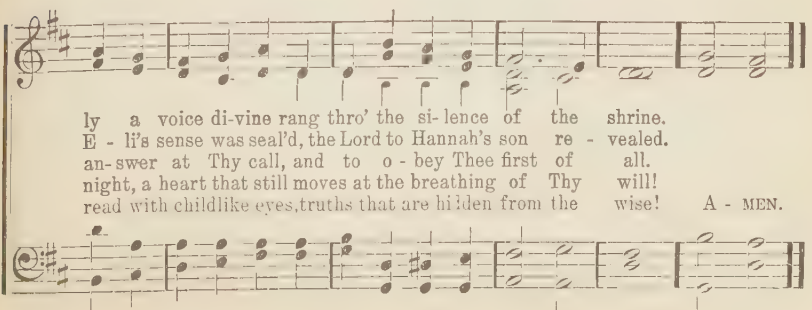
(  $\bullet$  = 88. )



1. Hushed was the ev'n - ing hymn, the tem - ple courts were dark, The  
 2. The old man, meek and mild, the priest of Is - rael slept; His  
 3. O give me Sam - uel's ear, — the o - pen ear, O Lord, A -  
 4. O give me Sam - uel's heart, — a low - ly heart, that waits, Where  
 5. O give me Sam - uel's mind, — a sweet un - mur-m'ring faith, O -



lamp was burn - ing dim be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den -  
 watch the tem - ple child, the lit - tle Le - vite kept; And what from  
 live and quick to hear each whis - per of Thy word, Like him to  
 in Thy house Thou art, or watch - es at Thy gates, By day and  
 be - dient and re - signed to Thee in life and death, That I may



ly a voice di - vine rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.  
 E - li's sense was seal'd, the Lord to Hannah's son re - vealed.  
 an - swer at Thy call, and to o - bey Thee first of all.  
 night, a heart that still moves at the breathing of Thy will!  
 read with childlike eyes, truths that are hidden from the wise! A - MEN.



Parley P. Pratt.

(4-6's &amp; 2-8's.)

George H. Durham.

*Maestoso.* (♩ = 72.)*poco a poco cres.**molto rall. cres.*

*mf* *Instrument.* *f*

*f*

1. Re - pent ye Gen - tles all, And come and be bap - tized;
2. Be bur - ied with the Lord, And rise di - vine - ly new;
3. Ye souls with sins dis - tressed, Who fain would find re - lief,
4. Come, be a - dopt - ed in, With Is - rael's cho - sen race,

*cres.* *ben marc.* *mf* *f* *poco allarg.* *rit.* *Meno mosso.*

It is the Sav - iour's call, It..... is the Sav - iour's call;  
 'Tis His e - ter - nal word, 'Tis..... His e - ter - nal word;  
 Come, on His prom - ise rest, Come,... on His prom - ise rest,  
 And cleansed from ev - 'ry sin, And.....cleansed from ev - 'ry sin.

*mf dolce.* *Espressivo.* *mf poco a poco cres.* *f* *rall.*

Ap - pear - ing in the skies, He sent the mes - sage we de -  
 The an - cient path pur - sue. The prom - ised bless - ings now se -  
 He will as - suage your grief; He'll send His Spir - it from on  
 En - joy the prom - ised grace; The cov - 'nant stands for - ev - er

1. Ap - pear - ing in the skies, He sent..... the mes - sage

# Repent Ye Gentiles All.

*ten.* *a tempo.* *f* *Allar.* *ff* *ten.*

clare, His sec - ond com - ing to pre - pare.  
cure. The Spir - it's seal, the wit - ness sure.  
high, When with the Gos - pel you com - ply.  
sure To all who to the end en - dure.

## No. 365. Nearer, My God to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

(6's & 4's.)

Dr. Lowell Mason.

(♩ = 84.)

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it  
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou  
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me: Still all my song shall be,  
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be  
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me  
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

# No. 366. Should You Feel Inclined to Censure.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 54.)

(8's & 7's)

George H. Durham.

*With great depth of feeling.*

*mp* *cres.* *mf* *f*

1. Should you feel in - clined to cen - sure Faults you may in  
2. Do not, then, in i - dle pleas - ure, Tri - fle with a

*mp* *Espressivo.* *cres.*

oth - ers view, Ask your own heart, ere you ven - ture. If that  
brother's fame, Guard it as a val - ued treas - ure, Sa - cred

*molto rall.* *f* *a tempo.* *mf*

has not fail - ings too. Let not friend - ly vows be  
as your own good name. Do not form o - pin - ions

Let not friend - - ly vows be  
Do not form o - pin - ions

*molto cres. e rit.* *ff* *ten.* *a tempo.* *mp*

bro - ken; Rath - er strive..... a friend to gain; Many a  
blind - ly; Has - ti - ness..... to troub - le tends, Those of

## Should You Feel Inclined to Censure.

*Dolce. cres.* — *mf* — *molto cres.* *rall. Espressivo.* *f*



word in an - ger spo - ken Finds its pas - sage home a - gain.  
whom we thought un - kind - ly, Oft be - come our warm - est friends.

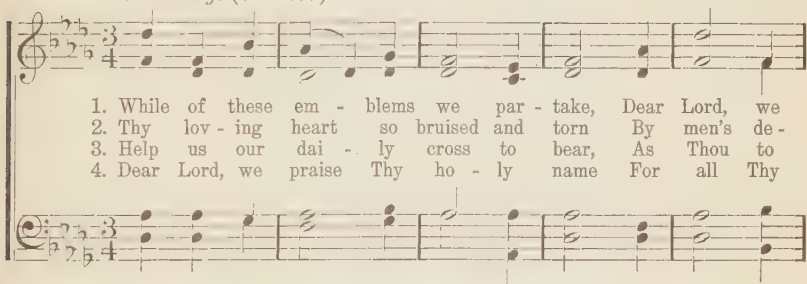
## No. 367. While of These Emblems We Partake.

Ida H. White.

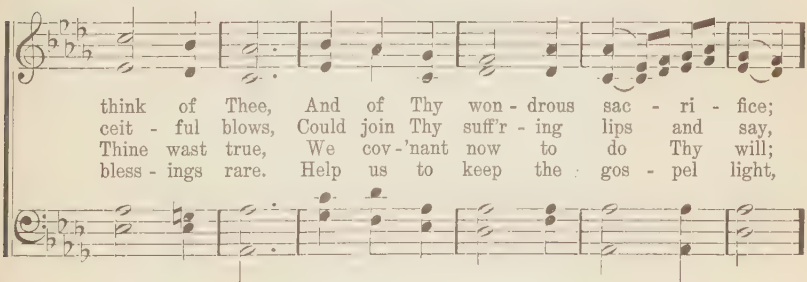
(C. M.)

Ida H. White.

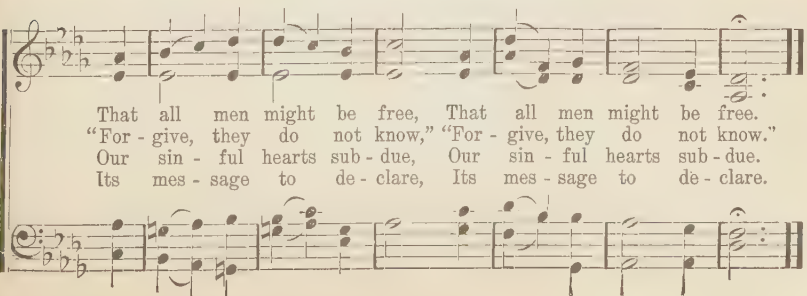
*Reverently.* (♩ = 66.)



1. While of these em - blems we par - take, Dear Lord, we  
2. Thy lov - ing heart so bruised and torn By men's de -  
3. Help us our dai - ly cross to bear, As Thou to  
4. Dear Lord, we praise Thy ho - ly name For all Thy



think of Thee, And of Thy won - drous sac - ri - fice;  
ceit - ful blows, Could join Thy suff'r - ing lips and say,  
Thine wast true, We cov - nant now to do Thy will;  
bless - ings rare. Help us to keep the gos - pel light,



That all men might be free, That all men might be free.  
"For - give, they do not know," "For - give, they do not know."  
Our sin - ful hearts sub - due, Our sin - ful hearts sub - due.  
Its mes - sage to de - clare, Its mes - sage to de - clare.

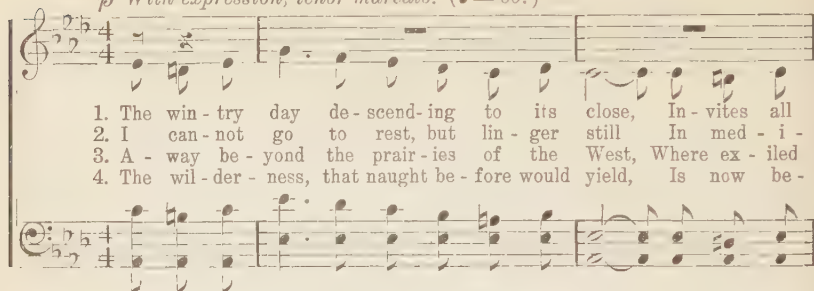
# No. 368. The Wintry Day, Descending to Its Close.

Orson F. Whitney.

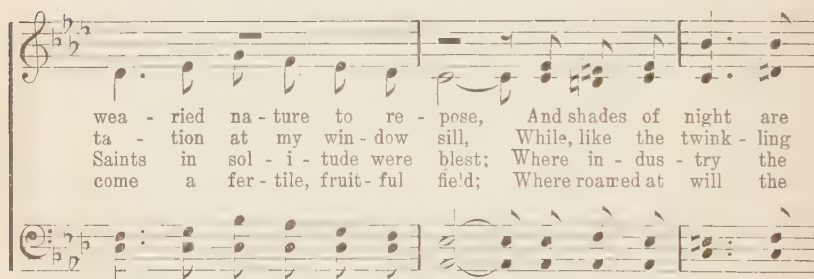
(8-10's.)

Edward P. Kimball.

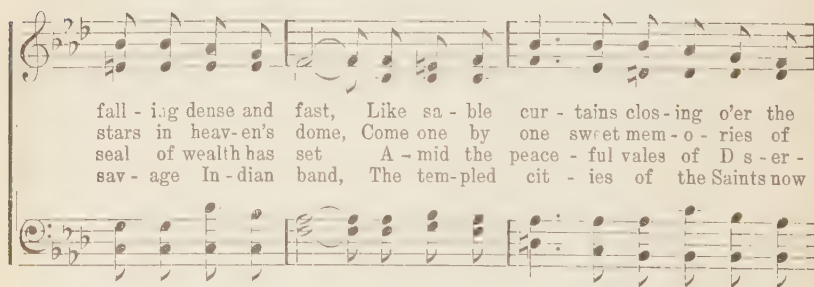
*p* With expression, tenor marcato. (♩ = 60.)



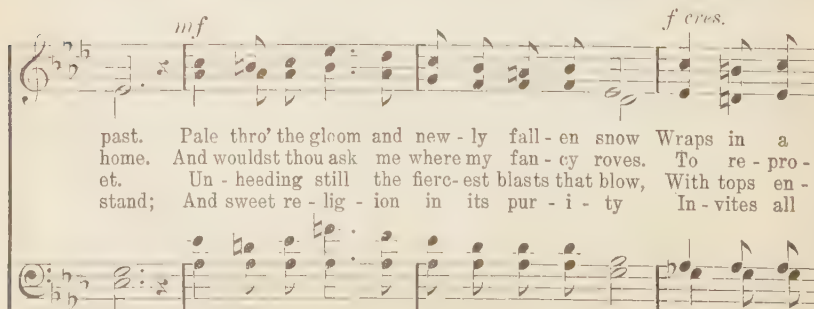
1. The win - try day de - scend - ing to its close, In - vites all  
 2. I can - not go to rest, but lin - ger still In med - i -  
 3. A - way be - yond the prair - ies of the West, Where ex - iled  
 4. The wil - der - ness, that naught be - fore would yield, Is now be -



wea - ried na - ture to re - pose, And shades of night are  
 ta - tion at my win - dow sill, While, like the twink - ling  
 Saints in sol - i - tude were blest; Where in - dus - try the  
 come a fer - tile, fruit - ful field; Where roared at will the



fall - ing dense and fast, Like sa - ble cur - tains clos - ing o'er the  
 stars in heav - en's dome, Come one by one sweet mem - o - ries of  
 seal of wealth has set A - mid the peace - ful vales of D s - er -  
 sav - age In - dian band, The tem - pled cit - ies of the Saints now

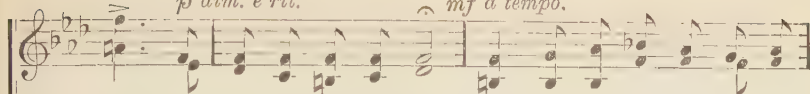


past. Pale thro' the gloom and new - ly fall - en snow Wraps in a  
 home. And wouldst thou ask me where my fan - cy roves. To re - pro -  
 et. Un - heeding still the fier - est blasts that blow, With tops en -  
 stand; And sweet re - lig - ion in its pur - i - ty In - vites all

## The Wintry Day, Descending to Its Close.

*p dim. e rit.*

*mf a tempo.*



shroud the si - lent earth be - low, As tho' 'twere Mer - cy's hand had  
duce the hap - py scenes it loves? Where hope and mem - o - ry to -  
crust - ed by e - ter - nal snow, The tow - ring peaks that shield the  
men to its se - cur - i - ty. There is my home, the spot I



*rit.*

*rall. molto.*



spread the pall, A sym - bol of for - give - ness un - to all.  
geth - er dwell, And paint the pic - tured beau - ties that I tell?  
ten - der sod, Stand, types of free - dom, reared by Na - ture's God.  
love so well, Whose worth and beau - ty pen nor tongue can tell.



## No. 369. Bring, Heavy Heart, Your Grief To Me.

Herbert Auerbach.

(L. M.)

Anthony C. Lund.

*Lento.* ( $\text{♩} = 66.$ )



1. Bring, heavy heart, your grief to me, When sorrow's cup is brimming o'er,
2. Bring, heavy heart, your grief to me, Tho' sore af - flict - ed in your need,
3. Bring, heavy heart, your grief to me, Tho' you la - ment in anguish deep,
4. Bring, heavy heart, your grief to me, My heart goes out to all bereaved,



To you who grieve dis - con - so - late, I give you so - lace ev - er - more.  
Tho' do your lips cry fal - tring - ly, Call but to me and I will heed.  
I give you com - fort in dis - tress, Con - fide, I dry the eyes that weep.  
My love is great for those that mourn, For I have sor - rowed, I have grieved.





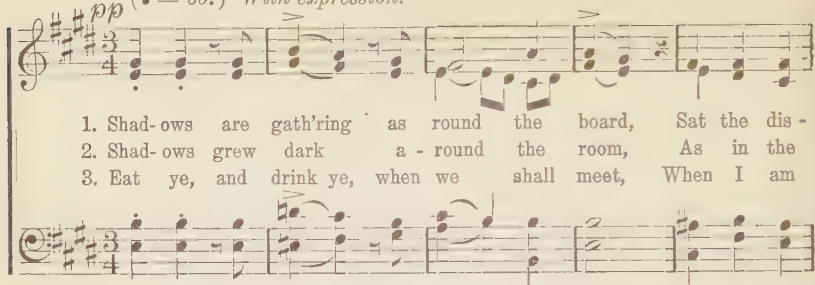
# No. 370. Shadows are Gathering as Round the Board.

Evan Stephens.

(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

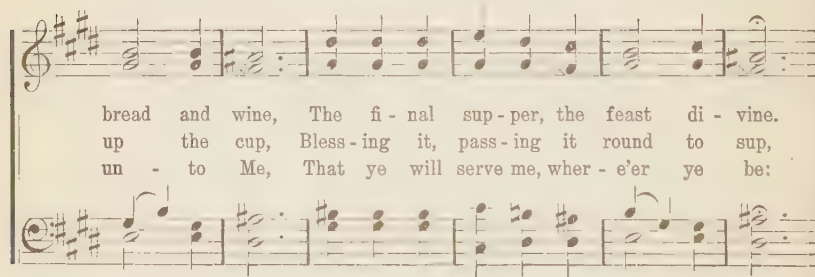
*pp* ( $\text{♩} = 60.$ ) *With expression.*



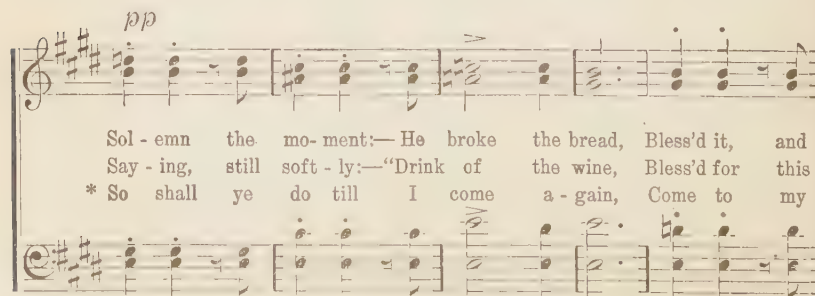
1. Shad-ows are gath'ring as round the board, Sat the dis -  
 2. Shad-ows grew dark a - round the room, As in the  
 3. Eat ye, and drink ye, when we shall meet, When I am



ci - ples with Christ, their Lord; There to par-take of the  
 sol - emn - ly si - lent gloom; They saw the Mas - ter take  
 gone, in re - mem-b'rance sweet, And as a cov - e - nant



bread and wine, The fi - nal sup - per, the feast di - vine.  
 up the cup, Bless - ing it, pass - ing it round to sup,  
 un - to Me, That ye will serve me, wher - e'er ye be:



Sol - emn the mo - ment:—He broke the bread, Bless'd it, and  
 Say - ing, still soft - ly:—"Drink of the wine, Bless'd for this  
 \* So shall ye do till I come a - gain, Come to my

\* Omit the Rests in this part of this stanza, singing three quarters instead.

## Shadows are Gathering as Round the Board.

*cres.*

ten - der - ly, soft - ly said, "Eat of my bod - y  
 sac - ra - ment all di - vine, Drink, 'tis My blood, shed for  
 faith - ful ones, come to reign; Con - quer - or o - ver

*rit.*

*dim.*

bro - ken for you, Eat as a cov - nant to serve Me a - new.  
 you and all, Who in My name shall the Fa - ther call."  
 death and hell, Ev - er and ev - er with you to dwell.

## No. 371. O Lord, Responsive to Thy Call.

John Lyon.

(P. M.)

William Boyce.

(♩ = 50.)

1. O Lord, re - spon - sive to Thy call, In life or death what e'er be - fall,  
 2. Tho' life be short and tri - als seem To dark - en its pro - tract - ed gleam,  
 3. Death may dis - tract our pres - ent joy, And all our brightest hopes de - stroy,  
 4. O let Thy Spir - it with us dwell, That we in fu - ture worlds may tell,

Our hopes for bliss on Thee de - pend, Thou art our ev - er - last - ing Friend.  
 Tho' friends forsake and foes con - tend, Thou art our ev - er - last - ing Friend.  
 Yet these will in the fu - ture tend To prove Thee still our faithful Friend.  
 How we o'ercame, and, in the end, Made Thee our ev - er - last - ing Friend.

# No. 372. Dark the Battle Clouds are Closing.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8's & 7's.)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*Animato maestoso.* ( $\text{♩} = 84.$ )



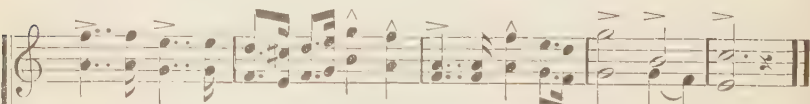
1. Dark the bat - tle clouds are clos - ing Round the chos - en ranks of God;
2. Pray'rs of mil - lions, watch - ing, wait - ing, Nerve our bat - tle - wea - ried arms;
3. Fet - ters—dungeons—shall they frighten Men whom demons must o - bey?



Might - y ones, their cour - age los - ing, Kneel and kiss the ty - rant's rod.  
Pow'rs e - ter - nal o'er us fight - ing Quell the foe - man's fierce a - larms.  
Walls shall burst, and shackles brighten In - to scept - ers at that day.



Sons of Is - rael! Heirs of glo - ry! Is it now ye quake and quail?  
On - ward, sons of faith, nor fal - ter, With the glo - rious goal in view!  
Hark! the trum - pet. He - roes ral - ly! Sounds the war cry of the free;



Read a - gain your lin - eal sto - ry:—Die ye may, but dare not fail.  
Tho' your life - blood dye the al - tar, What are life and death to you?  
Lo! they swarm from hill and val - ley, Loy - al sons of lib - er - ty.



# Dark the Battle Clouds are Closing.

4 See! they raise the starry standard,  
Long by traitors trampled low,  
Valor wronged and virtue slandered  
Fall upon the cowering foe.  
As the melting snow, mad pouring  
Down the mountain side, they flee;  
Fire from heaven their ranks devouring—  
Shout! for God and victory!

5 Lo! from out the clouds descending,  
Now the conquering host appears—  
King Immanuel, earthward wending,  
Here to reign a thousand years.  
Lo! from out the clouds descending,  
Now the conquering host appears—  
King Immanuel, earthward wending,  
Here to reign a thousand years.

## No. 373. Once More We Come Before Our God.

Lyte.

(C. M.)

Geo. Careless.

*Andante.* (♩ = 72.)



1. Once more we come be - fore our God—Once more His  
2. May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an  
3. A - wake, O heaven - ly wind, a - wake! Re - fresh - ing  
4. Re - vive the parch'd with soft - 'ning show'rs, The cold with



bless - ing ask: O may not du - ty seem a load,  
hon - est heart; And keep the sa - cred treas - ure there,  
breez - es, blow; Let ev - 'ry plant Thy pow'r par - take,  
warmth di - vine; The ben - e - fit shall all be ours,



Nor wor - ship prove a task, Nor wor - ship prove a task.  
Nor ev - er with it part, Nor ev - er with it part.  
And all the gar - den grow, And all the gar - den grow.  
And all the glo - ry Thine, And all the glo - ry Thine.



# No. 374. Again Our Dear Redeeming Lord.

Theodore E. Curtis.

(L. M.)

Alfred M. Durham.

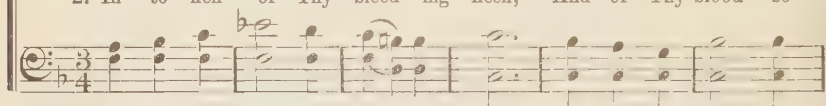
*Andante, with feeling.* (♩ = 84)

*mp*

*m*

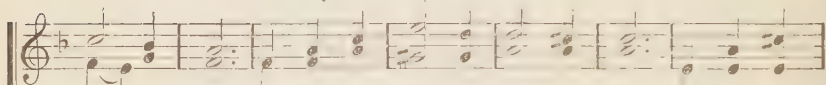


1. A - gain, our dear re - deem - ing Lord, We meet in Thy be -  
2. In to - ken of Thy bleed - ing flesh, And of Thy blood so

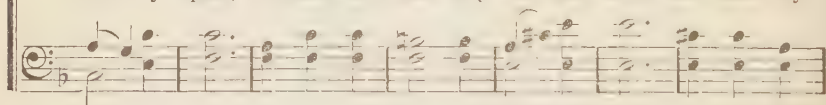


*cres.*

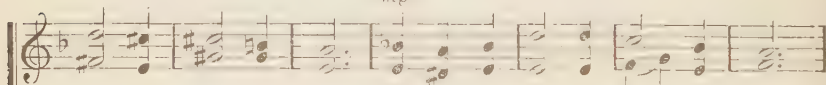
*mf*



lov - ed name, While from the foun - tains of Thy love, Thy spir - it  
free - ly spent, We meet a - round Thy ta - ble now And take Thy



*mp*



kin - dles like a flame. For all the an - guish of Thy soul,  
Ho - ly Sac - ra - ment. We seek Thy par - don dear - est Lord,



*cres.*

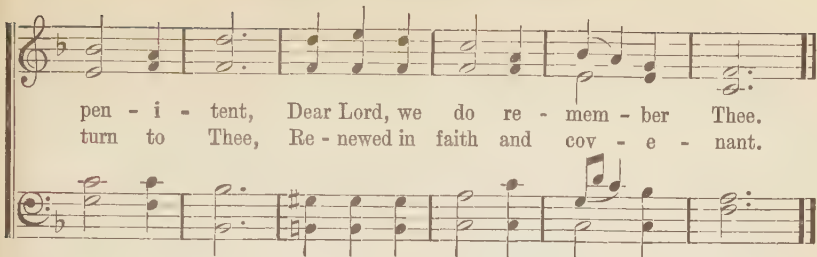
*mf*



For Thy great gift so full and free, With grateful hearts all  
And may Thy fa - vor, too, be sent, While in our hearts we



# Again Our Redeeming Lord.



pen - i - tent, Dear Lord, we do re - mem - ber Thee.  
turn to Thee, Re - newed in faith and cov - e - nant.

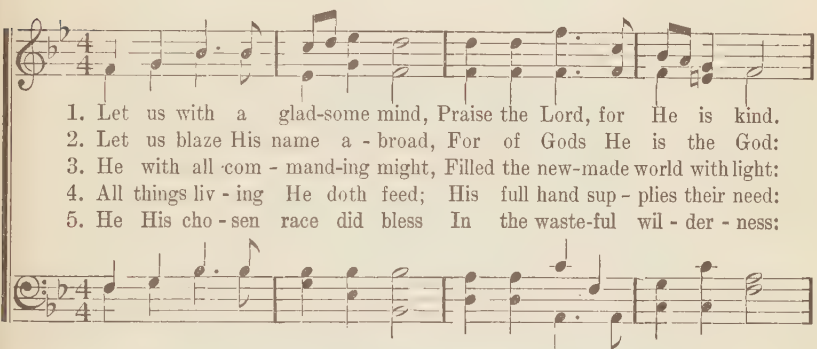
## No. 375. Let Us With a Gladsome Mind.

Milton.

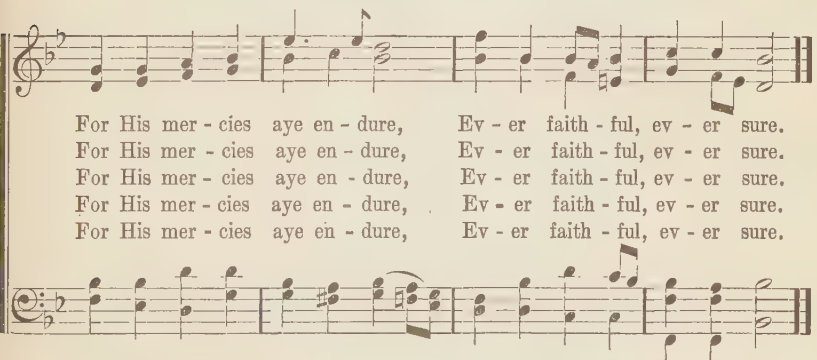
(♩ = 76.)

(7's.)

Arthur Shepherd.



1. Let us with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind.  
2. Let us blaze His name a - broad, For of Gods He is the God:  
3. He with all com - mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light:  
4. All things liv - ing He doth feed; His full hand sup - plies their need:  
5. He His cho - sen race did bless In the waste-ful wil - der - ness:



For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.  
For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.  
For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.  
For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.  
For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

6 He hath with His piteous eye  
Looked upon our misery:  
For His mercies aye endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth:  
For His mercies aye endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.



# No. 376. O Wouldst Thou From Bondage.

Charles W. Penrose.

(P. M.)

"The Dismal Swamp."

(♩ = 52.)

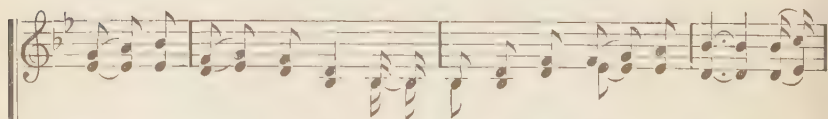
Arr. B. Cecil Gates.



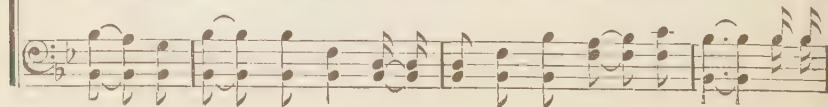
1. O. wouldst thou from bondage and strife be free And dwell in a hap-pi - er
2. Then hasten a-way with a fear-less breast And fol-low the course of the
3. Then on to the plains through the waving grass, Where the red man roams in his
4. Then down to the cit - y spread out be - low, Where the glistening streamlets
5. Oh, this is the place where the poor may stand Un-shackled in limb or



clime? Then a - way o'er the breast of the beau-ti - ful sea, The storm spirit's  
sun; But when you land in the might - y West, Oh tar - ry not  
pride; O'er the sand - y hill and the rock - y pass, By the rushing  
glide; Through the spacious streets where the shade trees grow, And the gardened  
soul, And dil - i - gence grasp in its strong right hand, The wealth it has



breath shall be gentle on thee, When he rides in his wrath sub - lime. A -  
there nor pause to rest, Till the prize you are seeking is won. For the  
stream and the crumb-ling mass, And the heights which Old Time has de-fied. Press  
dwellings and or-chards show Where the children of free-dom a - bide. A -  
wrong from the toil-bought land, Nor yield to a tyrant's con - trol. Then



## O Would'st Thou From Bondage.



way though the threat'ning bil - lows rise, And the thunder-browed clouds look  
boast - ed "Shrine of Lib - er - ty" Holds naught but her tat - tered  
on till the peace - ful val - leys lie At your feet, in their love - li-  
bun - dant gifts to la - bor, there, The ran - somed wil - der - ness  
haste to the valleys of Des - er - et, While the dying world goes to its



down, Je - ho - vah con - trols the seas and the skies, He  
dress, To the moun - tain val - leys she had to flee; Her  
ness, And the grand old moun - tains rise on high, 7  
yields, And the sun - beams smile with a beau - ty rare, In the  
grave, There the stars of vir - tue and peace have met With



speaks and the death laden tem-pest dies, And the el-e-ments cease to frown.  
home is there and she calls on thee To come thro' the wil - der - ness.  
Pointing a - bove to the cloud-less sky; Blue, gentle and fath - om-less.  
smoke - less breath of the moun-tain air, And shimmer in grass - y fields.  
truth and lib - er - ty, never to set, The glory and light of the brave!



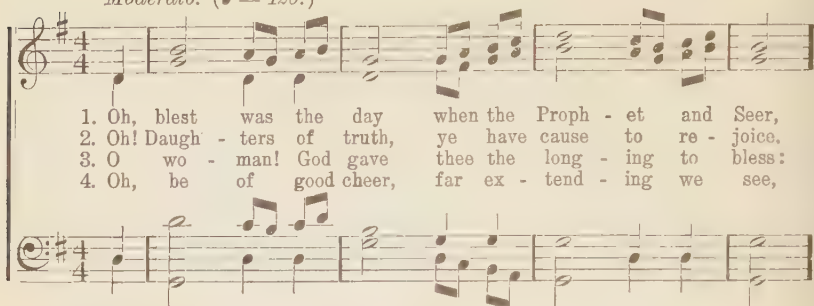
# No. 377. Oh, Blest was the Day When the Prophet and Seer.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

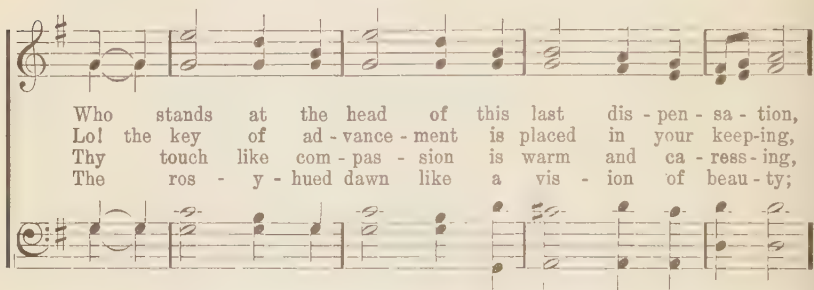
(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 120.)



1. Oh, blest was the day when the Proph - et and Seer,  
 2. Oh! Daugh - ters of truth, ye have cause to re - joice.  
 3. O wo - man! God gave thee the long - ing to bless:  
 4. Oh, be of good cheer, far ex - tend - ing we see,



Who stands at the head of this last dis - pen - sa - tion,  
 Lo! the key of ad - vance - ment is placed in your keep - ing,  
 Thy touch like com - pas - sion is warm and ca - ress - ing,  
 The ros - y - hued dawn like a vis - ion of beau - ty;



In - spired from a - bove by "the Fa - ther" of Love,  
 To help with your might what - so - ev - er is right,  
 There's pow'r in thy weak - ness to soft - en dis - tress,  
 Its glo - ry and light can in - ter - pre - ted be;



Form'd the Daugh - ters of Zi - on's great or - gan - i - za - tion.  
 To glad - den their hearts who are wea - ry of weep - ing,  
 To bright - en the gloom and the dark - ness de - press - ing;  
 Go on in the path - way of love and of du - ty!

# Oh, Blest was the Day When the Prophet and Seer.



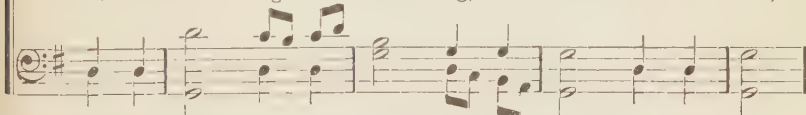
Its pur - pose, in - deed, is to com - fort and feed  
By com-mand-ment di - vine, Zi - on's daugh - ters must shine,  
And not in the rear, hence, need wo - man ap - pear;  
The brave, earn - est soul will ar - rive at its goal.



The hon - est and poor in dis - tress and in need.  
And all of the sex, e'en as one, should com - bine;  
Her star is as - cend - ing, her ze - nith is near.  
True he - roes are crowned as the a - ges un - roll;



Oh, the Daugh - ters of Zi - on, the friends of the poor,  
For a one - ness of ac - tion suc - cess will en - sure,  
Like an an - gel of mer - cy, she'll stand in the van,  
There is bless - ing in bless - ing, ad - mit it we must,



*Cho.*—Oh, the Daugh - ters of Zi - on, the friends of the poor,

*D. S. for Cho.*



Should be pat - terns of faith, hope and char - i - ty, pure.  
In re - sist - ing the wrongs that 'tis wrong to en - dure.  
The joy of the world, and the glo - ry of man.  
And there's hon - or in help - ing a cause that is just.



Should be pat - terns of faith, hope and char - i - ty, pure.

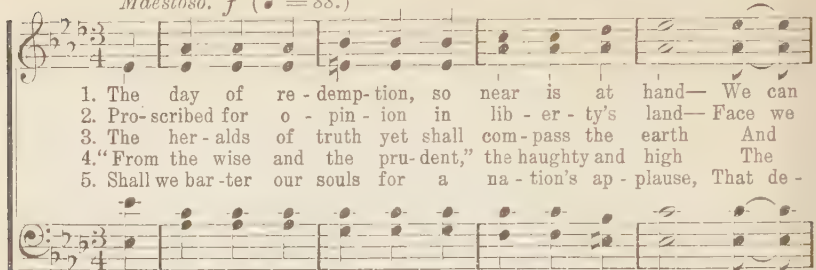
# No. 378. The Day of Redemption, So Near is at Hand.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

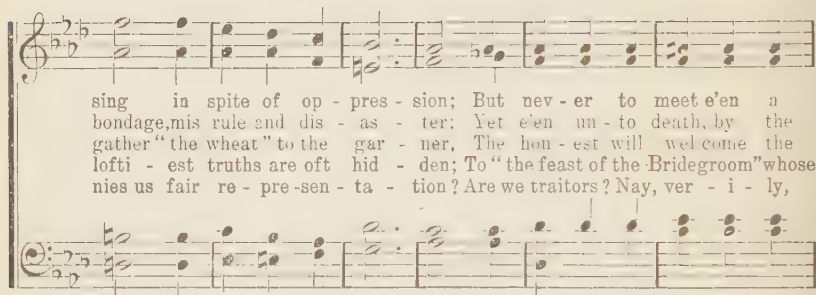
(P. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

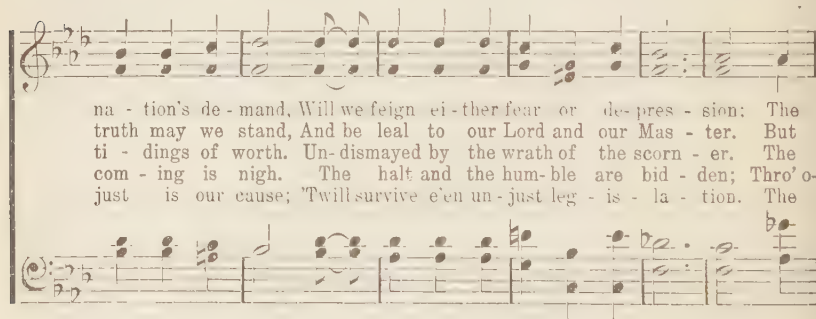
*Maestoso. f* ( $\bullet = 88$ .)



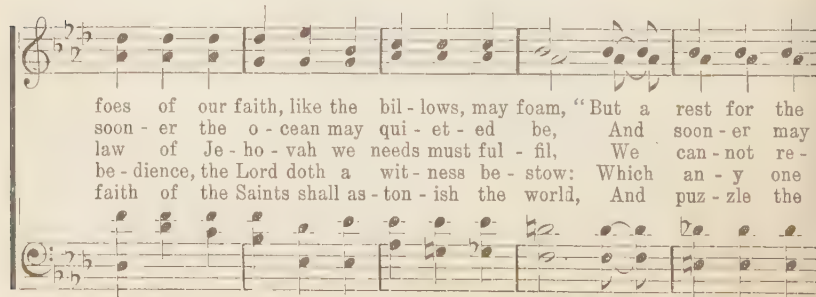
1. The day of re - demp - tion, so near is at hand— We can  
 2. Pro - scribed for o - pin - ion in lib - er - ty's land— Face we  
 3. The her - als of truth yet shall com - pass the earth And  
 4. "From the wise and the pru - dent," the haughty and high The  
 5. Shall we bar - ter our souls for a na - tion's ap - plause, That de -



sing in spite of op - pres - sion; But nev - er to meet e'en a  
 bondage, mis rule and dis - as - ter; Yet e'en un - to death, by the  
 gather "the wheat" to the gar - ner, The hon - est will wel - come the  
 lofti - est truths are oft hid - den; To "the feast of the Bridegroom" whose  
 nies us fair re - pre - sen - ta - tion? Are we traitors? Nay, ver - i - ly,



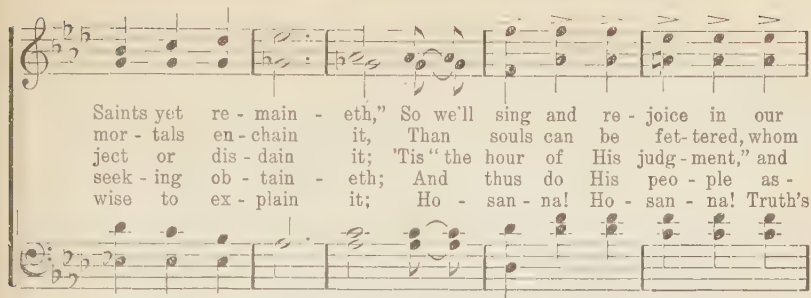
na - tion's de - mand, Will we feign ei - ther fear or de - pres - sion; The  
 truth may we stand, And be leal to our Lord and our Mas - ter. But  
 ti - dings of worth. Un - dismayed by the wrath of the scorn - er. The  
 com - ing is nigh. The halt and the hum - ble are bid - den; Thro' o -  
 just is our cause; 'Twill survive e'en un - just leg - is - la - tion. The



foes of our faith, like the bil - lows, may foam, "But a rest for the  
 soon - er the o - cean may qui - et - ed be, And soon - er may  
 law of Je - ho - vah we needs must ful - fil, We can - not re -  
 be - dience, the Lord doth a wit - ness be - stow: Which an - y one  
 faith of the Saints shall as - ton - ish the world, And puz - zle the

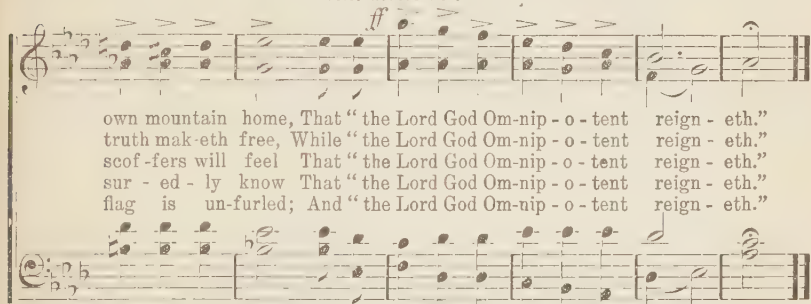


# The Day of Redemption, So Near is at Hand.



Saints yet re - main - eth," So we'll sing and re - joice in our  
 mor - tals en - chain it, Than souls can be fet - tered, whom  
 ject or dis - dain it; 'Tis "the hour of His judg - ment," and  
 seek - ing ob - tain - eth; And thus do His peo - ple as -  
 wise to ex - plain it; Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Truth's

*ten. molto rit.*



own mountain home, That "the Lord God Om-nip - o - tent reign - eth."  
 truth mak - eth free, While "the Lord God Om-nip - o - tent reign - eth."  
 scof - fers will feel That "the Lord God Om-nip - o - tent reign - eth."  
 sur - ed - ly know That "the Lord God Om-nip - o - tent reign - eth."  
 flag is un - furled; And "the Lord God Om-nip - o - tent reign - eth."

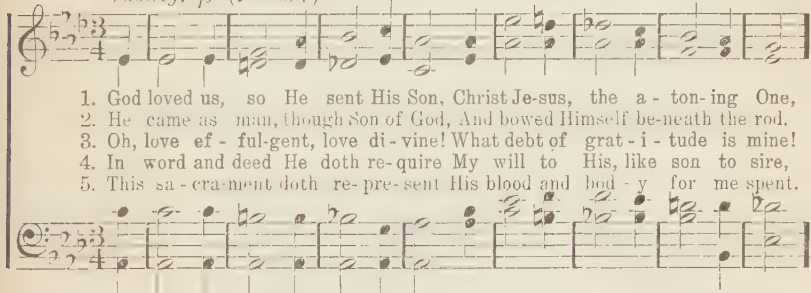
## No. 379. God Loved Us, So He Sent His Son.

Edward P. Kimball.

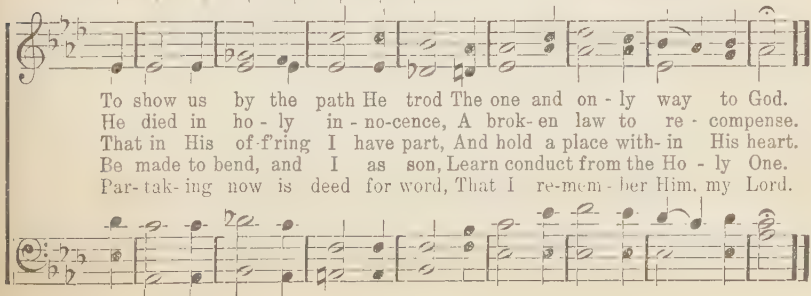
(L. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

*Slowly. p (♩ = 69.)*



1. God loved us, so He sent His Son, Christ Je - sus, the a - ton - ing One,  
 2. He came as man, though Son of God, And bowed Himself be - neath the rod.  
 3. Oh, love ef - ful - gent, love di - vine! What debt of grat - i - tude is mine!  
 4. In word and deed He doth re - quire My will to His, like son to sire,  
 5. This sa - cra - ment doth re - pre - sent His blood and bod - y for me spent.



To show us by the path He trod The one and on - ly way to God.  
 He died in ho - ly in - no - cence, A brok - en law to re - com - pense.  
 That in His off - ring I have part, And hold a place with - in His heart.  
 Be made to bend, and I as son, Learn conduct from the Ho - ly One.  
 Par - tak - ing now is deed for word, That I re - mem - ber Him, my Lord.



# No. 380. Father! Lead Me Out of Darkness.

John A. Widdsoe.

(8's & 7's. D.)

Evan Stephens.

*Andante, with simple earnestness. (♩ = 72.)*



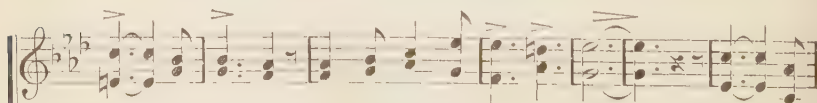
1. Fa - ther! lead me out of dark - ness By the Gos - pel's
2. Fa - ther! blind - ed by the earth - light Do I cry for
3. Fa - ther! bless Thy drift - ing chil - dren, They who see not
4. Fa - ther! all my heart I give Thee; All my serv - ice



ho - ly call.	Lead me in - to life e - ter - nal—
high - er aid.	All I know that Thou art Fa - ther,
with their eyes;	They who seek for truth un - chang - ing,
shall be Thine.	Guide me as I search in weak - ness,



Grant me read - y strength for all:	Sin - ful long - ing
In Thy hand my life is laid.	Great - er light I
Pass the source, yet do de - spise.	May all e - vil,
Let Thy liv - ing light be mine.	Hear me as I



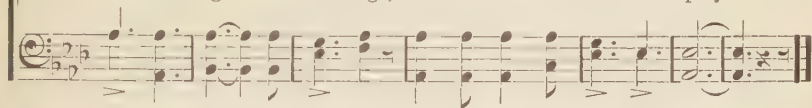
and life's tri - al	May they meet an ar - mored heart;	Let Thy
seek, my Fa - ther,	In the man - made cha - os here.	I will
fierce - ly rang - ing,	Lose its boast - ed pow'r on earth;	That the
pray in meek - ness,	Let my strength be as the day.	Give me



# Father! Take Me Out of Darkness.



prom-ise rest up-on me, So that mine, the bet-ter part.  
 meet the heat of bat-tle, But, oh, Fa-ther, be Thou near.  
 crea-ture rise not high-er Than the God who gave it birth.  
 faith: the great-er knowledge, Fa-ther! bless me as I pray.



## No. 381. The Quiet, Solemn Hour.

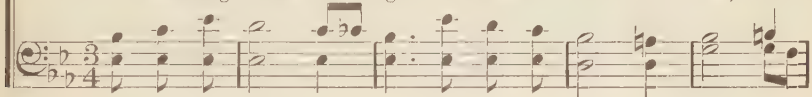
Evan Stephens.

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

Evan Stephens.



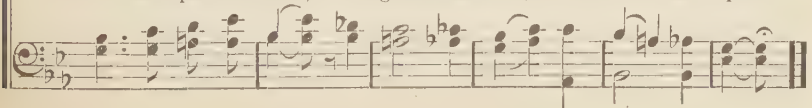
1. The qui-et, sol-emn hour Of our com-mun-ion sweet, Steals  
 2. The sa-cred pray'r and song, Fall sweet-ly on each heart; The  
 3. Our wand'ring tho'ts draw nigh The bless-ed One who died, De-



o'er us with its pow'r, As kneel-ing at His feet, We here do  
 sol-emn tones pro-long The bliss such hours im-part: The bless-ed  
 scend-ing from on high Here to be cru-ci-fied: To make the



cov-e-nant a-new, To serve Him and our faith re-new.  
 hour of Sac-ra-ment, That hal-lows all of pure in-tent.  
 sin-ner's par-don sure, He gave His life, a ran-som pure.



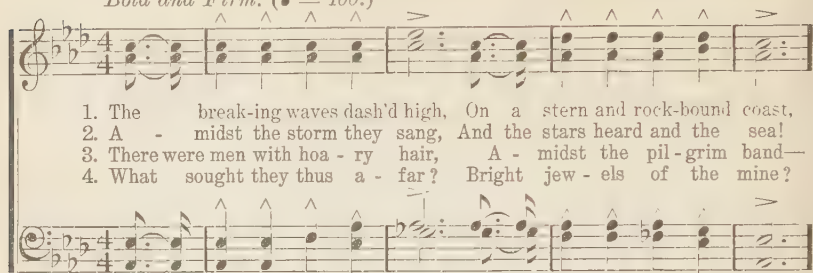
# No. 382. The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

Felicia Hemans.

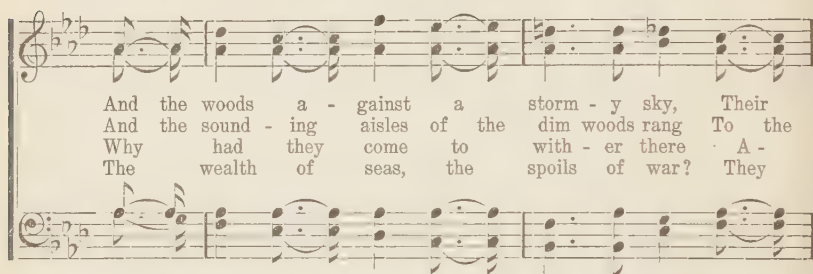
(For Male Voices.)

Evan Stephens.

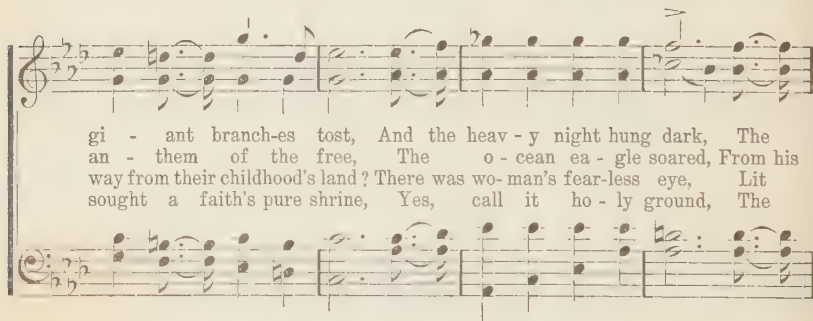
*Bold and Firm.* (♩ = 100.)



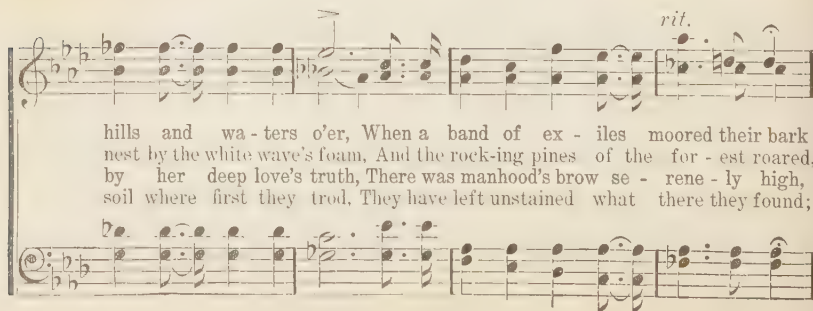
1. The break-ing waves dash'd high, On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
 2. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard and the sea!  
 3. There were men with ho - ry hair, A - midst the pil-grim band—  
 4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?



And the woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their  
 And the sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the  
 Why had they come to with - er there A -  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They



gi - ant branch-es tost, And the heav - y night hung dark, The  
 an - them of the free, The o - cean ea - gle soared, From his  
 way from their childhood's land? There was wo-man's fear-less eye, Lit  
 sought a faith's pure shrine, Yes, call it ho - ly ground, The



hills and wa - ters o'er, When a band of ex - iles moored their bark  
 nest by the white wave's foam, And the rock-ing pines of the for - est roared,  
 by her deep love's truth, There was manhood's brow se - rene - ly high,  
 soil where first they trod, They have left unstained what there they found;

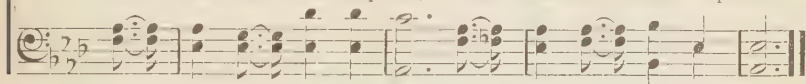
# The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

*a tempo.*

*poco rit.*



On the wild New Eng-land shore, On the wild New Eng-land shore.  
And this was their wel-come home, And this was their wel-come home!  
And the fi-er-y heart of youth, And the fi-er-y heart of youth.  
The free-dom to wor-ship God, The free-dom to wor-ship God!



## No. 383. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

John Newton.

(8's & 7's.)

J. S. Haney.

(♩ = 64.)



1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!
2. On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose?
3. See! the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from ce-les-tial love,
4. Who can faint, while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'as-suage?



He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Chose thee for His own a-bode.  
With sal-va-tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.  
Well sup-ply the sons and daughters, And all fear of drought remove.  
Grace, which like the Lord the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.



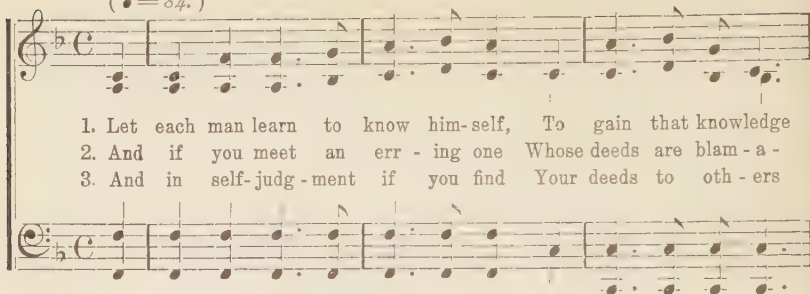
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Round each habitation hov'ring,<br/>See the cloud and fire appear,<br/>For a glory and a cov'ring,<br/>Showing that the Lord is near.</p> <p>6 Thus deriving from their banner<br/>Light by night and shade by day,<br/>Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit,<br/>Which He gives them when they pray.</p> <p>7 Best inhabitants of Zion,<br/>Purchased by the Saviour's blood;<br/>Jesus, whom their souls rely on,<br/>Makes them Kings and Priests to God.</p> | <p>8 While in love His Saints He raises,<br/>With Himself to reign as King;<br/>All, as Priests, His solemn praises<br/>For thank-off'rings freely bring.</p> <p>9 Saviour, since of Zion's city<br/>I through grace a member am,<br/>Though the world despise and pity,<br/>I will glory in Thy name.</p> <p>10 Fading are all worldly treasures,<br/>With their boasted pomp and show;<br/>Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,<br/>None but Zion's children know.</p> |
|--|--|

# No. 384. Let Each Man Learn to Know Himself.

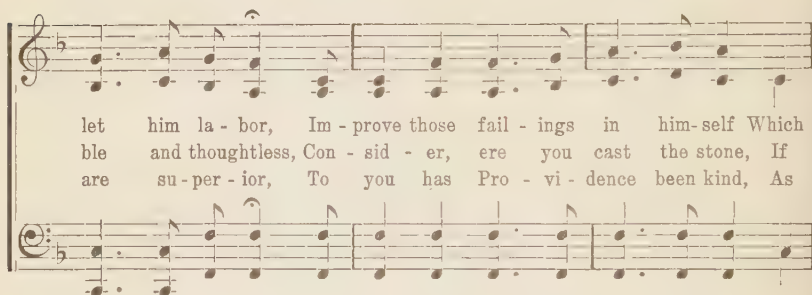
SOLO OR DUET.

( P. M. )

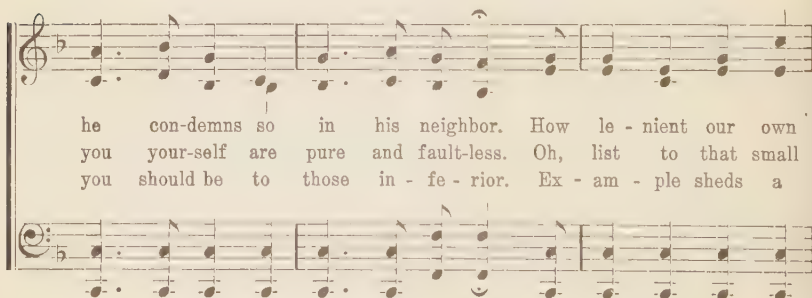
( ♩ = 84. )



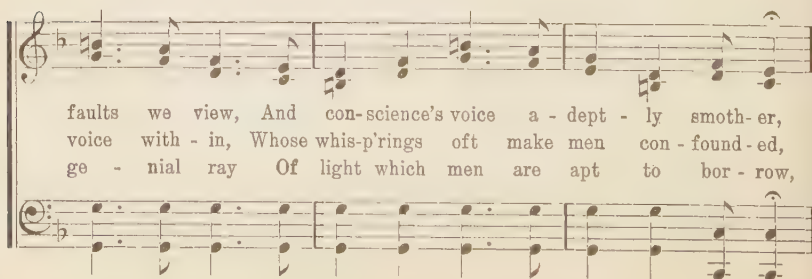
1. Let each man learn to know him-self, To gain that knowledge  
 2. And if you meet an err - ing one Whose deeds are blam - a -  
 3. And in self-judg - ment if you find Your deeds to oth - ers



let him la - bor, Im - prove those fail - ings in him-self Which  
 ble and thoughtless, Con - sid - er, ere you cast the stone, If  
 are su - per - ior, To you has Pro - vi - dence been kind, As

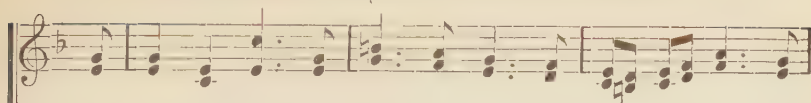


he con-demns so in his neighbor. How le - nient our own  
 you your-self are pure and fault-less. Oh, list to that small  
 you should be to those in - fe - rior. Ex - am - ple sheds a



faults we view, And con-science's voice a - dept - ly smoth - er,  
 voice with - in, Whose whis-p'rings oft make men con - found - ed,  
 ge - nial ray Of light which men are apt to bor - row,

# Let Each Man Learn to Know Himself.



Yet, oh, how harsh - ly we re - view The self - same fail - ings  
And trum - pet not an - oth - er's sin, You'd blush deep if your  
So first im - prove your - self to - day And then im - prove your



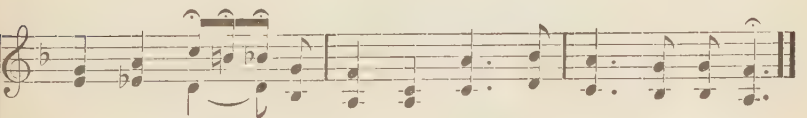
## REFRAIN.



in an - oth - er!  
own were sound - ed. } Let each man learn to know him - self, To  
friends to - mor - row. }



gain that knowledge let him la - bor, Im - prove those fail - ings



in him - self, Which he con - demns so in his neigh - bor.





# No. 385. Enthroned Upon the Verdure-Covered Hills.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8-10's.)

Evan Stephens.

*Tenderly.* (♩ = 66.)

1. En - throned up - on the ver - dure - cov - ered hills,  
4. Fair Shi - ne - hah! thy land so des - o - late—

*D.C.* 3. O Time, how well thy won - der - work - ing power  
*D.C.* 6. The wrecks that strew the sur - face of the ground,

✕ Kissed by the dew's that feed her gush - ing rills,  
A wound - ed bird de - sert - ed by its mate,

Hath wrought the chan - ges of the pass - ing hour!  
In pic - tur - esque pro - fus - ion wide a - round—

✕ Wooed by the waves a - far on E - rie's strand,  
The plum - age from its bleed - ing bod - y torn—

How ill this droop - ing pic - ture, lone and seer,  
And sad yet watch - ful guards the crum - bling stones,

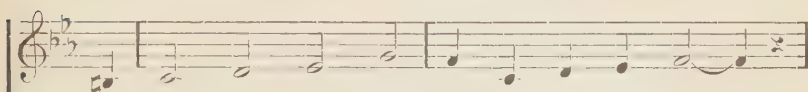
*rit.* FINE.  
Is Shi - ne - hah, the fair and fa - vored land.  
A pic - ture is of lone - li - ness for - lorn.

De - clares the bright - er past that once was here.  
The mourn - ful rel - ics of thy might - y ones.

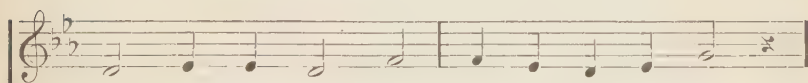
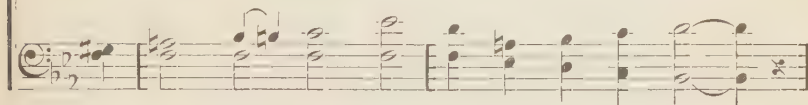
# Enthroned Upon the Verdure-Covered Hills.



2. The cra - dle of a King - dom thou hast been,  
5. Thy Tem - ple, once the glo - ry and the pride



The rise of Zi - on's glo - ry thou hast seen,  
Of sons and daugh - ters nur - tured at thy side,



A Pen - te - cost, a Proph - et to thee sent,  
In sol - emn dig - ni - ty up - rears its head,



*D.C.*

And la - ter still, a peo - ple's ban - ish - ment!  
As loath to join the dy - ing and the dead.—



# No. 386. Sacred the Place of Prayer and Song.

Evan Stephens.

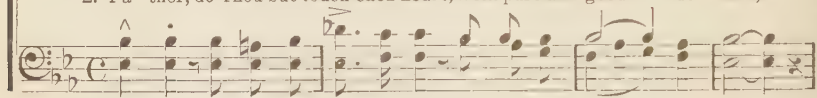
(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

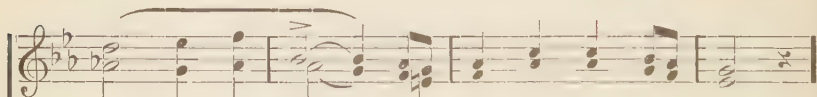
*Moderato largo.* (♩ = 60.)



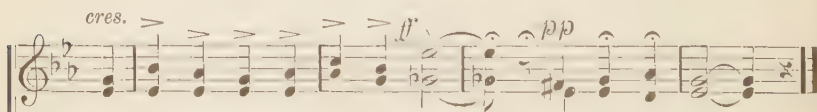
1. Sa - cred the place of pray'r and song, The house of sac - ra - ment;
2. Fa - ther, do Thou but touch each heart, With pure and good de - sire,



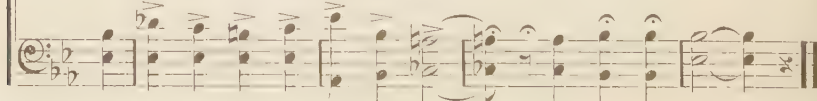
How sweet to view the peaceful throng, So si - lent and con - tent.  
Free - ly do Thou to us im-part, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's Lire.



Each come to taste the pow - er from a - bove,  
Then shall we know our sins have been for - giv'n,



The in - spi - ra - tion and the glow Of Ho - ly Love.  
The cov - e - nants we make with Thee, Are seal'd in heav'n.



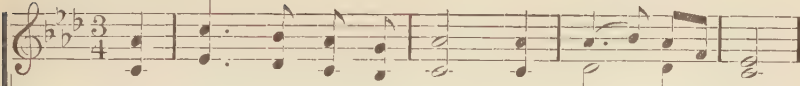
**SUGGESTION:** As the Hymn is short, the music might first be played through, followed by one verse sung. The second stanza then being sung while passing the water. Then if time demands the music might be played again as a Postlude, diminishing to *pp* at the close.

Annie S. Hawkes.

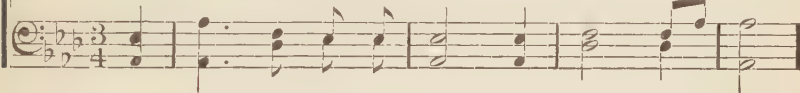
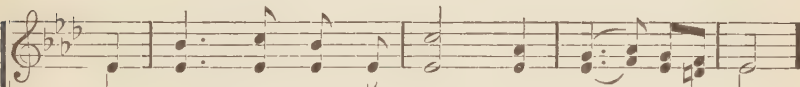
(6's &amp; 4's.)

Robert Lowry.


(♩ = 60.)



1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by;  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most ho - ly One;


No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
 O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!




## REFRAIN.



I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee!

O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee!



# No. 388. Oh, that My Soul in Joy Might Meet.

M. M. Johnson.

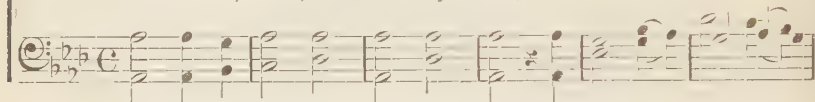
(8's & 6's & 8's.)

Geo. Careless.

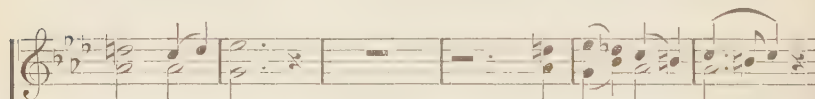
(♩ = 84.)



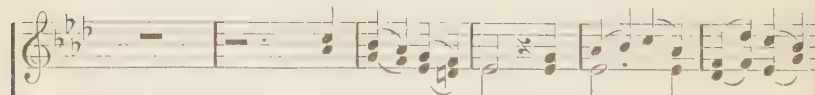
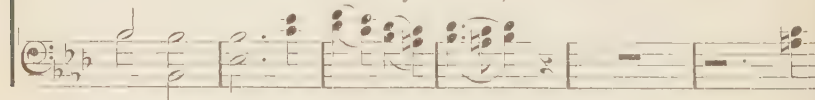
1. Oh, that my soul in joy might meet My lov'd Re - deem-er's
2. Oh, that my soul might learn to live The laws that are most
3. O teach me, Lord, with - in my heart, The law that leads to



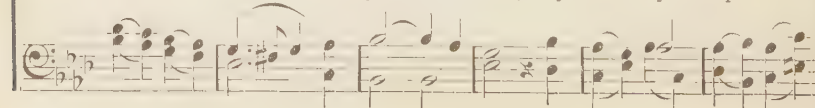
face, In bless - ed con - fi - dence might greet The throne of  
high, Learn sweet - ly, meek - ly to for - give And grand - ly  
Thee; And give me pow'r to choose the part That leaves the



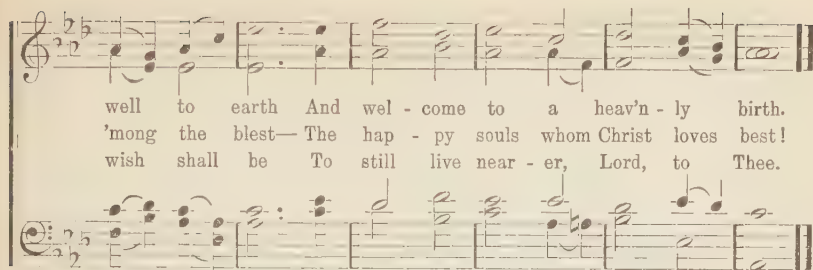
heav'n - ly grace! That, as my soul as - cends on high, The  
how to die! And with its last fare - well to earth, A  
soul most free. To Thee my dimmed, blurred life would rise To



hap - py pae - ans of the sky Might ring a glad fare -  
gem of bright ce - les - tial worth, 'Twould find its man - sions  
pur - er realms be - yond the skies; My ev - 'ry hope and



# Oh, that My Soul in Joy Might Meet.



well to earth And wel - come to a heav'n - ly birth.  
'mong the blest—The hap - py souls whom Christ loves best!  
wish shall be To still live near - er, Lord, to Thee.

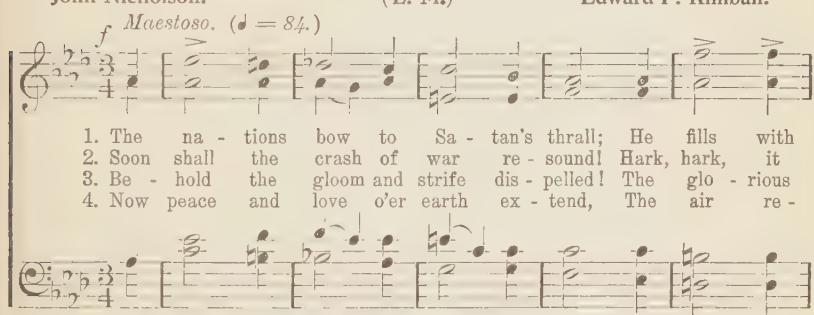
## No. 389. The Nations Bow to Satan's Thrall.

John Nicholson.

(L. M.)

Edward P. Kimball.

*f* *Maestoso.* ( $\text{♩} = 84.$ )



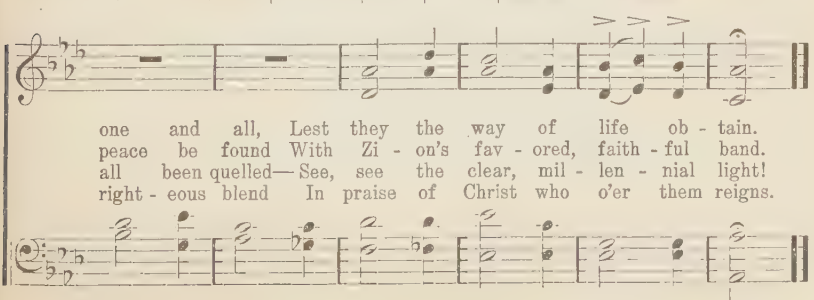
1. The na - tions bow to Sa - tan's thrall; He fills with  
2. Soon shall the crash of war re - sound! Hark, hark, it  
3. Be - hold the gloom and strife dis - pelled! The glo - rious  
4. Now peace and love o'er earth ex - tend, The air re -

*rit.*



strife the souls of men; He seeks to blind them  
spreads from land to land! A - lone on earth can  
day suc - ceeds the night, And Sa - tan's pow'rs have  
sounds with sweet re - frains; The voic - es of the

*f* *a tempo.*



one and all, Lest they the way of life ob - tain.  
peace be found With Zi - on's fav - ored, faith - ful band.  
all been quelled—See, see the clear, mil - len - nial light!  
right - eous blend In praise of Christ who o'er them reigns.



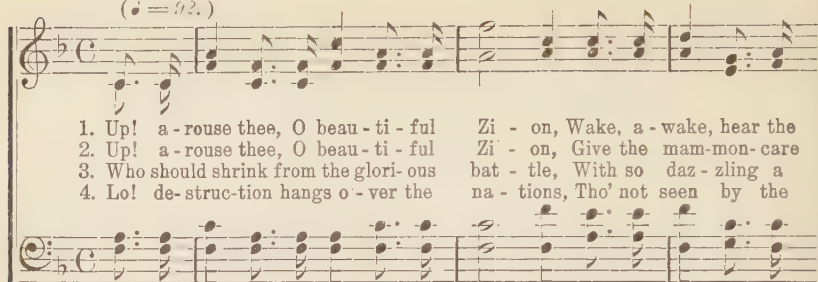
# No. 390. Up! Arouse Thee, O Beautiful Zion.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

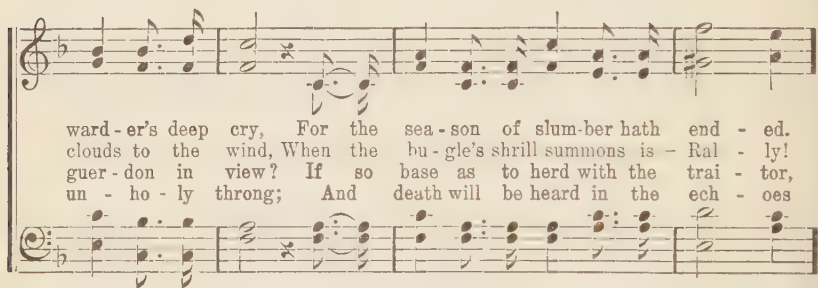
( P. M. )

Geo. Careless.

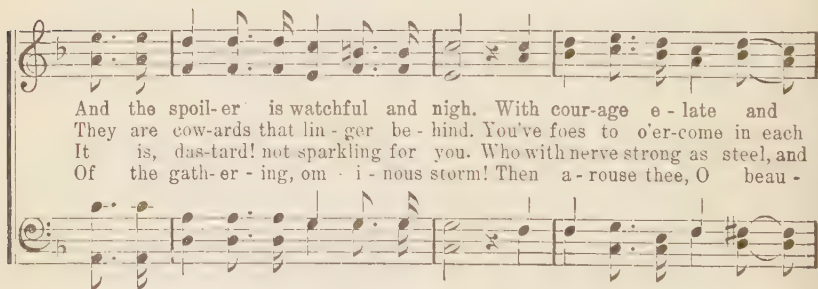
(♩ = 92.)



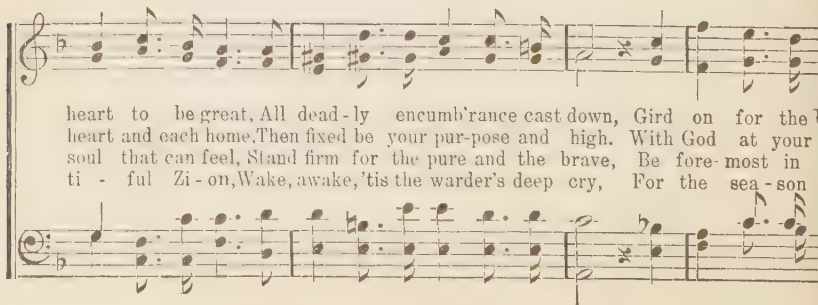
1. Up! a-rouse thee, O beau-ti-ful      Zi - on, Wake, a - wake, hear the  
 2. Up! a-rouse thee, O beau-ti-ful      Zi' - on, Give the mam-mon-care  
 3. Who should shrink from the glori-ous      bat - tle, With so daz-zling a  
 4. Lo! de-struc-tion hangs o-ver the      na - tions, Tho' not seen by the



ward-er's deep cry, For the sea-son of slum-ber hath end - ed.  
 clouds to the wind, When the bu-gle's shrill summons is - Ral - ly!  
 guer-don in view? If so base as to herd with the trai - tor,  
 un - ho - ly throng; And death will be heard in the ech - oes



And the spoil-er is watchful and nigh. With cour-age e - late and  
 They are cow-ards that lin-ger be-hind. You've foes to o'er-come in each  
 It is, das-tard! not sparkling for you. Who with nerve strong as steel, and  
 Of the gath-er-ing, om-i-nous storm! Then a-rouse thee, O beau -



heart to be great, All dead-ly encumb'rance cast down, Gird on for the  
 heart and each home, Then fixed be your pur-pose and high. With God at your  
 soul that can feel, Stand firm for the pure and the brave, Be fore-most in  
 ti - ful Zi-on, Wake, awake, 'tis the warder's deep cry, For the sea-son

# Up! Arouse Thee, O Beautiful Zion.

fight, your ar - mor so bright, For the prize is a glo - ri - ous crown.  
 head, O feel not dismayed, But go for - ward to con - quer or die.  
 right, and trust in God's might—'Tis such he - roes that heav - en will save.  
 of slum - ber is end - ed, And the spoil - er is watch - ful and night!

## No. 391. A Saint! and is the Title Mine.

Mary Ann Morton.

(C. M.)

J. Paddon.

(♩ = 66.)

1. A Saint! and is the ti - tle mine, Or have I but the name?  
 2. Have I be - lieved that God is God, And as a sovereign Lord,  
 3. Have I to pen - i - tence been brought, Mark'd with a god - ly woe,  
 4. Hum - bled for sin, have I been led To seek the wa - t'ry tomb,  
 5. Have I the heav'n - ly gift received From A - pos - tol - ic hands,

Have I the line - a - ments di - vine Which can this hon - or claim?  
 To all who seek and serve Him right Will give a free re - ward?  
 That needs not one re - pent - ant thought, Or sin - gle tear to flow?  
 Whence, thro' our great ex - alt - ed Head, Re - mis - sion's blessings come?  
 Be - stowed on those who first believed, And kept the Lord's commands?  
 1. Which can this, can this hon - or claim?

6 Have I the faith divine and pure—  
 Gift of celestial birth—  
 That warms the heart and keeps it pure,  
 And shows a Saviour's worth?

8 Nor must I here presume to rest,  
 But leaving these behind,  
 Perfection ever keep in view,  
 For which the Saints designed.

7 If so, the body broke for sin  
 To me is living bread;  
 The Spirit's power is felt within;  
 For me the blood was shed.

9 Celestial crowns await the day,  
 For conq'rors in the war,  
 When Jesus will His power display,  
 And sin be banished far.

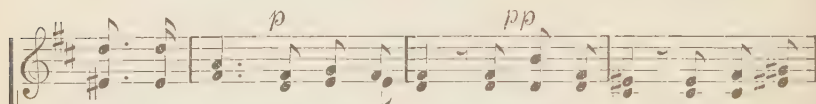
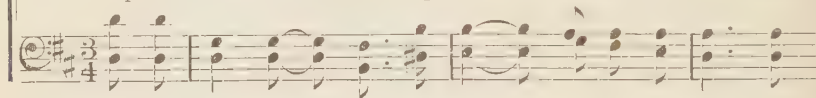
Herbert Auerbach.

(P. M.)

Anthony C. Lund.

*mf* ( $\text{♩} = 80.$ )

1. In Thy tem - ple, Great Je - ho - vah, As - sem - bled, give we  
 2. Be - side Thee, King, there is no King, For Thou art rul - er  
 3. Help us do then with will - ing - hearts The tasks each day brings,



praise to Thee, Bow'd are our heads, con - trite our hearts, O'er - pow - ered  
 all Di - vine, All things of earth's and heav - en's sphere, Are of Thy  
 one by one, That we may feel at e - ven - tide, A sense of



by Thy Maj - es - ty We cast a - side all earth - ly thoughts,  
 king - dom, and are Thine, Who else with pray'r can we im - plore  
 du - ty no - bly done. Oh, Thou, who know - est ev - 'ry thought,



For con - tem - pla - tion, heav - en - ly, Thou Great Je - ho - vah, hear our  
 No one save Thee, and Thee a - lone, Je - ho - vah, might - y, Lord of  
 Help us to turn our tho'ts on high, Un - to sub - lim - er, no - bler



# Jehovah.

*f* *rit.*

pray'r, We wor-ship Thee, Al-might-y One, we wor-ship Thee.  
 Hosts, To Thee we sing, to Thee we sing, oh, might-y One,  
 things, That we our hearts, that we our hearts may sanc-ti-fy.

## No. 393. Hark! How the Gospel Songs.

Evan Stephens.

(S. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*With fervor. (♩ = 60.)*

1. Hark! how the gos-pel songs Re-sound from shore to  
 2. As mes-sa-ges in air The joy-ful news is  
 3. In ma-ny a dis-tant land, In ma-ny a var-ied  
 4. O Fa-ther spread a-broad The mu-sic of Thy

*f*

shore, As voic-es sweet of hap-py throngs Re-peat them  
 borne, And tune-ful mel-o-dies so fair Sweet har-mo-  
 tongue, Where ea-ger list'-ners un-der-stand, The bless-ed  
 word, And let us sing, with one ac-cord, The gos-pel

*cres.* *rit. f*

o'er and o'er; Re-peat them o'er and o'er.  
 nies a-dorn; Sweet har-mo-nies a-dorn.  
 truth is sung; The bless-ed truth is sung.  
 of our Lord; The gos-pel of our Lord.

J. R. Thomas.

C. W. Penrose.

(P. M.)

Arr. by Evan Stephens.

(♩ = 66.)

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on for me      Down in the val - ley re -  
2. Beau - ti - ful queen of the west      Reign - ing o'er mountains and

clin - ing,      Mem - o - ries sa - cred to thee,  
val - ley,      Host of the pur - est and best,

Close round my heart are en - twin - ing,      Clapsed in the  
Un - der thy standard shall ral - ly,      Robed in the

mountain's em - brace,      Safe from the spoil - er for - ev - er,  
gar - ments of peace,      Vir - tue the crown of the glo - ry,

# Beautiful Zion for Me.

Chased are the tears from thy face, Joy shall de - part from thee  
 God shall thy kingdom in - crease, An - gels de - light in the

nev - er, When from thy pres - ence I roam.  
 sto - ry, When thro' the wide world I roam.

'Midst the world's grandeur I see Naught like my own mountain  
 Naught on the land or the sea Charms like my own mountain

home, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on for me, Naught like my  
 home, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on for me, Charms like my

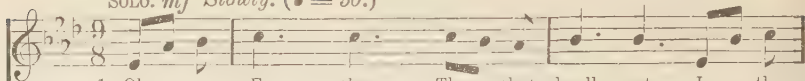
own mountain home, Beauti - ful, beauti - ful Zi - on for me.  
 own mountain home, Beauti - ful, beauti - ful Zi - on for me.



Eliza R. Snow.

(8's &amp; 7's.)

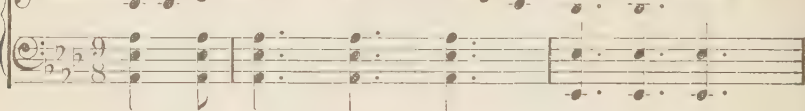
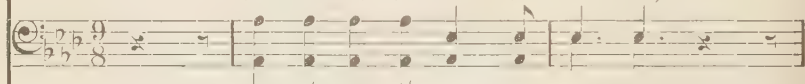
Arr. by Evan Stephens.

Solo. *mf* *Slowly*. ( $\text{♩} = 50$ .)

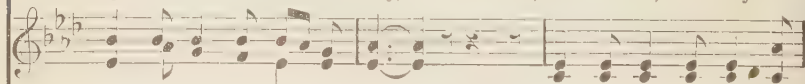
1. Oh, my Fa - ther, Thou that dwell - est In the
2. For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose Thou hast
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa - ther, Thro' Thy
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I

CHORUS. *p*

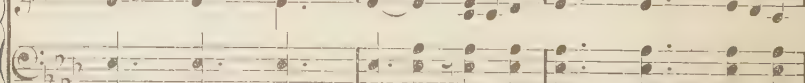
1. Oh, my Fa - ther, Thou that dwell - est
2. For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa - ther,
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence,



high and glo - rious place! When shall I re - gain Thy  
 placed me here on earth, And with-held the re - col -  
 Spir - it from on high; But, un - til the Key of  
 lay this mor - tal by, Fa - ther, Moth - er, may I



In the high and glo - rious place! When shall I re - gain Thy  
 Thou hast placed me here on earth, And with-held the re - col -  
 Thro' thy Spir - it from on high; But, un - til the Key of  
 When I lay this mor - tal by, Fa - ther, Moth - er, may I



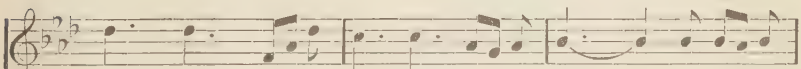
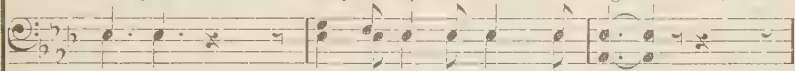
# Oh, My Father.



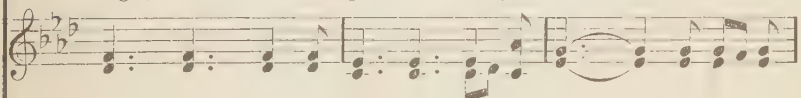
pres - ence, And a - gain..... be - hold Thy face? In Thy  
lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth, Yet oft -  
Knowledge Was re - stored,..... I knew not why. In the  
meet you In your roy - al courts on high? Then, at



pres - ence, And a - gain be - hold Thy face? In Thy  
lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth, Yet oft -  
Knowledge Was re - stored, I knew not why, In the  
meet you In your roy - al courts on high? Then, at



ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re -  
times a se - cret something Whispered, "You're a stran - ger  
heav'ns are pa - rents sin - gle? No; the thought makes rea - son  
length, when I've com - plet - ed All you sent..... me forth to



In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion,  
Yet oftentimes a se - cret some - thing  
In the heav'ns are pa - rents sin - gle?  
Then, at length, when I've com - plet - ed

Did my spir - it once re -  
Whispered, "You're a stran - ger  
No; the thought makes rea - son  
All you sent me forth to



# Oh, My Father.

*rit. cres.* ^ ^



side? In my first pri - me - val child - hood, Was I  
here;" And I felt that I had wan - dered From a  
stare! Truth is rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me  
do, With your mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me

*rit. cres.*



side? In my first pri - me - val child - hood, Was I  
here;" And I felt that I had wan - dered From a  
stare! Truth is rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me  
do, With your mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me

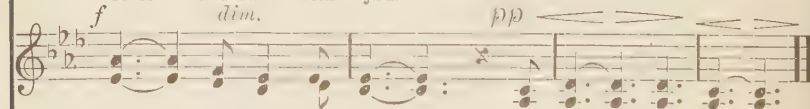



*rit. cres.*




*f dim.*

nur - tured near Thy side.....  
more ex - alt - ed sphere.....  
I've a moth - er there.....  
come and dwell with you.....



*f dim. pp*

nur - tured near Thy side, near Thy side.  
more ex - alt - ed sphere, ex - alt - ed sphere.  
I've a moth - er there, a moth - er there.  
come and dwell with you, and dwell with you.

*f dim.*

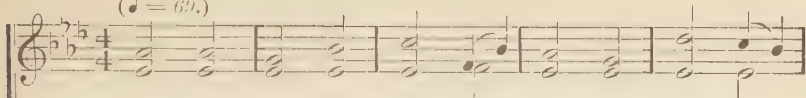
# No. 396. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

Samuel F. Smith.

(8's & 7's.)

John S. Lewis.

(♩ = 6/9.)



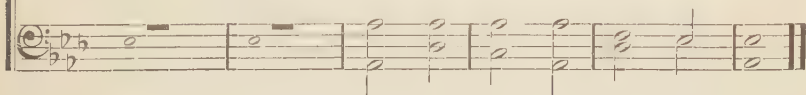
1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle  
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful  
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy  
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When death's



as the sum - mer breeze, Pleas - ant as the  
in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt  
loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that  
gloom - y night has fled; Then on earth with



air of eve - ning When it floats a - mong the trees.  
join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - rows heal.  
joy to greet thee, Where no bit - ter tears are shed.



# No. 397. Now He's Gone, We'd Not Recall Him.

Eliza R. Snow.

Music No. 396.

1 Now he's gone, we'd not recall him  
From a paradise of bliss,  
Where no evil can befall him,  
To a changing world like this.

2 His loved name will never perish,  
Nor his mem'ry sleep in dust;  
For the Saints of God will cherish  
The remembrance of the just.

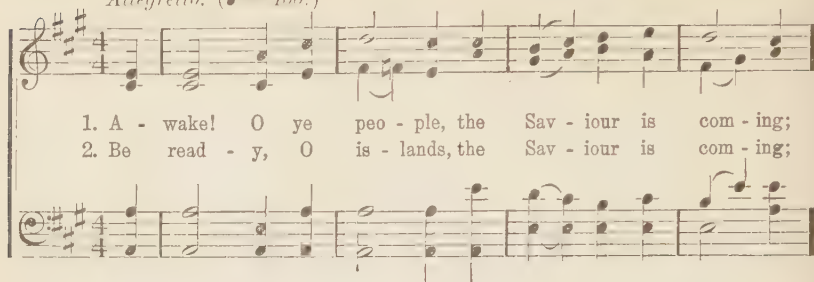
# No. 398. Awake! O Ye People, the Saviour is Coming.

Wm. W. Phelps.

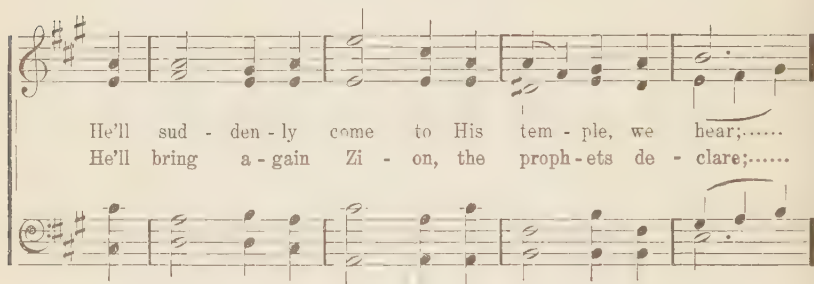
(P. M.)

Samuel B. Mitten.

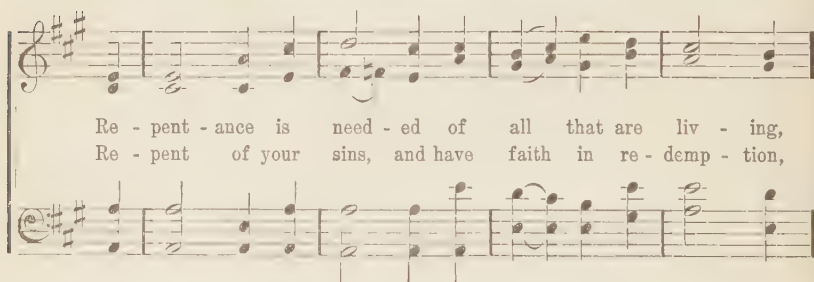
*Allegretto. (♩ — 100.)*



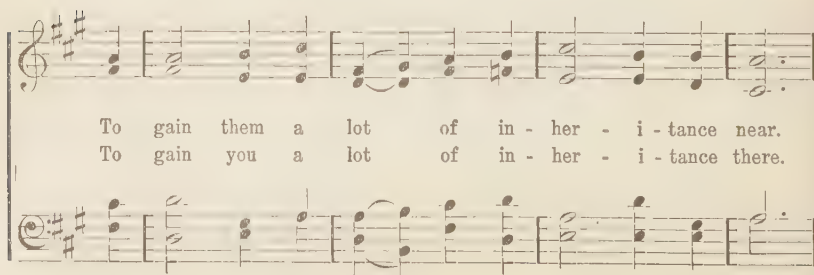
1. A - wake! O ye peo - ple, the Sav - iour is com - ing;  
2. Be read - y, O is - lands, the Sav - iour is com - ing;



He'll sud - den - ly come to His tem - ple, we hear;.....  
He'll bring a - gain Zi - on, the proph - ets de - clare;.....



Re - pent - ance is need - ed of all that are liv - ing,  
Re - pent of your sins, and have faith in re - demp - tion,



To gain them a lot of in - her - i - tance near.  
To gain you a lot of in - her - i - tance there.

# Awake! O Ye People, the Saviour is Coming.



To - day will soon pass and that un - known to - mor - row  
A voice to the na - tions in sea - son is giv - en,



May leave man - y souls in a more dread - ful state,  
Pre - pare, oh, pre - pare for the king - dom's new birth,



Than came by the flood, or that fell on Go - mor - rah—  
To call the e - lect from the four winds of heav - en;



Yea, weep - ing and wail - ing when grief is too late.  
For Je - sus is com - ing to reign up - on earth.





# No. 399. In the Sun, and Moon, and Stars.

Heber.

(7's.)

Jas. P. Olsen.

(♩ = 76.)

1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and  
 2. Soon shall o - cean's ho - ry deep, Tossed with  
 3. Dread a - larm shall shake the proud, Pale a -

won - ders there shall be; Earth shall quake with  
 stron - ger tem - pest rise, Wild - er storms the  
 maze - ment, rest - less fear; Joy, ye Saints, in

in - ward wars, Na - tions with per - plex - i - ty.  
 moun - tains sweep, Loud - er thun - ders shake the skies.  
 yon - der cloud See your Sav - iour - King ap - pear.

# No. 400. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Stewart's Collection.

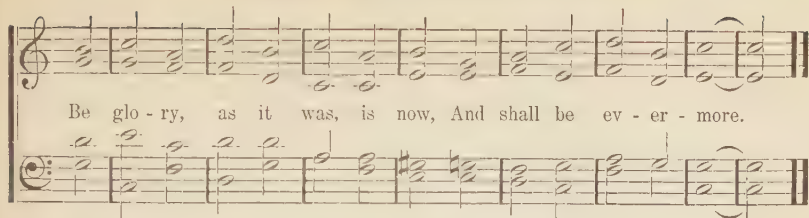
(C. M.)

Dr. Croft.

(♩ = 60.)

To Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,

# To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

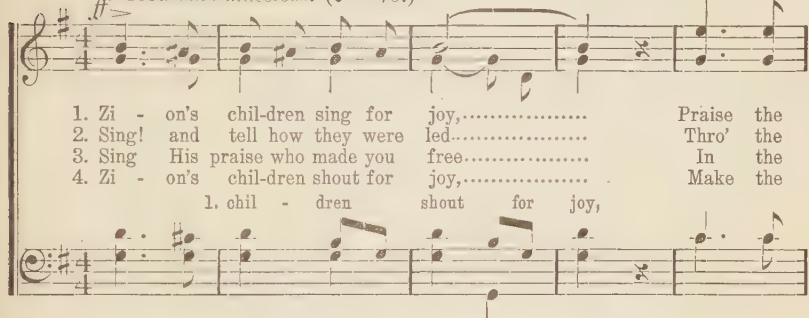
## No. 401. Zion's Children Sing for Joy.

Evan Stephens.

(4-7's.)

Evan Stephens.

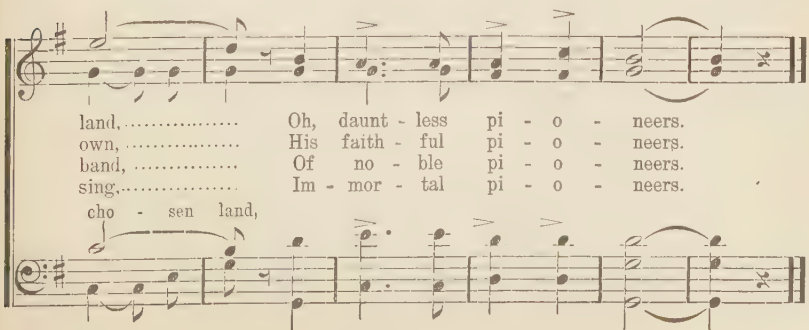
*Moderato maestoso.* (♩ = 76.)



1. Zi - on's chil-dren sing for joy,..... Praise the  
 2. Sing! and tell how they were led,..... Thro' the  
 3. Sing His praise who made you free,..... In the  
 4. Zi - on's chil-dren shout for joy,..... Make the  
 1. chil - dren shout for joy,



great and guid - ing hand That led you to the cho - sen  
 des - ert, then un - known, How He com - fort - ed His  
 land of lib - er - ty, Thank the Lord, who raised a  
 hills and val - leys ring, Great the theme the song ye  
 to the



land,..... Oh, daunt - less pi - o - neers.  
 own,..... His faith - ful pi - o - neers.  
 band,..... Of no - ble pi - o - neers.  
 sing,..... Im - mor - tal pi - o - neers.  
 cho - sen land,

Herbert Auerbach.

(L. M. D.)

Anthony C. Lund.

(♩ = 96.)

1. Bless-ed are they that have the faith, For they are cho-sen  
 2. 'Twas Ne-phi in the old-en days, En-joyed this gift of  
 3. Faith is a rock,stead-fast, se-cure, Who builds there-on he

of the Lord, The glo-ries of the prom-ised land Shall  
 faith su-preme, Re-call what might-y deeds he wrought, Have  
 build-eth well, Let faith thy pil-lar ev-er be, Then

## REFRAIN.

be their por-tion and re-ward.  
 faith, Ye Saints, Faith can re-deem.  
 'midst the saint-ed shall ye dwell. } Ye Saints have faith and

con-stant be, When skies grow dark and hopes de-cline, Then let your

# Have Faith, Ye Saints.

faith the stron - ger be, Have faith, Ye Saints, Faith is di - vine.

## No. 403. Arrayed in Light.

Orson F. Whitney.

(P. M.)

Evan Stephens.

*Slowly, with accent. (♩ = 54.)*

*pp* *cres.*

1. Ar - rayed in light, Than day more bright, Hal - oed with
2. En - rap - tured stood The mul - ti - tude, Be - hold - ing
3. O'er - look - ing none, The Gra - cions One His bless - ing
4. An - gels de - scend, The heav - ens rend, And pour ce -
5. O joy su - preme! O gold - en gleam Of glo - ry

*cres.*

heav'n - ly flame, A - down the sky, From worlds on high, The  
Him their King, At whose com - mand, The chos - en band, Their  
on them seals; And tears now prove, The wealth of love, His  
les - tial fires. Each ti - ny tongue, A - mid the throng, The  
yet to be! That day sub - lime, Thy com - ing time, Dear

*rit. e dim.* *ff* *p*

glo - rious Sav - iour came, The glo - rious Sav - iour came.  
lit - tle chil - dren bring, Their lit - tle chil - dren bring.  
ten - der - ness re - veals, His ten - der - ness re - veals.  
Ho - ly Gift in - spires, The Ho - ly Gift in - spires.  
Sav - iour, may I see! Dear Sav - iour, may I see.

# No. 404. They Have Passed Hence, But They're Not Lost Forever.

Karl Victor Bettermann.

( 10's & 11's. )

Jas. B. Smith.

*p* (♩ = 76.)



1. They have passed hence, but they're not lost for - ev - er,
2. 'Twas bit - ter sad the smart - of ear - ly part - ing,
3. The chil - dren now no more in wont - ed pla - ces,
4. They're wait - ing there in an - gel choir the loved ones,



Those lit - tle ones whose fate ye ear - ly mourn,  
 'Tis on - ly short and un - to mor - tals strange,  
 Are found at school or where they used to roam;  
 Close on to par - a - di - se's gold - en shore,



Those flow'rs the Mas - ter for Him - self hath gath - ered,  
 Love still u - nites in spite of death and sor - row,  
 While still we hear the rust - ling of deaths tem - pest,  
 'Till par - ents loved, in tri - umph there ap - pear - ing,

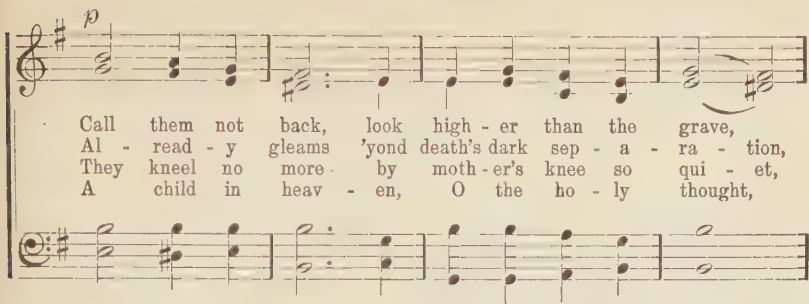


To bloom e - ter - nal and e'en heav - en a - dorn.  
 E - ter - nal love, which knows no time or change.  
 They sing tri - um - phant in the spir - it home.  
 Then lead them joy - ful o'er the star - ry floor.

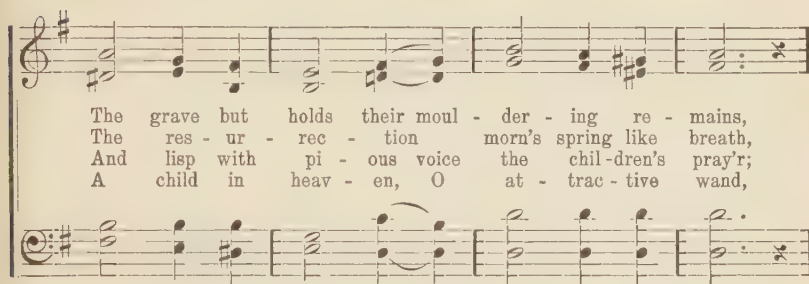


# They Have Passed Hence, But They're Not Lost Forever.

*p*

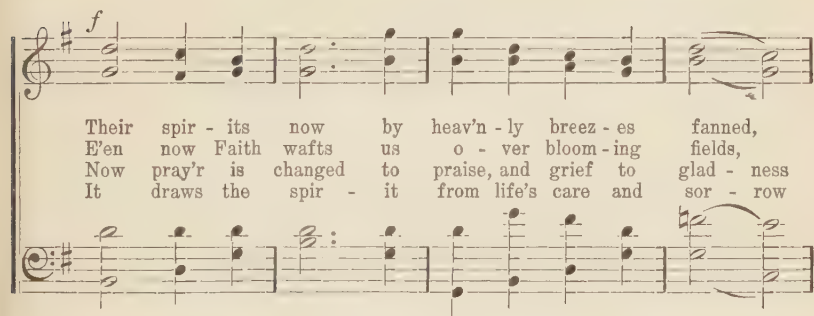


Call them not back, look high - er than the grave,  
 Al - read - y gleams 'yond death's dark sep - a - ra - tion,  
 They kneel no more by moth - er's knee so qui - et,  
 A child in heav - en, O the ho - ly thought,



The grave but holds their moul - der - ing re - mains,  
 The res - ur - rec - tion morn's spring like breath,  
 And hush with pi - ous voice the chil - dren's pray'r;  
 A child in heav - en, O at - trac - tive wand,

*f*



Their spir - its now by heav'n - ly breez - es fanned,  
 E'en now Faith wafts us o - ver bloom - ing fields,  
 Now pray'r is changed to praise, and grief to glad - ness  
 It draws the spir - it from life's care and sor - row

*p*



Dwell in the land, where spring e - ter - nal reigns.  
 Hope weaves as - sur - ance o - ver grave and death.  
 Where saints but thank, not plead, as sin - ners  
 'Till from death's wak - ing at heav'n's gate we stand.



Evan Stephens.

( P. M. )

Evan Stephens.

*Jubilante.* (♩ = 84.)

1. O balm - y moun - tain air! O sun - shine  
 2. O land with plent - y spread, Where we our  
 3. Here we may serve the Lord In un - ion

bright and fair! The gifts of God. Spread by His  
 dai - ly bread May all se - cure. Where broth - er -  
 and ac - cord, From day to day. We whom from

boun - teous hand, O'er Zi - on's peace - ful land,  
 hood is found, And hap - pi - ness a - bound,  
 bond - age came, To bask in free - dom's flame,

O'er moun-tains high and grand, And val - ley's sod.  
 And mu - sic's sa - cred sound Is sweet and pure.  
 Bless we His ho - ly name, Our God, for aye.

O Star Divine! When Dusk  
Lies On the Land.

Bertha A. Kleinman.

(4-10's.)

Henry Hooper.

(♩ = 84.)



1. O Star Di - vine! when dusk lies on the land,  
 2. O Star Di - vine! I watch thy con - stant ray,  
 3. O Star Di - vine! I trust while yet I weep,



I fol - low thee far up the nar - row way,  
 And know His Love hath care for me al - way,  
 And turn to Him no mat - ter where I roam,



Though tears ob - scure and all the world is grey,  
 Tho' part - ings come and heart - ache fills my day,  
 Be - yond the dusk I know His Love will keep



On, on I climb fast cling - ing to His Hand!  
 On, on I climb for He doth lead the way!  
 And lead my steps when I am com - ing Home!



# No. 407. May Sweet Peace and Joy from Heaven.

Evan Stephens.

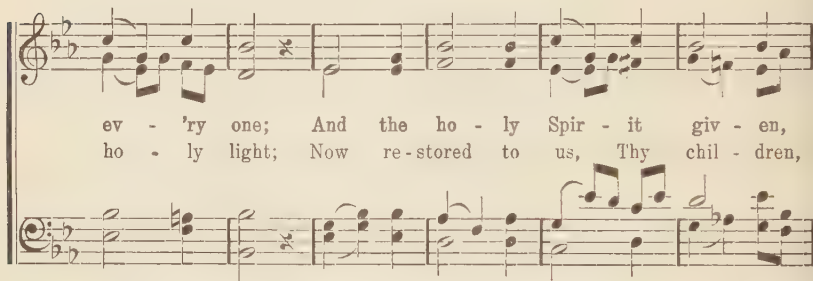
( 8-7-4. )

Evan Stephens.

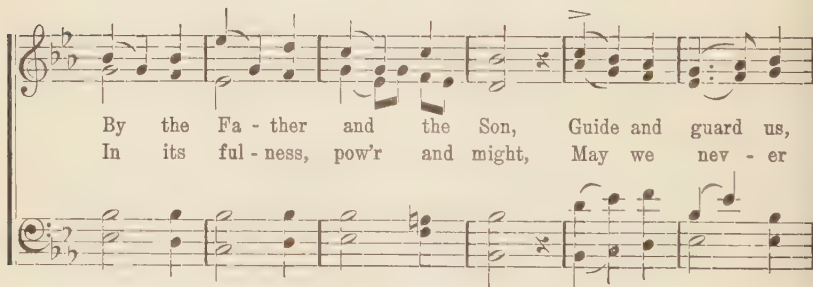
*Moderato con moto.* ( ♩ = 72. )



1. May sweet peace and joy from heav - en Rest up - on us  
2. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther; O we thank Thee For the Gos - pel's



ev - 'ry one; And the ho - ly Spir - it giv - en,  
ho - ly light; Now re - stored to us, Thy chil - dren,



By the Fa - ther and the Son, Guide and guard us,  
In its ful - ness, pow'r and might, May we nev - er



*dim. e rit.*  
safe - ly guard us Till our wan-d'rings here are done.  
stray or sev - er From its truth and ra - diance bright.

No. 408. Oh, Sing of Redemption from  
Conflict and Sword.

Bertha Kleinman.

(4-11's.)

Anthony C. Lund.

*Allegretto.* (♩ = 88.)

1. Oh, sing of re - demp - tion from con - flict and sword,  
2. Oh, sing of the Gos - pel for - ev - er re - stored,

Oh, sing and a - dore in the house of the Lord;  
Oh, sing and a - dore in the house of the Lord:

For He who hath ris - en from death and the grave  
The hearts of the chil - dren are turned ev - er - more

*rit.*  
Is call - ing for you on Mount Zi - on to save.  
To the fa - thers of men who have gone on be - fore.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8-10's.)

Evan Stephens.

(♩ = 96.)

1. Fare-well, old Eng - land! Thou hast been to me, Al - beit a  
2. Ah! no; all these I will-ing - ly for - sake, For scenes to

D.C.—Thy ru - ins gray from time's un - fail - ing flight, Thy pal - a -

D.C.—Friends! brothers! sis - ters dear! to all fare - well! Not long, I

stran - ger to thine ancient strand, A friend to whom, while longing  
me far love-lier and more dear, From which to part did erst this

ces and temples man-i - fold, Nor all that woos and wins the  
trust, tho' long it still must be, How - ev - er brief, till mu - tual

hence to flee, I yet shall grieve to give the parting hand.  
bo - som shake, While from these eyes fell many a ten - der tear.

wond'ring sight, Where art and na - ture ri - val charms un - fold.  
bo - soms swell With blest re - un - ion's fond fe - li - ci - ty.

'Tis not that thou art fair—for fair thou art, Fair - er than  
But 'tis that here I leave, perchance for e'er, Hearts loy - al

# Farewell, Old England!

*cres.* *f*

fame's or fancy's tongue hath told; 'Tis not thy roy-al court, thy  
warm and lov-ing, but for whom My ling'ring stay amidst might

*p* *cres. rit.* *D. C.*

rush-ing mart, Thy ver-dant mead-ows, fields and forests old;.....  
well ap-pear A her-mit's lot, an exile's lone-ly doom.....

*pp* CODA.

A - dieu! a-dieu! How sad the part-ing sound, Let sigh-ing

*ff* *accel.*

winds and sob-bing waves now tell. Onward, speed onward, bark for

*dim. e rit.* *rit.* *pp*

Zi-on bound! Old England, bonds and Ba-by-lon—farewell!.....



# No. 410. How Often in Sweet Meditation.

Parley P. Pratt.

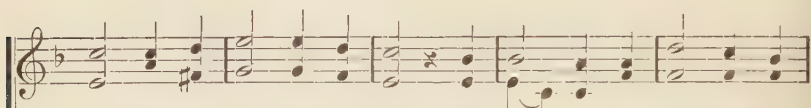
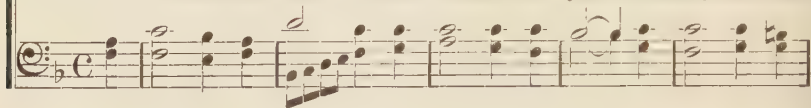
(11's.)

Geo. Careless.

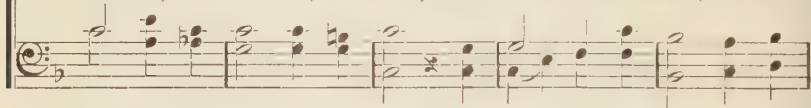
(♩ = 72.)



1. How oft - en in sweet med - i - ta - tion my mind, Where sol - i - tude
2. To lift up my voice and pro - claim the glad news, First un - to the
3. How rich is the treas - ure, ye Priests of the Lord, En - trust - ed to
4. O glad - ly we'll go to the isles in His name, And na - tions un -
5. And mil - lions shall turn to the Lord and re - joice That they have made



reigned, and a - side from man - kind, Has dwelt on an hour when the  
Gen - tiles then to the Jews, That Je - sus, Mes - si - ah, in  
us, as made known by His word, The plan of sal - va - tion, the  
known then shall hear of His fame; Ye, king - doms and coun - tries, both  
Je - sus, the Sav - iour, their choice; From north and the south, from the



Sav - iour did deign To call me, His serv - ant, to pub - lish His name!  
clouds will de - scend, De - stroy the un - god - ly, the righteous de - fend.  
Gos - pel of Grace, To pub - lish a - broad un - to A - dam's lost race!  
Gen - tiles and Jews, Shall see us and hear us pro - claim the glad news.  
east and the west, We'll bring home our thou - sands in Zi - on to rest.



6 As clouds they shall fly to their glorious home,  
As doves, to their windows, in flocks they shall come,  
While empires shall tremble and kingdoms decay,  
As the visions of Daniel in plainness portray.

7 And Israel shall flourish and spread far abroad,  
Till earth shall be full of the knowledge of God;  
And thus shall the stone of the mountain roll forth,  
Extend its dominion, and fill the whole earth.

# No. 411. The Day Star Has Dawned.

Parley P. Pratt.

(11's.)

Music No. 410.

- 1 The day star has dawned o'er the land of the blest,  
The first beam of morning, the morning of rest,  
When, cleansed from pollution, the earth shall appear  
As beautiful Eden, and peace crown the year.
- 2 Then welcome the new year; I hail with delight  
The season approaching with time's rapid flight!  
While each fleeting moment brings near and more near,  
The day long foretold, the Millennial year.
- 3 I praise and adore the eternal I Am;  
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!  
Who order the seasons that glide o'er this sphere,  
And crown with such blessings each happy new year.

# No. 412. God Our Father, Hear Us Pray.

Annie Malin.

(C. M.)

George H. Durham.

*Espressivo.* ( $\text{♩} = 76.$ )

*mp*

*dolce.*

*mf*

*sempre cres.*

- |          |     |            |       |            |        |      |     |
|----------|-----|------------|-------|------------|--------|------|-----|
| 1. God,  | our | Fa - ther, | hear  | us         | pray,  | Send | Thy |
| 2. Grant | us, | Fa - ther, | grace | di - vine, | May    | Thy  | Thy |
| 3. As    | we  | drink      | the   | wa - ter   | clear, | Let  | Thy |

grace	this	ho - ly	day;	As	we	take	of
smile	up - on	us	shine;	As	we	eat	the
Spir - it	lin - ger	near;	Par - don	faults,	O		

em - blems	blest,	On	our	Sav - iour's	love	we	rest.
bro - ken	bread,	Thine	ap - prov - al	on	us	shed.	
Lord, we	pray,	Bless	our	ef - forts	day	by	day.

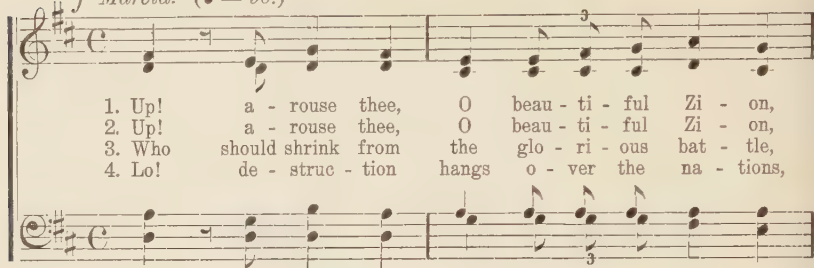
# No. 413. Up! Arouse Thee, O Beautiful Zion.

Emily H. Woodmansee.

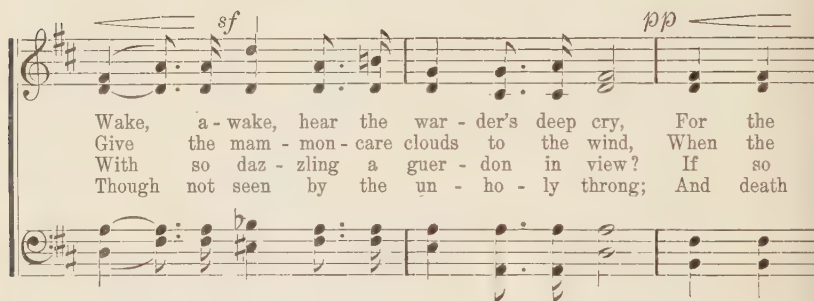
(P. M.)

Leroy J. Robertson.

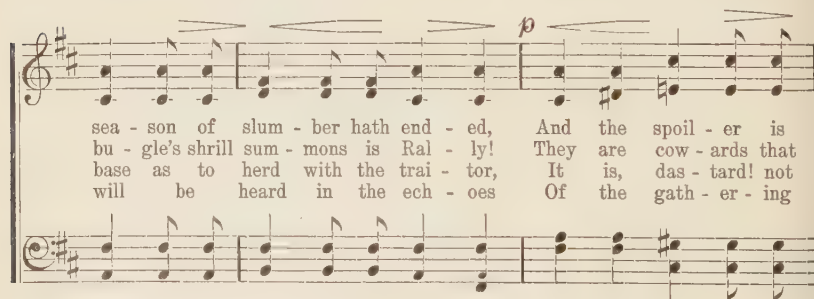
*f* Marcia. (♩ = 96.)



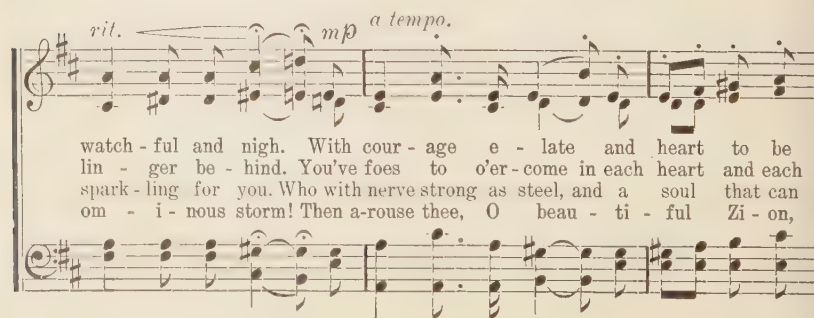
1. Up! a - rouse thee, O beau - ti - ful Zi - on,  
 2. Up! a - rouse thee, O beau - ti - ful Zi - on,  
 3. Who should shrink from the glo - ri - ous bat - tle,  
 4. Lo! de - struc - tion hangs o - ver the na - tions,



Wake, a - wake, hear the war - der's deep cry, For the  
 Give the mam - mon - care clouds to the wind, When the  
 With so daz - zling a guer - don in view? If so  
 Though not seen by the un - ho - ly throng; And death



sea - son of slum - ber hath end - ed, And the spoil - er is  
 bu - gle's shrill sum - mons is Ral - ly! They are cow - ards that  
 base as to herd with the trai - tor, It is, das - tard! not  
 will be heard in the ech - oes Of the gath - er - ing



watch - ful and nigh. With cour - age e - late and heart to be  
 lin - ger be - hind. You've foes to o'er - come in each heart and each  
 spark - ling for you. Who with nerve strong as steel, and a soul that can  
 om - i - nous storm! Then a - rouse thee, O beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

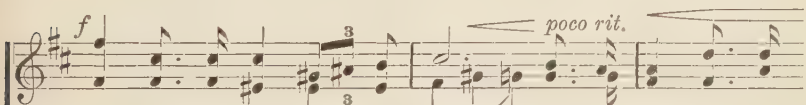
# Up! Arouse Thee, O Beautiful Zion.



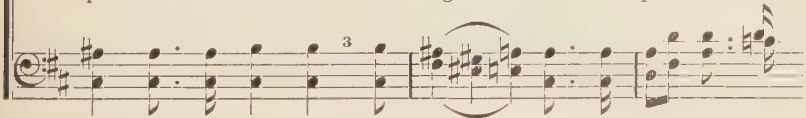
great,..... All dead - ly en - cum - b'rance cast down,..... Gird  
home,..... Then fixed be your pur - pose and high,..... With  
feel,..... Stand firm for the pure and the brave,..... Be  
Wake,..... a - wake, 'tis the war - der's deep cry,..... For



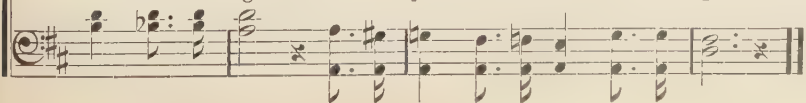
on for the fight, your arm - or so bright, For the  
God at your head, O feel not dis - mayed, But go  
fore - most in right, and trust in God's might— 'Tis such  
the sea - son of slum - ber is end - ed, And the



prize is a glo - ri - ous crown,..... For the prize is a  
for - ward to con - quer or die,..... But go for - ward to  
he - roes that heav - en will save,..... 'Tis such he - roes that  
spoil - er is watch - ful and nigh!..... And the spoil - er is



glo - ri - ous crown, For the prize is a glo - ri - ous crown.  
con - quer or die, But go for - ward to con - quer or die.  
heav - en will save, 'Tis such he - roes that heav - en will save.  
watch - ful and nigh! And the spoil - er is watch - ful and nigh!



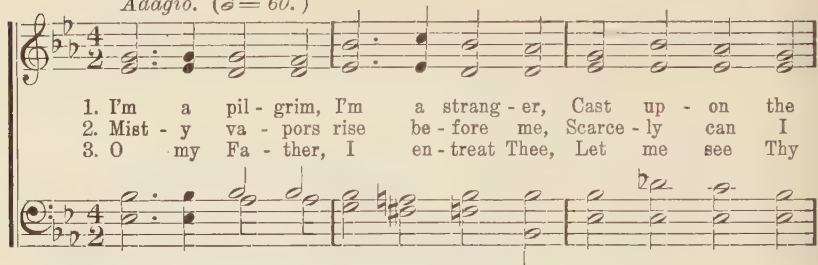
# No. 414. I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger.

H. H. Petersen.

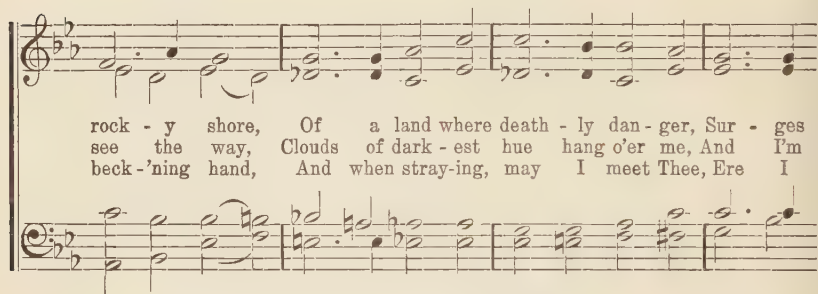
(8's & 7's.)

LeRoy J. Robertson.

*Adagio.* (♩ = 60.)



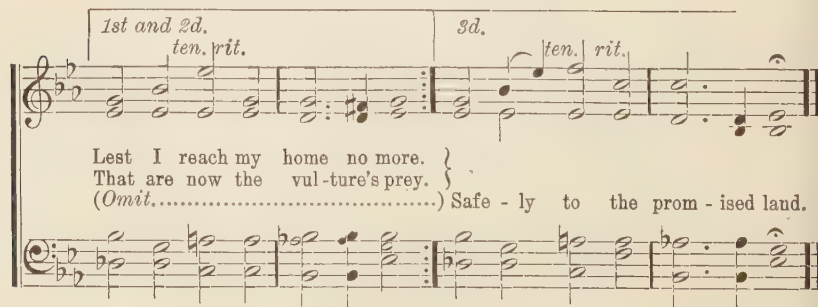
1. I'm a pil - grim, I'm a strang - er, Cast up - on the  
 2. Mist - y va - pors rise be - fore me, Scarce - ly can I  
 3. O my Fa - ther, I en - treat Thee, Let me see Thy



rock - y shore, Of a land where death - ly dan - ger, Sur - ges  
 see the way, Clouds of dark - est hue hang o'er me, And I'm  
 beck - 'ning hand, And when stray - ing, may I meet Thee, Ere I



with a sul - len roar, Oft des pair - ing, oft des - pair - ing,  
 apt to go a - stray, With the ma - ny, with the ma - ny,  
 join the si - lent band, Guide me Sav - iour, guide me Sav - iour,



*1st and 2d.* *ten. rit.* *3d.* *ten. rit.*  
 Lest I reach my home no more. }  
 That are now the vul - ture's prey. }  
 (Omit.....) Safe - ly to the prom - ised land.

## No. 415.

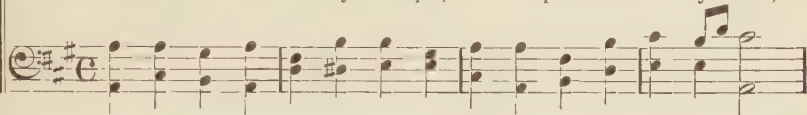
## God is in His Holy Temple.

(8s &amp; 7s.)

(♩ = 84.)



1. God is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Earthly thoughts, be si - lent now,  
 2. God is in His ho - ly tem - ple, In the pure and ho - ly mind;



While with rev'rence we as - sem - ble, And be - fore His presence bow.  
 In the rev'rent heart and sim - ple; In the soul from sense re - fined.



He is with us, now and ev - er, When we call up - on His name,  
 Ban - ish then each base e - mo - tion, Lift us up, O Lord, to Thee,



Aid - ing ev - 'ry good en - deavor, Guid - ing ev - 'ry up - ward aim.  
 Let our souls, in pure de - vo - tion, Temples for Thy wor - ship be.





# No. 416. Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8s & 7s)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*Maestoso Moderato*, (♩ = 86)



1. Freedom waves her joy - ous pinions O'er the land and o'er the sea,
2. Un - ion, love and fel - low feel-ing Mark the sainted day of pow'r;
3. Now no ty-rant sep - ter saddens, Now no big - ot pow'r can bind;
4. God, not mammon, hath the worship Of His peo - ple, pure in heart—



Ransomed, righteous and re - joic-ing In a world-wide ju - bi - lee.  
 Rich and poor in all things e - qual, Righteous-ness their rock and tower.  
 Faith and work, a - like un - fet-tered, Win the goal by heav'n de - signed.  
 This is Zi - on—O ye na-tions! Choose, with her, "the bet-ter part."



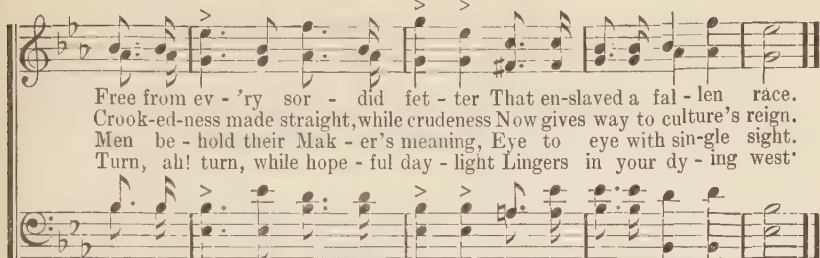
O'er a peo - ple hap-py, ho - ly, Gift-ed now with ev - ery grace;  
 Mountain peaks of pride are lev - eled, Lift - ed up the low - ly plain,  
 Truth, oft crushed, but nev - er conquered, Soars a - loft on wings of light;  
 Peace, not war, shall make you migh-ty, Righteousness a - lone finds rest.



Free from ev - 'ry sor - did fet - ter. That en - slaved a fal - len race.  
 Crookedness made straight, while crudeness Now gives way to culture's reign.  
 Men be-hold their Maker's meaning, Eye to eye with sin - gle sight.  
 Turn, ah! turn, while hopeful daylight Lingers in your dy - ing west.



## Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.



Free from ev - 'ry sor - did fet - ter That en-slaved a fal - len race.  
Crook-ed-ness made straight, while crudeness Now gives way to culture's reign.  
Men be - hold their Mak - er's meaning, Eye to eye with sin - gle sight.  
Turn, ah! turn, while hope - ful day - light Lingers in your dy - ing west'

5 Crown and scepter, sword and buckler—  
Baubles!—break them at her feet;  
Strife no more shall vex creation—  
Christ's is now the kingly seat.  
Cities, empires, kingdoms, powers,  
In one mighty realm combine;  
She that was the last of nations,  
Henceforth as their head shall shine.

6 Thus thy future glory, Zion,  
Glittering in celestial rays,  
As the ocean's sun-lit surging,  
Rolls upon my raptured gaze.  
All that ages past have promised,  
All that noblest minds have prized,  
All that holy lips have prayed for;  
Here at last is realized.

## No. 417. With One Accord, We'll Sing Thy Praise.

Samuel B. Mitton.

(L. M.)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*Andante legato, (♩ = 84)*



1. With one ac - cord, we'll sing Thy praise, Our Great Re-  
2. Let Thy sweet Spir - it soft - ly fall, Like gen - tle

deem - er, Lord and King; To Thee.... a sa - cred  
dew, up - on each heart; And bring.... sweet peace un-

strain we'll raise; To Thee, our thanks in song we'll bring.  
to us all, We hum - bly pray be - fore we part.

# No. 418. Dark the Battle Clouds are Closing.

Orson F. Whitney.

(8s & 7s)

Samuel B. Mitton.

*Animato maestoso.* (♩ = 86)



1. Dark the bat-tle clouds are clo-sing Round the cho-sen ranks of God,
2. Pray'rs of millions watch-ing, waiting, Nerve our bat-tle - wearied arms,
3. Fet-ters, dungeons, shall they frighten Men whom demons must o - bey?
4. See; they raise the star - ry standard, Long by traitors tram-pled low;
- 5, Lo! from out the clouds des-cending, Now the conquering host ap - pears



*Rit.*



Might-y ones their cour-age losing; Kneel and kiss the tyrant's rod.  
 Pow'rs e - ter - nal o'er us fighting, Quell the foeman's fierce a - larms.  
 Walls shall burst and shackles brighten, Dawn's e'en now redemption's day.  
 Va-lor wronged and vir-tue slandered Fall up - on the cowering foe.  
 King E - man - uel earthward wending Here to reign a thousand years.



*a tempo,*



Sons of Is - ra - el, heirs of glo - ry, Is it now ye quake and quail,  
 On-wal - sons of faith, nor fal - ter With the glorious goal in view,  
 Hark! the tram - pet, He-roe's ral - ly, Freedom's land shall still be free;  
 As the melt - ing snow mad pouring Down the mountain side they flee,  
 As the melt - ing snow mad pouring Down the mountain side they flee,



## Dark the Battle Clouds are Closing.

Read a - gain your lin - eal sto - ry. Die ye may but dare not fail.  
 Tho' your life blood dye the al - tar, What is life and death to you.  
 Lo! they swarm from hill and val - ley, Loy - al sons of lib - er - ty.  
 Fire from heav'n their ranks de-vour-ing, Shout for God and vic - to - ry.  
 Fire from heav'n their ranks de-vour-ing, Shout for God and vic - to - ry.

## No. 419. Our God, We Raise to Thee.

B. Snow.

(2-6s & 4s and 3-6s & 4s.)

Edward P. Kimball.

(♩ = 56.)

1. Our God, we raise to Thee Thanks for Thy blessings free We  
 2. Bless Thou our proph - et dear; May health and comfort cheer His  
 3. So shall Thy king - dom spread, As by Thy prophets said, From  
 4. Oh may Thy Saints be one, Like Fa - ther and the Son, Nor

*cres.*  
 here en - joy. In this far west - ern land, A true and  
 no - ble heart; His words with fire im - press On souls that  
 sea to sea; As one u - nit - ed whole Truth burns in  
 dis - a - gree: U - nit - ed heart and hand, So may they

cho - sen band. Led hith - er by Thy hand, We sing for joy.  
 Thou wilt bless; To choose in right-eous-ness, The bet - ter part.  
 ev - 'ry soul, While hast'ning to the goal, We long to see.  
 ev - er stand, A firm and val-liant band, E - ter - nal - ly.

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✓

247 Jesus love of my soul

✓

180 abide with me

365 never

✓

167 Come Ye Disciples

✓

289 Rock of ages

290 I know that my Redeemer

